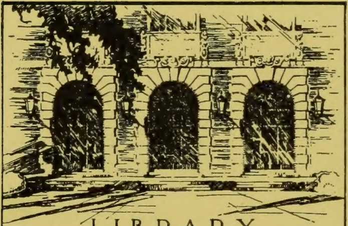

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ART AND CHRISTIANITY.

PRIZE ESSAY: BY WM. ALEXANDER HOLLIDAY, IND.

There are not a few who believe that Fine Art has suffered by the introduction and reign of Christianity. With some it is a vague sentiment, for which it might be difficult to assign a reason. If it came into words, it would, perhaps, speak of the every way freedom existing in the days of Ancient Art, giving, in the richness and vigor of the imagination, a wondrous power to the creative mind of the Artist. But somehow Christianity restrains this freedom and chills the kindly glow of genius and stifles inspiration by compelling it to cast its products in the mould of dull propriety.

Is the religion of Christ really unfavorable to the highest development of the Fine Arts? There are evidently two modes of deciding. The one is to trace the history of Art, in its results, before and since the Christian ascendency; to compare the ancient and modern masters. Thus will it be seen whether there has been a deterioration, whether the modern vainly vies with older Art. If the latter be indeed peerless, then the inquiry into causes must ensue. If after candid search, Christianity be found the only agency at work, it must be confessed prejudicial to Art. The lover of beauty, who is yet more a lover of God, will be saddened. Cultivated aliens will renew their sneers at the illiberality of these Christians. There is, however, but one man to whom this mode of investigation lies open. It must be committed to the Art-student, for him to pursue aided by the taste trained in years of devotion to his labor of love. For to judge Art, one must know Art. The other mode, however, is left to ordinary inquirers. It does not minutely scan the Art-side, nor ask if modern Art has depreciated. It confines itself to the Christianity-side, and its language is like this: Ancient Art may surpass that of later days. Yet say not that the influence of Christianity upon Art is baneful and withering. What! true religion repress anything pure and beautiful! Never. Beneath the religion of the perfect-man Jesus Christ, in its purity, a far higher and more spiritual Art than ever existed under the old superstitions, is possible and will yet be reached.

It is quite plain that all systems influencing Art, must someway affect the innate principle upon which Art is planted, and out of which it grows. And this, too, whether the principle be the common possession of mankind, which is to say, a simple capacity, at most a judgment-forming faculty, an art-appreciation, or the high and rare gift, rising to the eminence of a work-shaping faculty, the creative power of the artist. Granting Christianity a dwarfing influence upon Art, it either warps and contracts the Art-principle itself, by direct agency destroys its essential freedom, or otherwise takes its full and joyous life, so that its products, be they judgments or works, fall still-born, lifeless from birth; or it gives laws and rules to the expression of Art, and attempted conformity with these reflexly puts inspiration to flight. If for Art there is indeed a blight in the Christian religion, the evil to it must come in one or both these ways. Either the source first fails and then its rill, or an obstruction checks the flow of the stream, makes it a stagnant pool and backs up dead waters, until they creep over and swallow up the once sparkling spring. Which figurative language having been duly considered, let us ask if in fact, practical Christianity destroys that which makes the Art-lover and the artist or adopts a body of judgments unfavorable to high Art.

The principle of art-appreciation, in germ at least, a universal property of man, even as speech is universal, though scattered here and there we find many speechless, is TASTE. Now Taste, according to those who have pried into the mind's workings, and moreover by the testimony of even untaught consciousness, is a particular union of judgment and emotion. Contemplating an object, the intellectual apprehension in quicker or tardier obedience of the laws of beauty, written within the mind itself and there existent as potential and regulative, recognises that object as beautiful. Immediately sensibility is awakened. Pleasing emotions well up in the heart and its cords vibrate in answer to the magic touch and, according to its stamp, it finds pleasure, joy or ecstacy in sympathy with beauty. Since such is the nature of Taste, Christianity affecting it, must influence the intellectual side or the emotional side or both. How then does it influence the intellect? For it is ever to be remembered, and never, under a vague sense of the manifold powers of the soul, to be forgotten that the intellect judging in Art-questions, is the same intellect which decides the matters of daily life. None need to be told that religion has its primary and radical work with the affections. Yet in the unity of the soul, so intimately are these connected with the purely mental faculties, that the changes and modifications of the one class are indexed by the other. Admit then that the Christian system makes men morally better, and we must also admit that in some, though not of necessity in the same degree, it makes them intellectually stronger. Doubt not this is the philosophy of Wisdom,

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whose beginning is the fear of the Lord, when she cries at the gates and entry of the city: I dwell with prudence and find out knowledge of witty inventions. Counsel is mine and sound wisdom. I am understanding. It is the philosophy of the doctrine, confirmed by many a happy experience, that godliness is profitable even in the businesses of the present life. For the key-note of the true religion is the love of God, drawing toward itself the love of men. And how can they love Him without thinking of Him? and if of Him, then also of the grand truths which gather round His being. Connection of thought pledges this. Even as a mental exercise, contemplation of these lofty themes must strengthen and ennoble the mind dwelling upon them, and this again in the attrition and abrasion of our living, communicates the effect to society at large. Thus it is that Christianity carries with it civilization, and this is the why that mechanical Art, coarser part of that growth of all in human nature worthy of honor and dignifying it, the symbolic conception whereof we are wont to designate by that same articulation, civilization, flourishes best on Christian soil. Chinese life is much the same in ninth or nineteeth century, while Christian races rejoice in this continued progress toward a better state. In view of all this, most will agree that the Christian system influences the mind only for improvement. Most will affirm of the mental eye-sight that it is bettered, while only owl-eyed enemies will whisper it is dimmed, or Buckle-minded will ignore the to them unpleasant subject. The laws of beauty remaining the same, and the intellect, so far as affected, attaining a distincter perception of truth, Christianity plainly cannot change a correct judgment in Art-matters; by the very constitution of Taste, the emotion of pleasure must arise in consequence of this judgment, if it be made upon a beautiful object. Unless then Art rests on falsehood, it finds no enemy or ill-wisher in religion. Who of you, ye lovers of Art, will grant that it is reared on such perilous and deceitful substratum?

Thus far concerning simply the material works of Art and in respect of connoisseurship. Henceforth the intellectual and emotional so mingle and blend that the attempt to separate them fails. Who does not know that true Art transcends this region, rising high above, yet through, its material symbols even to a living language, whereof tones and harmonies and forms and colors and proportions and arrangements are merely syllables and words. Some, to whom Heaven gives but a sensuous love of beauty, will be enraptured, receiving these articulations as sweet and delightful sound, yet not knowing that they have a significance for those who can interpret. They of farther insight will discover an inner meaning. In its material expressions, beautiful as these are, they will read the more beautiful sentiment which it is the true mission of Art thus to unfold to them who catch its spirit. Now, is the Christian less capable than others of apprehending the moral sentiment of Art? Strange if it is so! His religion is one which purifies the affections, and, through them, works a change in his views of good and evil. He joins in the truceless strife, and his sympathies flow out toward everything lovely and pure and of good report, to everything which can be enlisted in the service of right. If once, delighting in the expression of lofty moral sentiment, he received pleasure from the pure conceptions of genius, will he now be hostile or indifferent to them? If the art-representation symbolizes some profound truth touching human kind or shadows forth some burden of the race, life to the Christian is no less real than before he woke to its reality, and his brotherhood is no less felt than before he possessed a universal charity. What then was truth is truth now, and he is still a man to feel for men. Does Art exist because there is physical and moral beauty, and power to appreciate and express it? The Christian's God is author both of beauty and the soul. This reflection certainly does not countenance the notion that Christianity must frown upon the cultivation and gratification of taste. It ought to show that the nearer man approaches the original type, the nearer he comes to the primal orbit, the stronger should be his love for goodness, beauty and truth. "For it indeed seems as if at the basis of beauty there are eternal principles, modifications of the true and the good, over which the mind casts a color and a clothing, a halo and a radiance." But leaving these more abstract questionings, to which however there is no indirect response, but a clear declaration teaching that the work of religion is an elevation of human nature, including Taste; leaving these let us bring before our immediate judgments a case in which these principles are luminously illustrated.

In the church of the Capuchins at Rome there hangs a masterpiece of Art in one branch—Guido's Archangel. After a protracted conflict, out of which nevertheless he comes with undisturbed serenity, Michael is now standing with his foot upon the prostrate demon. "What an expression of heavenly severity in the Archangel's face! There is a degree of pain, trouble and disgust at being brought in contact with sin, even for the purpose of quelling and punishing it; and yet a celestial tranquility pervades his whole being!" Two men are gazing upon the picture. In all respects they are alike, save that one has quenched his soul-thirst in the living waters of grace. Which of them will best read the lesson so strikingly conveyed, and which will be most profoundly moved by that prophecy to the eye?—prophecy of the final victory of good over evil. Whose intuition does not say it will be he whose eyes have been opened to the deformity of sin and the loveliness of holiness; who sees in Michael one of the ministering spirits sent forth to the heirs of salvation, or him whom John beheld laying hold of the dragon. If it be said such emotions differ from those of mere æsthetic pleasure, it is sufficient to reply that they are called forth by the address to the æsthetic faculty, and are the higher sympathies of the soul with the moral sentiment which Art strives to express.

The same considerations avail in the case of the artist. Only as he has a gift transcending the faculty of Taste, one bestowed on a few, a *dives vena* which no cultivation or education can replace, but itself the condition and germ of growth, it is well to make as distinct a mention of the benefits he derives from Christianity. Let it first be said that the possession of this rare faculty of art-creation is a call to its exercise, a divine commission to further develop and employ it for the glory of God and the good of men. Entering upon this work, the artist can receive benefit alone from the Christian religion. Here also the judgment will become clearer; the emotions warmer and purer, flowing out to everything beautiful, good and true; life will take a more earnest but not misanthropic cast; there will be a profounder comprehension of the great lessons to be taught men, and of the mission of the beautiful; unison with the spirit of Christian history and Christian living will yield many a scene for representation and many an element for the higher, purer products of imagination. Of this character it seems must be the influence, whether greater or less, of religion in the artist. So far from losing his power or becoming less an artist, he should find his deepest inspiration in the facts and truths of Christianity. Some, however, readily grant that these beneficial results naturally spring from a true and exalted religion; yet, not clearly understanding the foundation of Art, they are borne away by a mischievous fancy that Christian artists can never attain the highest excellence in their profession. The greatest successes will be achieved by men who so devote themselves to Art, so supremely worship it, that they have no room in their souls for God. But were this principle true, where were the propriety or justification of the Christian in ardently pursuing any vocation whatsoever?

'Diligent in business' is an inspired command, inculcating no trifling or dallying with temporal pursuits, yet coupled with exhortation to earnestness in the things of the kingdom. Moreover, this unbeliever's notion is not verified by fact. True disciples have been notable and eminent in the various walks of Art. Milton drew out his immortal work from a mind and heart filled with the 'echo of that celestial and seraphic harmony which rolls forever before the throne of God, a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.' And in the words of yet another: 'Fra Angelico must have breathed a humble aspiration between every two touches of his brush, in order to have made the finished picture such a visible prayer as we behold it. Perugino was evidently a devout man. Sodoma, beyond a question, both prayed and wept while painting his fresco, at Siena, of Christ bound to a pillar.' Christianity does not then destroy that which makes the art-lover and the artist. On the contrary, its necessary tendency is to an elevation and enlargement of the appreciative power of the one, and to a right use of the creative power of the other, joined with the same ennobling.

And such is the connection of the inner with the outer life that we have already decided the second inquiry. Christianity does not and cannot adopt a body of judgments unfavorable to high Art. It will never permit us to nurture in the soul that whose outward expression it forbids. Allowing and enjoining the cultivation of the æsthetic powers, it will employ them as instruments of good. It has been well said that Art has no existence outside man's moral nature. Now one law which the Christian religion lays upon the moral nature, and therefore upon Art, is the law of purity. Art, high Art, founded upon what is pure and noble in that nature, finds this no restraint. Again, the moral nature must bow to the law of direction and lead the whole man to live for the glory of God, and the good of the race. This is also the highest aim and grandest motive which can be placed before the mind capable of bodying forth moral sentiment in the representations of Art.

The Christian system cannot then be prejudicial to Art. If in the hands of depraved men the latter be often perverted, the former cannot swerve from inflexible right to approve it. In such case, the Christian religion will gladly bear the world's reproach of illiberality. But when Art follows its natural course, when it addresses itself to what is noble and lofty in human nature, it must ever find a generous patron in cultivated Christian taste.

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THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

There's a sylph-like Iris to come and go,
On each quivering ray of light,
There's a presence of beauty on all below,
If but the heart be right!
There's a latent joy to quell each fear,
And to hush the rising sigh;
If the Spirit of Beauty deigns to cheer,
The heart that with sorrow may die!

Sweet Spirit of Beauty! that power divine,
Which mantles our grief with the light—
Even clouds of affliction with radiance shine,
If only the heart be right!
She is borne on the breath of the balmy breeze—
Is heard in the zephyr's gentle sigh—
And rejoices among the musical trees,
Or the spangled battlements over the sky!

She heralds the roseate dawn of the Day,
She smooths his low couch in Hesperian climes;
She bears on her pinions Lucinia's lay—
And breathes from the Poet's rhymes;

She scatters soft starlight all over the tomb—
Her smiles, o'er the dying Christian's bed;
She pencils on cheek of the youthful her bloom,
And touches—scarce touches—the face of the dead!

She joyously beams from the flashing eye—
She smiles from lips that are pale and cold;
She crowns with her Hope the young that die,
And with Peace the brow of the old!
Bright Spirit of Beauty! with magical spell
She wraps the poor heart in a gladness profound;
She loves it! she loves it! and freely will tell,
Where alone in the wide world her home may be found!

"Dear Youth! I give ear to thy worthy desire;
I will guide to my home you so ardently seek!
But treasure the tones of my mystical lyre,
And remember the words that I speak!
Not in treasures of earth that so freely abound,
Nor in aught that is earthly my dwelling you find—
But DEEP IN THE SOUL, there alone may be found
The SPIRIT OF BEAUTY, in beauty enshrined!"

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CONVALESCENT.

To be sick is not the whole of sickness. If it is not fatal, there is the getting well. Yes, the getting well. Time of joyful, as well as of mournful pathos is the period of affliction. First, the heart-offering to propitiate the smiling deity, then the incense of thanksgiving when the blessing is given.

The peculiar, powerful and elevating sensation, which we experience at convalescence in ourselves or those we love, is a pleasure distinctively human. The joys of deliverance are ours peculiarly to appropriate alone. A thousand ways may health be invaded or affliction come; by the sudden burst of accident, when one is snatched at once from his wonted ways and pursuits, to unwelcome confinement and pain; or the slower march of disease overtakes us, and with more prophetic, but no less painful grasp, forces us into the theatre of suffering again. The smitten cheek grows stilly pale, the enfeebled limbs disown their work, the heart beats the uncertain throbs. Hope, lingering long, looks still at the lessening light of promise, until the vision is almost obscured by the thickening veil of distress. The crisis comes—and the heart rises on the springs of prevailing trust, the limbs obey the will, health begins anew to warm the blood. Death is not yet the conqueror. Convalescent! Or perhaps the conflict has been too prolonged for hope, and then delight is the more controlling, because unexpected. It masters us, and we find no measure of expression but in the habitual manifestation of joy. Nay, more, the heart leaps out in ecstacies over the recovery, for the lost is found, the dead is alive. The tomb has remitted to us one, whom we had given up to it.

When sudden injury has robbed our cherished plans of results, by prostrating our working powers, giving us full pause in the midst of our activity, calling us to be passive, just as we were panting to be most unrestrained, then, indeed, is he the master of himself, who can bid his struggling spirit acknowledge the ways of Providence. Perhaps we rush in the first paroxysm to needless despair, deprecate our former zeal, and utter wrong complaints. But let the creeping sense of cure come over and through us, and the scene is changed. The energies. awakening with glad alacrity, are ready to rejoice doubly to be employed. We are ashamed of our former murmurings too. If we had anticipated this manifestation of goodness, we could have borne that ordeal. Perhaps, after long discontent, we had made up our minds to be satisfied with less than we had counted on before, but now we are to be all of our former selves—our former selves, yes, and more, with more knowledge and control of self, with a richer experience, more docile, more humble, more content, more earnest, more compassionate, more kind, more charitable, more grateful, more ashamed to murmur.

Convalescent! Sweet word, sweeter even than health. One is full of promise, but the other also of answered hope, or longing, or faith. One is strong and sustains, the other inspiring and elevates.

With a silent, soothing joy does one watch the steady step of health, where it has not been shaken by the hand of disease. We may take a pride in the continuance of blessings, whose loss we have not bethought ourselves to count on. But it is a feeling almost spontaneous and unconscious. The heart does not yet know its own gratitude. Now, let the giant come, and only not crush the unwary life, and how, then, the friend will welcome the symptons of returning strengh; and as the giant yields more and more, every withe unbound is a cord of tenderer sympathy to bind the sufferer to the anxious watcher We forget the value of friends, moving continually about us, but the return of the missed, how welcome it is. And the sufferer himself, he has learned to know what he is. The burden removed gives him an appreciating sense of the relief, and teaches how he had slighted, when in his full possession, what just now he sighed to acquire even in its smaller measure.

If there is anything inexpressibly sorrowful, it is to see and know, and love the victim of an incurable malady. Merely in the human view, how agonizing to his friends, at least, the prospect of the consumptive, looking down his short remaining days, darkening continuously to the brink of life. Sympathy is helpless to console, helpless even to manifest itself. And if there is anything overflowing with human joy, it is the experience of recovering from a long and dangerous disease, creeping from the shadow of death into the healthful sunshine of life, which seems all the more pure and healthful by the experience of what its absence involves. With physical health for its object, this is the height of animal pleasure.

But there is a more unyielding, more stubborn malady, fastened upon the vitals of the moral world—the deep disorder of depravity. The patient rallies and lapses, but the cure goes on with gradual, sometimes unnoticed progress. But it goes on, affording again, to the good, that peculiar joy at returning health, which belongs to mankind. For angels are elevated safely beyond the inroads of sin; devils are degraded beyond the reach of remedy. Attended thus by the ministering agencies of all the good, trusting to and imploring the help of Heaven, the fell disorder, mortal but for the Physician's cure, shall yield to that.

Then shall a Convalescent, nay a ransomed world, learning from the depth of their deserved depravity, the height of their gracious glory, overflowing with the rapture of the freed, take up the full anthem of praise and triumph, and all its burden to the recovered world shall be the high wonders of redemption. Pure is a pleasing word, and yet there is something more transporting in redeemed.

All hail, then, to the lowness of our lot—to trying sickness—preaching privation, teaching pain. To be sick, is not the whole of sickness. There is the lesson, the joy of getting well.

And instead of sinking at heart at the prevalence of evil, or yielding to its power, it is better to contemplate how glorious that the dark malady itself will add to the appreciation of what good remains, and make men to hail with more hearty sympathy the promised removal of the throne of evil, and the uninterrupted reign of healthful truth.

THE ETIQUETTE OF COLLEGE-LIFE.

It is a lamentable fact that among young men in the process of education, too little attention is paid to good manners; especially when we consider how much of their future influence depends upon culture in this respect. It is useless to say in reply to this assertion, that boorish manners are assumed merely for the time being, to be thrown off when entrance into society demands. Evil habits once thoroughly implanted are never rooted out without great effort on the part of their possessor, and in many cases they cling to a person through life. Believing that it is both easier and better to leave such habits unformed, than to form and afterward conquer them, we shall endeavor, with no censorious spirit, to point out a few particulars in which reform is most needed, and to urge greater diligence in its accomplishment.

In the first place, a few words relating to *College exercises.*

In these, the person of true refinement consults not only his own convenience and comfort, but that of others as well. His aim is to abstain from everything, even though it tend to his own gratification, which might discompose or annoy those about him. To particularize, he will refrain from such actions as exalting his feet to an undue level, much to the detriment of the clothing and temper of the person who sits before him; he will never consent to sicken his neighbor by deluging the floor in front of him with tobacco juice, or what is still worse, by soiling his nicely polished shoes through an occasional misdirected aim. He transacts important business outside of the recitation room, instead of employing as agents to forward his communications those who are (or ought to be) engaged in loftier pursuits.

But above all, when he enters a place of religious worship, he conducts himself with decorum. It is universally conceded that such services should be respected, even by those who do not comprehend their meaning; and the person who will disturb them is considered as wanting in common decency. If he has no higher motive, regard for the feelings of others should influence him. The man of refinement, therefore, will not allow himself to converse during prayer, lest he should interfere with the devotions of those around him. In deference to him who conducts the service, or rather to the Being whom his associates are worshipping, he will assume a becoming posture, and will by no means crowd past his fellows in order to leave the sacred place in a hurried and unbecoming manner.

In the next place, let us consider what is required of educated young men in their relations to *their instructors.* Perhaps most of the errors under this head result from a misapprehension of these relations. It is a very prevalent and yet a very mistaken notion, that they are antagonistic—that the teacher's sole object is not the instruction, but the discomfiture of the scholar; and that consequently, the latter has a perfect right to retaliate, and annoy his enemy whenever he has an opportunity. If this mistake could be corrected (though perhaps human nature will hardly permit it), we imagine that instructors would seldom be interrupted by such demonstrations as stamping or loud conversation in the recitation room, and that the insane class of actions known as "college sprees" would almost entirely die away.

The carriage of students toward *one another* next demands our notice. The circumstances of a college community are peculiar. It is to be supposed that among so many persons brought together from different regions, there should be numerous oddities, both natural and local. Hence there is a strong temptation among students to ridicule these peculiarities in their fellows, even at the expense of good breeding and good sense. It is in the highest degree important that this temptation be overcome at the outset; for if one yields to it in college, it will follow him into the world and greatly impair his influence. Charity should be exercised in all such cases; and the "necessary wear and tear" of college life will generally polish away the offensive excrescence.

In this connection, we must be allowed to enter a protest against the too fashionable custom of "boring," the purpose of which is to make its object uncomfortable. It may be accomplished in numerous ways (in fact much ingenuity is often displayed in devising them), although the motive prompting it is usually the same. One phase of it will serve to illustrate the whole, and may be described as follows: Some student who is disposed to be idle himself, conceives a plan for bringing others to the same unhappy condition. Accordingly, he takes with him two or three "kindred spirits" (who are generally at call), and together they proceed to the room of their victim. Entering as if on a friendly visit, they soon develop their object by little acts of playfulness, such as taking away his text-book, or hallooing in his ears. One thing leads to another, and soon his furniture is turned upside down, his books are in every place but the proper one, and his patience almost exhausted. Ashamed to acknowledge that he is "bored," he endures all like a martyr, but in his heart has a poorer opinion of his "friends" than when they came in. He cannot blame them so much, for they assure him it was done "only as a joke," but there is his time lost and his patience tried, and he feels that the fewer of such jokes the better. This is only an example of what occurs every day, in one form or an another, in a college community. Is it prompted by good breeding? We think not.

It remains that we should consider what we owe, as students, to *society*. A large body of young men situated in the midst of a town, have many facilities for imposing upon its inhabitants. If a number of them commit depredations they usually escape with impunity, from the fact that it is difficult to prove the misconduct upon individuals; and it is to be deplored that so many take advantage of this state of things. An educational institution, instead of being a nuisance, should be the pride of the place where it is located; its members ought to strive by every means in their power to make it such. But if, disregarding their numerous obligations to the inhabitants, they consider private property only a means of gratifying their mischievous proclivities, and under the influence of unnatural excitement go to excesses they would never dream of in their cooler moments; if they allow themselves to become objects of dread, rather than of good-will; if, instead of being examples of propriety to those who have fewer privileges, they are sources of impure and vitiating influence, it is impossible that their presence should be anything but an injury to the community. If, for instance, a lady cannot pass a group of students in the street, without being insulted and giggled at by those whose education has failed to make them gentlemen, is it wonderful that those who have wives and daughters should regard unfavorably the institution with which such evils are connected?

We have endeavored, in this imperfect way, to mention a few particulars of college etiquette in which there is room for improvement. It has not been our aim to produce anything *new*, but merely to bring to remembrance considerations that are too often forgotten. With reference to such evident duties, to remind of errors should be to correct them; and if any one by the perusal of this article is led to greater carefulness in these matters, the writer's object will be accomplished.

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ORIGINALITY.

For wise and beneficent purposes men are endowed with capacities widely various and dissimilar. From a merely physical point of view, immense diversity is observable. But when we come to consider men, with reference to their highest endowment—that which makes them *men*—the most cursory glance cannot fail to convince us of the truth of the saying, that no two minds are similarly constituted. In the most ordinary affairs of life, our constant experience verifies the force of the remark. When, however, the mind is called into higher activity, *i. e.*, when it undertakes the higher forms of discourse, we behold still more marked and striking contrast.

Hence if two writers on a given subject are found to be very nearly identical in their treatment of it, we talk of the remarkable co-incidence. But if such a co-incidence is again observed between the parties, or between one of them and others, we unhesitatingly conclude that the thoughts, to which both lay claim, have emanated from but a single mind.

From what has been said it would seem that that in discourse, which is usually termed Originality, might easily be attained. But such, we know, is not the case. Many, if not a majority, of the writers and speakers, with whom we come in contact, are in this respect entirely wanting. Is then the capability of originality common to all; and how should we regard it in seeking to attain power in discourse?

To suggest an answer to these inquiries will be the object of what further remarks we have to offer.

That we may better understand the relations of our subject, let us, at the outset, ascertain precisely the meaning of the term. It conveys the idea of *first source.* And hence, as a quality of the thing derived, it means *newness*, *freshness*, that which was *not before seen or known*, *&c.* We may take the definition of Dr. Webster as suited to our present purpose. "Originality is the power of originating or producing new thoughts or uncommon combinations of thought."

The answer to the question whether such a power is attainable by all, will answer the question whether its absence ought to be esteemed a fault in discourse. For we can censure no one for not having that, which it is beyond the scope of his abilities to possess. The question may be stated, in other words, thus: Is Originality a common attribute of the average, in respect to talents and acquirements, or is it a peculiar mental endowment allotted to only the few? In its highest forms, this power undoubtedly belongs to but few. It is reserved for genius alone to discover new principles and laws. But it is by no means to be supposed that even the most gifted are always arriving at new ideas and generalizations.

We must ever remember that, though, as before remarked, the law of variety holds good in regard to the human mind, yet every active mind is constantly assimilating to itself the products of other minds, and, in reference to a large number of subjects, there are certain truths universally recognized by sane men, that those truths applicable to one set of subjects can frequently without difficulty be applied to another, and that there are general laws of thought, to which those who think correctly must conform.

We hold, therefore, that the power of producing thoughts, which can strictly be called *new*, is an attribute of genius alone. As to the power of producing "uncommon combinations of thought," it seems to us that it is possessed in greater or less degree by every *thinking* mind.

Different men possess the power of thought in very different degrees. Writers may, perhaps, be divided into three classes: 1st, Those who from force of habit or intellectual feebleness, even though they may have gone through with all the forms of liberal education, are unable to take in and examine any subject thoroughly and completely; 2d, Those who on ordinary occasions content themselves with discussing simple truths after a plain and simple manner, for the purpose of enforcing them, but who not unfrequently rise to discussions of their themes truly striking and sublime; 3d, Those who never approach a subject but to master it. These are they whose pens are ever recognized as powers, whose writings live after them, treasures of thought for future generations. Such productions may truly be termed "uncommon combinations of thought." Others may have expressed many of the same ideas as are involved in them, yet such is the breadth and depth of comprehension and analysis of the theme, in all its bearings, that we recognize at once their superiority.

Which of the classes we have named possesses Originality, and in what degree, it is unnecessary to inquire. From what has been said, we think it appears, that Originality, (using the term in its strict sense,) is to be regarded as simply an ornament of discourse—*not* an essential element. As such, however, let it not be under-rated or lightly esteemed. To him, on whom this power has been bestowed, it is a talent worthy his devout gratitude.

After all, discourse is itself but a means—not an end—a means for communicating and enforcing truth. In seeking, therefore, to perfect the power of discourse, we should remember that we are seeking that which will better enable us to enforce the truth. And for this labor is required—brain-work—thought. For it is evident that none are competent to unfold truth to other minds who do not themselves comprehend that truth, and it is also evident that careful attention on their part is necessary in order to this end.

Regarding then discourse itself as but a means, it seems to us that the newness and freshness of the thoughts to be conveyed is not the highest end to be attained in it—but rather a comprehensive grasp of the theme. For this are our minds trained and disciplined by courses of study, and towards this should be our aim whenever we attempt to write.

Courage! therefore, thou who art hoping to wield the minds of thy fellows by thy pen, and to whom it is to be the only means of support. Genius may not be thine. If it is, it will appear; if not, thou canst not produce it. Do but thy duty. Use well the powers thou hast, whether great or small, and thou hast fulfilled thy destiny! None shall say unto thee, why hast thou not done more!

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CLEOPATRA ON THE RIVER CYDNUS.

I'm sailing down in my ship of state,
And hundreds of subjects upon me wait,
And galleys unnumbered before me glide,
Like snow-white swans, on the rolling tide.

My galley is decked with purple and gold,
My drapery's floating in costly folds,
And all along on the margin green
The bands are playing to Egypt's Queen.

The birds are singing their lays aloft,
The palms are waving their bushy tops,
And the echoing woods roll back the song
That welcomes me here as I sail along.

From the land of the Pyramids and Sphinx,
Where the Nile's proud waters are washing the brinks
Of ancient Thebes, with its hundred gates,
Its temples, obelisks, royal seats,

Where the Pharaohs of old, with powerful sway,
Made nations and people their laws obey;
Where "Memnon" sings to the rising sun—
From this land of antiquity I am come.

And a Roman awaits me, proud and great,
To settle disputes of law and state;
And yet perchance it may be more
Than boundary lines on sea and shore.

For I am beautiful, and a queen,
Such as this warrior ne'er hath seen;
And oh! what wonder if I should bring
This Antony home to be a King!

Then mirth would ring from the stony Sphinx,
As Hymen his chains about us links;
And oh! the deserts would joy to see
Rome's proud hero a captive by me.

Then speed, my galley, oh! onward speed
On thy voyage of love by fate decreed,
While the daughters of Asia come down to view
Th' Egyptian Queen as she's passing through.

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AN EVIL—ITS REMEDY.

There is a class of men in every community who are never happy unless engaged in detracting from the merits of others. With some of them the practice is an acquired habit; with others it would seem an inborn principle. We judge the latter from its early development. Even in school-life it is detected in the anxiety of those in whom it is implanted to raise themselves by lowering the merits of school-mates and companions. Growing and strengthening with their maturity, it becomes wreathed in the heart too securely to be cast out by a light struggle. Continual abuse of some person or thing becomes an element in their character. If public institutions furnish them no weapon for reproach, private character is esteemed a fit object for their calumnious assaults.

The most pernicious phase of this evil is characterized by its unfortunate effects. Tale-bearing is no new development. The wisest of men and kings well knew its character and results, and against no folly or crime does he warn the young more persistently. The sin is not less a sin, nor are its results less bitter than when he denounced it. It is the fruitful source of heart-burnings and jealousies, contentions and feuds, bitterness and folly. It pervades society to an alarming extent. How often is it that by implication or inuendo, or even flat-footed denunciation, we hear in all manner of assemblies something discreditable of individuals, or, rather let it be noticed whether people ever meet for a few moments conversation without broadly maintaining the demerits of others.

It is needless to state that this fault is as common here as in the vast outside world whose shadow we are. True it is that the statements circulated so frequently prejudicial to character are not so important here as elsewhere; but hearts and principles are the same everywhere, and the principle of which we speak is a phase of human nature not confined by set boundaries or limits. It is because the principle is so wide-spread, and because it is as pernicious as it is prevalent, that we wish to incite all to frown upon it and struggle for its overthrow.

They are few indeed who do not know this enemy to happiness under whatever garb he assumes. Frequently a just discrimination is necessary. An offensive as well as a defensive warfare must be kept up to insure its downfall. We must see to it first, that we bear no tales; and secondly, that we believe none improperly vouched for. There are those among us, as they are to be found everywhere, whose peculiar pleasure consists in obtaining the friendship of others, and thus secure an insight to their daily life; and then, having attained a degree of intimacy, to forfeit the friendship by pouring into kindred ears the foibles and eccentricities of the individual it may be, or too frequently false and exaggerated statements of actions and motives. Their tales receive credence, because, skillfully mixing truth and error, they make the truth appear to prevail, while the lurking error advanced under its protection works the poison. Inconsistencies are detected in the purest characters.

Indeed the purer the character the more persistent the effort to detect an imperfection, the more malicious its circulation if detected. If actual faults do not exist, known traits of the slandered person will be taken, and evil motives readily suggest a fitting garb for their disadvantageous portraiture. We desire our readers to notice the next time a name is brought before an assembly, however small, whether its mention does not bring forth some fancied fault or idiosyncrasy of the person in question. Sometimes it will be the case that a story is told, true, perhaps, in a measure, or in some cases totally false; the unreflecting hearers will repeat it until, in the obscure hints and qualified behaviour of former friends, the object of the remark will feel the malady rankling in the wound that charity will declare thoughtlessness has created. Such rumors, it is true, are not always started by designing persons. Frequently a jest, understood as such by the author and his immediate hearers, will develope into a reality in the third or fourth repetition. The instance of the man who vomited, according to veritable report, three black crows, and was found on inquiry to have ejected something black as a crow, is a fitting illustration of our meaning. The rumor will run faster than the contradiction. Oftentimes an authoritative denial will not impede it. Some from mere love of the joke will let it pass undenied: policy will prevent its contradiction by others; and so, many roots of bitterness and folly spring up, choking too often the fairest friendships.

We are by no means ignorant of the fact that we subject ourselves to criticism by thus dwelling on a theme having such a wide bearing, and concerning which so much has been written and spoken. We know that it will be thought by some that we have put on a coat worn thread-bare by the moralists in order to show what might have been its original beauty and fitness. Those, however, who have suffered in the respect designated will not impute to us so uncharitable a motive: they will not arraign us for putting on record our testimony against this hydra—slander, and its offspring—gossip. For they will understand the terrible workings of this destructive principle, manifested so bitterly in the severing of friendship. They are few who have not at times been the objects of its reproach. Too often it is the case that the slandered one, in the gangrene of mortification, will repeat the process in reference to others by which his own character was made to suffer, and thus does this evil spread, leaving in its train the greatest evils by which society is cursed.

Let us not be misunderstood in our position. We do not mean that censure should never be inflicted, or evil actions condemned. This is needful and healthful. What we deprecate is the crime so well defined in its very expression,—tale-bearing,—that source of evil and evil only; to insincerity taking the garb of friendship the more readily to fix its dart;—to misanthropy, its necessary consequent. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."

He is not a good physician who in detailing the nature of a disease is unable to prescribe the remedy. The root from which the balm to heal these wounds is to be extracted exists in the hearts of all. Let it be remembered that men are a universal brotherhood. The simple golden rule, rightly understood and applied, is pregnant with healing unction. If we could but remember, when an unkind assertion rises to the lip, that he of whom we are about to speak might be generous enough in like circumstances to repress like statements concerning us, a gigantic step would be taken in the completion of that circle which shall embrace all men in universal affection. Friendship not only would be secure and abiding, but the many evils connected in an intricate way with this of which we have spoken would be done away. The accomplishment of this happy result will not be easily effected. Let us bend every energy to the struggle.

MEDICAL.

THE DISEASE.

Among reading young men, specially among the favored gathered in higher schools, there are few who have never been attacked by some form, malignant or mild, of that ailment whose classic name is *cacoethes scribendi.* This meaneth not, O thou who are yet ignorant of the malady! an uneasiness removed by the scratching of the moistened pen upon hitherto spotless sheets, leaving there divers better or worse fragments of thought's verbal body. The pains of mortification would be spared many a one were this all, but it is only an incipient stage. The violence of the plague is betokened by the airy day-dreams of the afflicted one. In a kind of somnambulism, he seeketh public expression of the aforesaid fragments, mayhap through village chronicle or city magazine. He longeth for the curious felicity of beholding the beautiful metamorphosis of an own crabbed hand-writing into the regularities of print. He looketh upon the sanctum as at once palace of the mind and temple of wisdom; the therein easy chair as the seat of power and the tripod of inspiration. He even buildeth delightful chateaux in Spain, wherein he dwells, wielding the powerful and ponderous editorial WE. Thus much for the more marked symptoms, and, now, how they appeared in a particular case.

J. KILBY SICKENS.

When John Kilby was about sixteen, nothwithstanding he was such a young thing, a diagnosis would have revealed the fell workings of the disease described. His attack was not sudden or violent, but it was unmistakable. Daily reading an influential sheet published in a near city, he unconsciously acquired a wondrous reverence for those who, through its columns, instructed, persuaded or pleased the sovereign people.

Then followed a gradually formed desire, strong but seemingly presumptuous, to appear in print. From this point the bright visions of fancy were largely indulged and, we may at once say, the boy suffered from a severe fit of *cocoethes.* What was to be done? Now in this interesting malady, as oft-times in those more physical, the best and only plan is to let nature have its undisturbed course. If the thing will work itself off, never mind the sulphur and other medicines commonly used in like cases of irritation. In the present instance, nature did have its way; with what remedies sedative and purgative, we shall see.

THE CRISIS.

Day-dreams continued for some-while. But for all that, the sickness was coming to a turn. The turn might have been different from what it really was. The boy might have had his longing for newspaper audience displaced by some other strong idea equally transient; inasmuch as youth has few fixed ideas. Ever after he might have remembered this period with confusion, even as grown men are sometimes ashamed to confess they have had such babyish sicknesses as measles or chicken pox. Thus it might have been, but thus it was not. For while the idea was yet strong and the desire uppermost, the crisis came in this wise. A gentleman who held a prominent place before the public lost his life under mysterious and distressing circumstances. Now John Kilby had known something about this man and his peculiarities; though something known to many others also. Kindly nature then gave its prescription in a flash through the young thing's mind—why not write a letter to the *Suspolis Eagle?* No sooner thought of than begun. He sat down and laboriously fashioned his items of knowledge into a brief epistle, folded and mailed under influence of the same ardor which inspired the writing. It was but out of his hands when he began to repent his rashness and presumption, and to anticipate the mortification of rejection. But never mind, the crisis had come and gone, and now recovery would ensue whether attended by the pleasure of success or the pain of failure.

THE BITTER DRAUGHT.

Doubtless thou too, O reader, hast been in a similar state, when, upon feeble grounds, thou didst longingly desire something, and didst say say to thyself, "It will surely not be," but in thine inmost heart didst tremblingly hope thou mightest prove a false prophet. Thou canst then know the weariness with which the hours dragged on, bringing at last—as every set time must come—the moment for the *Eagle's* appearance. And when it did come, with what eagerness, yet faintness of heart, was it seized and examined, first, fourth and second pages. Alas! the auspices were unfavorable. The foreboding had been with too much reason. The last lingering remnant of hope must now be given up, for IT was not there. But cheer up, John. Fall back upon your philosophy and forget your folly by earnestly pursuing less ambitious flights. Betake yourself to thoughts more beseeming such a young thing, more suited to the school-boy. At least postpone until riper years the effort to gain blissful admission into the number of even occasional writers for the respectable *Suspolis Eagle.*

THE SWEET DRAUGHT.

Perhaps these were the thoughts of John Kilby. At any rate he betook himself to his grammars in a humble frame, yet with a resolute purpose to be no more foolish. He was indeed a sadder and a wiser boy. Hope dismissed, the moments of the next twenty-four hours did not hang heavy on his hands. They whisked away as if moving faster to make up for former lingerings. Even the *Eagle* seemed to have flown faster than was its wont. It came, reminding John that he had yielded to presumptuous aspirations, risen for a brief moment upon Daedalus wings and fallen. Inwardly groaning by reason of the soreness of that fall, he opened the sheet. But could he believe his eyes? No—Yes—it couldn't be—but it was! And the few quick throbs of surprise and gladness sent the warm blood tingling through every vein. There IT was in the second column of the second page, and immediately next the editorial deliverance of the day. Not merely in the regularities of print, but in a new and glorified form, that is to say, with a grand heading, in small capitals, and an indorsement of "interesting." The fact was, had a theme been chosen from every consideration of policy, few could have been found more likely to gain the editorial sanction than this, treated with whatever mediocrity. Be the cause what it might, however, there was the fragment of the verbal body and the desire had been gratified. And what a manly tone the types had added. Who could ever guess that such a young thing had written it? Reader, thou wilt know the satisfaction of that moment when thou seest thy first piece—thought to be rejected—in some high-flying *Suspolis Eagle.*

THE RECOVERY.

Sweet are the uses of adversity, and a supposed disappointment is excellent preparation for good news. The desire accomplished was sweet, but its pleasure differed from that which had been imagined. Not that in little time the satisfaction of the first appearance in print dissipated, mind you, but being no longer somnambulic, our youthful friend was led to make sundry reflections, which he could not help seeing were true. It may be an agreeable thing to have one's thoughts in print, but it is far better they should be worthy to be there. It is a fine occupation to write for public reading, but far better to write well. Henceforth it was a fixed idea with him not to borrow luster from the types, but to confer honor upon them. As the *cacoethes scribendi* rarely assails one when he reaches this healthful state, the patient may now be dismissed as entirely recovered.

THE ORATION.

For the opinion of those elegant theorists, who hold that eloquence is strictly an æsthetical art, we have little respect; however plausible the theory be, it is absolutely certain that the orator, who should carry it into practice, would be no orator at all. So far from eloquence having *no end exterior* to itself, it has no end at all *not* exterior to itself. Its *sole* end is to effect a change in the human will, and therefore of necessity is an *ethical* art. Evidently eloquence involves three things: 1st, truth; 2d, a proclaimer of the truth; 3d, a hearer. Truth, generally, is intellectual merely, or moral, with which latter only, of necessity, eloquence has to do. *Moral truth*, therefore, is the first requisite to true eloquence, the ultimate power concerned. But abstract truth is not a living power; and it becomes, therefore, necessary to its greatest power that it assume a sensuous, concrete form; wherefore it voices itself in the orator, and becomes a breathing, living, life-giving thing. The orator has a two-fold relation; 1st, to the truth *of* which he speaks; 2d, to the hearer *to whom* he speaks. And, first, we consider him in his relation to the truth. What *is* this? A vital spiritual *union* with it affecting the whole man; whence the understanding, the feelings, the will, will be in a sense inspired. As a result of the inspiration, of the understanding, we shall have, in the ideal orator, a perfect knowledge, 1st, of the truth, the subject; and, 2d, of the human soul, the object of oratory. His knowledge of the truth will respect the truth absolutely, and in its relations, symbolical or practical. He must clearly know *what* he believes, and *why* he believes it. To know perfectly the symbolical relations of the truth, he must have a complete and intimate knowledge of the natural world wherein the truth is symbolically set forth. The knowledge of the *practical* relations of the truth will require a knowledge of the truth, and the human soul to which it is related. Of the latter must his knowledge be especially intimate and thorough. He must understand man as an intellectual being—his modes of thought and expression; as an emotional being—his tastes, affections and aversions; as a moral being—the nature of his conations, the science of motives.

And, finally, as a result of the clear understanding of the human soul in its relations to the truth, will be developed in distinctness and fullness, the ultimate ethical "ideas" of "Virtue, Duty, Happiness." And that this knowledge may not be merely loose, disconnected fragments, the orator must have a vivid, a powerful imagination, by which all may be brought up before him, and held there in living oneness.

And this brings us to consider the inspiration of the Feelings, a necessary consequent of the former. It is hardly worth while to notice minutely the state of the feelings arising from the simple cognitions. They will be as the perfectness of the cognition. As the result of this inspiration, in such as accompany the conative activities, there will be, in relation to himself, a feeling of Self-Respect and of unfaltering confidence; in relation to the hearer, Affection, Sympathy.

So soon as truth has inspired the understanding and feelings, there is immediate action, which will be either reflex or objected. The reflex action will be voluntary or involuntary. The will energized by the truth, will exercise a restraining and corrective power on the understanding and the feelings, that neither the logical nor emotional element unduly predominate. Involuntarily will activity manifest itself in—1st, gesture, and 2d, presence—the outward manifestation of an energized soul. The consideration of the *objected* action leads us to view the orator in his relations to the hearer. The fundamental principle is, man is a *free* agent, therefore cannot be compelled. And therefore, as a rational procedure, the orator must refer every thing to the ethical ideas of the hearer, in order from these to present motives to the action he wills; in such a way only can the will be reached, and rational action induced. The first object will be to convince, including explanation and conviction proper; the second, to excite affection, including excitation and persuasion proper. As a philosophical argument supposes a complete development of the subject, it is clear that such method cannot be here adopted where the subject is in a sense secondary. Not a *word* is to be used which is not absolutely *necessary* to the attainment of the end in the hearer. And as the orator is a man only like the hearer, he cannot argue from his own authority; he is to the hearer an equal, and therefore he must draw his arguments from authority other than his own, and that in which the hearer has confidence. In the conduct of *argument*, the chief requisites are clearness and force. To excite the affections towards truth when he has proved its connection with the ethical ideas of the hearer, new elements of power are required. And we cannot here do better than refer to the admirable generalization of Theremin of the laws ruling here—Adaptation, Constant Progress, Vivacity.

In accordance with the law of Adaptation, the orator will not openly conflict with the prejudices of the hearers, but gently, winningly introduce himself gradually into their sympathy; when he has established in their hearts confidence towards him and in him, prejudices against the truth will have vanished. He will, in speaking, use such images and illustrations as are wont in the daily life of the hearer to awaken the deepest emotions. There will be in the orator Constant Progress toward the end. Never must he linger for a moment on any thought or illustration however fine, but let every minute find him advanced and advancing. This will excite the feelings of the hearer first, negatively, by giving him no time to listen to any objection offering itself to his own mind; second, positively, the hearer will be emotionally borne away by the simple *force* of the powerful, ceaseless flow of thought. The law of Vivacity respects, 1st, the oration itself; 2d, the manner of its delivery. In the oration vivacity will be attained by constant change in the spiritual position of the orator and hearer, by the clothing of the abstract in the concrete sensuous life-forms of imagination. In the manner of the delivery, vivacity respects, 1st, gesture. It will be, in the perfect orator, the *natural* and *necessary* externalization of the inner emotional activity. And, 2d, *life*; a life *quiet*, *spiritual*, *powerful*, will be given by the "*presence*" of the orator. Finally, the whole oration will become such by the clear, vivid, forceful presentation of motives to the will through the understanding and the sensibilities. But perfection in oratory would require a perfect man, nay more—divinity; and we can therefore conceive of no *perfect* orator except the God-man, who spake as never man spake. In less than perfection we shall have a predominance of the logical or of the emotional element, so that, among human orators, we shall have two classes thus distinguished.

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A REVERIE.

Smoking the weed, that will always breed,
With its strange, enchanting power;
Some quaint old dream, in its curling steam,
Or fancy of the hour:

Methought that the vapour, with many a caper,
Expanding, larger grew,
Until it revealed, on a broad, white field,
A palace of golden hue.

And a maiden fair, by the gate sat there,
With a bright key by her side,
While a herald proclaimed that she could be gained,
Or wooed as a beautiful bride.

He further told that the hero bold,
Who so fortunate might be,
As to win the maid, would be repaid
By that same bright little key.

For, said he, though small, that prize is all
  That can open the palace gate,
To let the one in, who might luckily win
  This little, enticing mate.

Now I wondered why so few did try
  To obtain this agreeable prize,
When I saw that the way, which up to it lay,
  Was rugged and steep in its rise.

And a very large pack to be borne on the back,
  Of strange and rough appearance;
'Twas worn, I learned, to keep one firm—
    They called it Perseverance.

'Twas hard to refrain, so I asked for the name
  Of the palace and lass that I mention;
When the herald proclaimed, and clearly explained
  The vision that fixed my attention.

This maiden worth earning, the gods christened Learning,
  Long loved by many fair youth;
And Wisdom, the key, will open to thee
  The palace of Virtue and Truth.

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ICEBERGS.

"No look-out, and no friendly hail, or authoritative warning can cope with thy secrecy, or thy silence. Mist and darkness are thy work-day raiment. Though the watchman lay his ear to the water, he may not hear thy coming footsteps." Such were the outbursts of awe and dread with which a gifted man first beheld one of the Ice-kings of the North slowly performing its allotted journey. As it drifted by, shrouded in impenetrable mystery, inaccessible to mortal foot, chilling and wintry in its aspect, yet deeply interesting on account of its strangeness, its silence and solitude were appreciated in a peculiarly solemn manner.

It falls to the lot of few to witness a scene of this kind in the frozen regions of the Arctic Seas; yet leaving the material world, let us turn our attention for a moment upon ourselves, and see if, within the circle of our daily experience, there may not be some possessing somewhat of the same nature in a spiritual as the Icebergs do in a material sense. There are large numbers of men who, for reasons that we shall endeavor to analyze, school themselves so as to repress every generous emotion, to still every manly thought, and then, after long experience, they succeed in encasing themselves in a covering as hard and solid as the Ice-mountain itself.

One great characteristic of an Iceberg is intense coldness. So this class of persons appear to cultivate this attribute until it attains a degree of perfection. Is anything interesting repeated in their hearing? They receive it with stolid indifference and coldness. They bear up with the same phlegmatic composure under the news of a marriage or of a death. Joy and grief seem to effect no lodgment in their natures. To the beautiful and the hideous they are alike insensible. They are *Icebergs.*

Again, those who try to pierce the Ice-mountain find difficulties increasing with every attempt. Its whole front presents a hard, glassy surface, and the explorer, after essaying here and there to penetrate it, goes away unsuccessful. The same holds good with regard to these men. Having succeeded in cultivating coldness and stolidity with regard to the affairs of others, it follows as a natural sequence that the next step will be to shut out others from their *own* concerns. They thus chain all their feelings and emotions, their griefs and joys in a prison-house of impenetrable adamant, set a watch, and resolutely drive away all intruders. Thus, in a measure, the discomforts and annoyances they inflict upon others by the indulgence of the *first* of the above-mentioned peculiarities recoil with double force upon their own heads by the practice of the *second.*

Once more, let us look at the analogy. The imminent danger incident to a near approach to a berg is well known. "There was one terrific crack, a sharp and silvery ringing blow upon the atmosphere, and the upper face of the berg burst out upon the air, and swept down the cliff." At the very moment when the unwary *voyageur* is skirting carelessly around the base of the mountain, vauntingly urging his boat up to its very face, when all is quiet and fancied security, suddenly, with a crack and roar, the mountain topples over upon him, carrying desolation and ruin to the too trustful explorer. So, with this class again. You cannot trust them. You may be their friend in the eyes of the world, you may suppose you possess their confidence as far as *any one* possesses it; all may seem to be prosperous, and yet you may be pouring out the wealth of a friendly spirit upon a treacherous enemy, who, under the garb of friendship, is waiting to strike a deadly blow. In a moment, without any premonitory warning, the fair edifice may be overthrown, and you buried beneath its ruins. Trust not then the man who carries his heart wrapped up, as the nut, in an impenetrable shell. He whose thoughts and feelings are so peculiar to *himself* that he covers them up lest they should appear, is unworthy the confidence of any true man.

Let us now look at some of the causes which produce this cynical, misanthropic frigidity of mind. That it is *normal* to the soul is a monstrosity too absurd to be considered for a moment. No man born in the image of his Maker *ever* was possessed of such a disposition primarily. Sometimes, indeed, great grief and woe, the depth of which no human heart can fathom, may induce this peculiarity. Then the wretched sufferer, cold and reserved to all around,

> "Ponders on his woes,
> And feeds upon them day by day."

To such these remarks, of course, do not apply. They are for that class of men who impose upon all their faculties such an unnecessary and irksome task. In a word, to those who are striving to make *Icebergs* of themselves.

Many men confound this excessive reticence and coldness with the natural eccentricities and whimsicalities of greatness. They think, for example, that a man need only wrap himself up in his own thoughts, refuse to admit any one to his confidence, rhyme out bitter railings against the weakness, the follies and sensibilities of his fellows, to become in the estimation of others a second Byron. They utterly ignore the fact that the natural bent of *his* mind was warped into this abnormal and freezing state by trial and bitter disappointment, while with *them*, it is only a common mind striving by this means to appear uncommon. What a miserable conceit. Far better to let the sense, however small, that is in one, come out in a natural way, and have its legitimate effect, than by this assumption of a false character to seek to deceive the world. The deception is *too* glaring, the people will find it out, and tearing off the mask, expose the *true* character beneath. "Much rubbing won't make brass *gold*."

Men, too, will not see the difference between *true* dignity which ennobles a man, and renders him fit to guide and instruct, and this appearance of coldness which repels at first sight. Dignity of manner is not at all incompatible with warmth of heart and attractiveness of character; it only serves to enhance their value. But these "sickly imitators" fancy that if they but put on the *air* of dignity, which with them is synonymous with coldness, the real character will accompany it, and thus they will appear to be learned. These are of that class

> "Whose visages
> Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
> And do a wilful stillness entertain,
> With purpose to be drest in an opinion
> Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
> As who should say *I am Sir Oracle*,
> And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

There are also men who seek to cover up *ignorance* by this frigidity of manner. Hence there is such an unpleasant air of *noli me tangere* about them. These men are exceedingly wise when they keep their mouths shut, but with the first words they utter appear the asses' ears;—of all species of Icebergs, preserve us from this. Pomposity and coldness may be endured, if a *something* substantial lies back of it, but those who strive to hide ignorance by this assumption, are unbearable. They are disagreeable to others, and their false position imposes a restraint upon them, which makes them an annoyance to themselves.

Such are a few of the reasons that impel men to assume this frigid garb. How unworthy it is of a *man*. It is written, "man does not live for himself alone." The talents he possesses are not given him for his own private use merely, but that he might benefit his neighbor. If a man envelops himself in this icy mantle, whether through desire to be eccentric, through a craving for a reputation for remarkable talents, or from any other reason, he is doing himself and the community a positive injury. The deceit is always palpable. Great opportunities for good are thus wasted, and a spirit of distrust and misanthropic suspicion aroused, which is adverse to all true advancement.

Life is too short to indulge in such fancies. Life *is* earnest, and should not be frittered away in vain efforts to appear different from the reality. " A thing *must* be what it is, and cannot be what it is not." This class of men is far too common. The man is indeed foolish who reposes confidence in them ; they are unworthy of his regard. Trust them not; put faith in everything else *first*, but never, unless in the very last extremity, trust to Icebergs—they are dangerous things.

THE INFLUENCE OF PARTY SPIRIT IN COLLEGE.

College has frequently been styled a "miniature world." In many respects the analogy holds good, and in nothing more so than in politics. Here we have the same opposing parties, the same political wire-pulling and electioneering, the same excess of excitement, which characterize the politics of our nation. Until within the short period of two years we might have also found the same corruption and intrigue which, alas! has brought upon our country innumerable troubles. We do not contemplate, in the present essay, portraying or stigmatizing the character of one or another of the former political parties in College; for, truly, they were all dyed in iniquity, and some of them died in their sins. But believing that now, when happily circumstances are such that impure motives or the malice of a wounded pride can be imputed to no one, all are capable calmly and conscientiously of considering this matter, we propose to discuss the influence of party spirit in College, (1.) on the interests of the students as a body, *i. e.* on the College, and (2.) on the political student individually as to intellectual and moral character and standing—that this influence is pernicious and ruinous in its tendency.

That party spirit is pernicious in its influence upon the students as a body and upon the character of the Institution, will appear from the following considerations: It withdraws the minds and hearts of the students from the Class or Hall and their best interests, and places them on a particular party. We acknowledge that every new party formed declares its foundation to be built upon principles calculated to improve and sustain the character of the College or Society; but, although they may be sincere in their intentions, this is eventually always made subservient and subordinate to party interest. So far as the best interests of the institution tend to aid the triumph of their party they may be said to seek those interests, but no farther.

Again it begets ill feeling, anger and rancour between students which otherwise would not occur. Graduates and those who have been members of College for any considerable length of time can bear witness to the truth of this statement. What have been the results when party spirit has run high? Classes divided, firm friends made bitter enemies, class-mates, bound together by the strongest of ties, indulging in envy, jealousy and hatred to a degree incredible to any but eye-witnesses. All can see the wonderful change for the better since the antagonism of parties has been removed; how much more unity of feeling; how much less discord and trouble.

Again, instead of being the friend of the worthy and meritorious, it is generally, if not universally, the agent of the most unworthy men and the worst measures. Every party declares that *merit* is the principal plank in their platform, that they design nominating those students who are most worthy of the honor intellectually, but such declarations were never carried out. The worthiness or unworthiness consists, not in intellectual fitness or unfitness, but in being a member of one party or the other. That man merits the nomination who has labored most diligently in electioneering, and who has faithfully served the party, and not he who has a particular natural genius for the contested honor. If such an one happens to be on the right side, 'tis true, he is generally nominated, but, if we examine carefully, we will find that even here expediency and the success of the party have great weight, especially if the candidate happens to be a drone in the hive. There are two inevitable results flowing from this. (1.) It demoralizes the character and reputation of the College as men of inferior talent are chosen, as representatives of the mental calibre of the students, by parties professing to be governed by the standard of intellectual merit. We refer to the Junior Orator stage, and, as none now remain in College of those elected under this nefarious system who could feel injured, we feel at liberty to assert that, as far as our knowledge extends, there have always been some Orators who proved a disgrace alike to the College, Hall and themselves. (2.) It deters good students from becoming candidates for office or honor from the certain doom that they will be subject to all the slander malignity and falsehood can devise. Affairs in our College had hardly reached this extreme, yet we were fast approaching it. We would soon have been in the same condition as our nation, where "an honest man will not run for office." So soon as the ticket of a party is "swung out," immediately the character of every candidate is maligned by those of the opposite party. Falsehood, misrepresentation, abuse and calumny are a few of the means resorted to in order that the election of a candidate may be prevented. We have already dwelt too long on this head of our discussion, and will proceed to that which much more interests us individually, viz. the influence of party spirit on the political student intellectually.

In the first place it withdraws his mind from study. The mind becomes so absorbed with his favorite political plans, so eager for their accomplishment, that he can do or think of nothing else. Books are closed, studies and often recitations disregarded, and the time wholly given up to canvassing and electioneering.

Again, it deters students from seeking by earnest intellectual application to merit honor, and leads them to use the lowest means for obtaining popularity and the suffrage of their fellow students. Disregarding study, he spends his time in slavish services, sickening flattery and hypocritical politeness to obtain popularity and the vote of the party. Lastly, it demoralizes and debases the mental powers. Neglect of study, waste of time, and, above all, seeking for intellectual honor, not by intellectual worth, but by low and sinful means, cannot but degrade the intellect and give one a distaste for the acquisition of knowledge. We can point to many a student once faithful to his duties, but who, gradually enticed into the maelstrom of politics, lost all his former eagerness in mental culture. We can name instances in which a single campaign has resulted in the fall of an individual from among the first ten in his class to the twenties, thirties, and even forties, which position was never but in one case retrieved.

We come now to the last and most important head of our discourse, the *moral effect* of party spirit. In this aspect, more than in any other, it merits the serious attention of every moral student. In the first place it begets a selfish spirit. It leads one to sacrifice general well being for the accomplishment of his own personal ends. It consults the good of the College only in so far as its best interests tend to one's own advantage. This principle carried out is the superlative of selfishness, and has been sufficiently discussed in a former part of the essay.

Again, it begets ill feeling, malignity, hatred and malice. Enough has also been said on this point; and, as the tendency is so apparent and so fully established by experience, we will not delay longer upon it.

It begets an unscrupulous spirit. Nothing has shocked us more than the readiness with which politicians will resort to falsehood. So wide-spread and common had this sin become, that it was indulged in by men who would scorn the appellation of unprincipled, and indeed it became to be considered a necessary quality in a good politician.

Again, it destroys the character of the politician and his influence *for good* in College. He who obtained a high rank and name as a politician in such a system, is naturally looked upon as unprincipled. 'Tis true he draws for a time a long train of followers, who are loud and boisterous in acclamations of praise; 'tis true that so long as his actions promote the supremacy of the party he is courted, his company and favor sought, his character and qualities praised and flattered; but, if we could look into the heart, and with the omniscient eye of God read the motives and feelings which prompt such actions, they could all be expressed by the simple word selfishness. He is made a machine by those who are his willing slaves. There is no true respect, no honorable deference paid him, and so soon as his political career is over he is despised, suspected and defamed by those who but a little while before were but too ready to obey his nod and make obeisance to his worth. Lastly, devotedness to politics, as they formerly existed in College, is especially pernicious to Christian character. We venture to say that no Christian can engage in them and come out untarnished. They are destructive to a spirit of true piety and devotedness to the cause of Christ. The Christian enters the political arena. Gradually, but surely, he treads a downward course. Soon he finds a distaste for devotions, he loses his interest in religious things, absents himself from the prayer meetings and services of the sanctuary, grows lax in his studies, becomes cold in his love for Christ and his cause, and finally insensible to all religious feeling and steeled to the convictions of conscience, he equals any one in vice. This may be strong language, but we know whereof we affirm. We have watched with pain these results in others, and write our own sad experience in some of its pernicious influences. How often have we heard such a remark as this by those Christians who have graduated, and who can look back upon their political course in College with unbiased minds: "If you value your Christian character or piety of heart keep out of politics." And how often do we hear from students for the ministry, in answer to the question why they do not enter Princeton Seminary—"To tell the truth I would, if it were not for my political antecedents."

Such are the results of party spirit, in its influence on the College and the character of the student, mental and moral. We have just cause for thankfulness that we are now free from its baneful atmosphere. None of these arguments are intended to apply to the present system, which we consider eminently a judicious one. Let those who are now in the under classes, and who will soon guide the political affairs in College, carefully guard the present plan as the palladium of Nassau's best interests, and the unity and character of the students. There is no need of party spirit. As one has truly said, "We look at the students of a college not as men out in the world, who in their political campaigns are fighting for fundamental principles, but as grown up boys—a mixture of boyhood and manhood—with no such principles for which to contend, simply choosing from among their equals, those whom they prefer, from motives as opposite as they are various, whether from supposed merit, friendship, association, or a thousand other trifling, determining circumstances." May the present system ever continue, and may the character of Nassau Hall never again be stained by the political curse which has in times past rested upon it.

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A VISION.

The sun had just descended in the west,
His lingering rays still tipped the mountain's crest;
With warm emotions filled, my soul upturned
To God—for Heavenly thoughts within me burned.

Out from my cottage door I bent my way,
To follow fancy and unseen to stray
Where'er my inclination should suggest,
To nurse the passion in my bosom best.

I wandered near a clear and limpid rill,
Which hastened on to turn the village mill,
And there sat down to contemplate the scene,
When o'er my eyelids Somnus cast his screen.

Behold the curtain which excludes our sight
From sacred things, and changes into night
Our every thought of Him who dwells on high
In light enthroned, was lifted from the sky.

And far beyond the span of human mind,
In glory most effulgent sat enshrined
The great I AM. My nerves did in me start,
When, self-condemned, I looked within my heart.

As lightning's flash, across my vision flew
My every sin, begrimmed with blacker hue
Than that which once was haughty Egypt's doom,
Or yet of Orcus' vale the dismal gloom.

Alas! that e'er I should have seen the light,
And be debarred, by His most sovereign might,
From such beatitude, to be enjoyed
By those alone, of spot and blemish void.

As thus of guilt the spectre did remord
My inmost soul, my face I turned toward
Th' Empyrean Throne, whereon the Holy Three
Sway sceptre in mysterious unity.

I there beheld, in robes of purest white,
Made brighter still by beams of heavenly light,
Departed souls of Adam's sinful race,
Redeemed from guilt and sin through sovereign grace.

Hark! how each ray of love divine inspires
Their joyful Hallelujahs, tunes their lyres;
What heavenly raptures fill each glowing breast!
How zealous to fulfil their Lord's behest!

But quick as meteoric flash descends
Through welkin's airy space, with which it blends,
So did the veil its wonted place resume,
And wrapped my vision up in folds of gloom.

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Editor's Table.

Doubtless, Dear Readers, on receiving this No. of the Mag., you will turn to its final pages, expecting there to find some sweet relish for the mind, some soul-stirring, thrilling thought—but alas! what disappointment! While in this strain, the question naturally arises, why every one always confidently turns to the Editor's Table, expecting to find the essence of all that's good in the human mind. The Editor is nothing more than human; nor does the fact of his being Editor raise him above the ordinary level of humanity, or gift him with all the various lofty modes of thought: yet he is expected to speak to all a word in season, and suit the varied minds of his readers. He is expected to speak of the "Editor's Easy Chair" and his dirty gown and slippers, with as much force and beauty, as an ancient poet would describe the throne of Jupiter and his royal robes. In fine, he must add to the power and eloquence of an orator the beauty and imagery of a poet, and combine in one the elements of wit, wisdom, and originality. The only (and to us at this time most forcible) reason we can give for this strange reality, is that it was intended that the care and anxiety of meeting such great expectations should be a curbing and warning to all those, who unworthily aspire to responsible positions. But enough of introduction and now for the news (?)

Not many weeks since the old College machine commenced its usual weekly rounds, and we are all again undergoing the process of polishing and preparation for the various positions of life. The class of '62 has entered upon its last term of College life, and is fast approaching its last round: and as we come so near that important era in our life's history, viz., that of passing from the arena of preparation to that of usefulness and activity, our minds naturally run upon the past and future, and to both do we look with feelings of mingled joy and sorrow. We look with joy upon the past for its many happy hours and pleasant associations, for the many congenial spirits we have met, the friendships formed and the benefits derived; we look with sorrow for the many misspent hours and unimproved opportunities. We look with joy upon the future, because our youthful hearts are so full of hopes, which we expect soon to realize; with sorrow, because we are so soon to part with those we love, and begin alone to fight the battles of the world. We are sorry here to say that the once cheering hopes of many are almost blighted. A distracted land and civil war has thoroughly upset and destroyed their plans and prospects. In fact we all now begin to feel its direful results. We are not *now*, as represented in the October No., boldly discussing the important questions of the day, nor do we any longer take pleasure in war-speeches and sermons, but all are anxiously and silently waiting the issue of the hour. Many are beginning to know with sorrow, that the "body politic" of our once prosperous land is, and long has been, but a mass of corruption. Every day reveals some one as perjurer or traitor to his trust. To cure a malady we must first remove its cause;—let us then hope that the good of this war will be to purge our Government of its vileness and pollution: then, if Providence shall see fit to unite us again, we shall be united by inward, holy, sympathizing principles of justice and equality, which can be the only true bonds of a united Government; then, and then only, can we boast of a peaceful and prosperous country.

We are glad here to notice the hopeful evidences of a work of Divine Grace in our midst. God's children are being revived and sinners awakened. A noon-day prayer-meeting has been established, which is daily thronged.

Washington's birth-day was very generally and enthusiastically observed by the students and citizens of Princeton. The largest church in the place was early filled by those, who earnestly desired in this time of trial to hear the parting words of wisdom and advice from the Father of their Country. A prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Hodge, which was remarkable not only for its length, but for its power and earnestness.

We noticed, during vacation, an article in the *Newark Daily*

Advertiser, relating to Princeton College, which stated that Prof. Henry would lecture to the present Senior Class. We were rejoiced to see the statement; much more would we be rejoiced to know it positively to be so. We fully believe that no class heretofore has better appreciated a visit from Prof. Henry than would the promising class of '62. Our hopes are raised, and may we not be disappointed.

The following gentlemen were elected Junior Orators for the approaching commencement:

CLIO HALL.—Rensselaer W. Dayton, N. J.; James S. Dennis, N. J.; Samuel Augustus Hayt, Jr., N. Y.; Huntington W. Jackson, N. J.

WHIG HALL.—Daniel R. Foster, N. Y.; Wm. Preston Smalley, N. J.; Abraham H. Strickler, Pa.; Sam'l Stryker, N. J.

We wish them all perfect success.

Another of our fellow-students has gone "to the wars," viz., Mr. Williams, of Indiana, who has accepted a Second Lieutenantcy in the Second Artillery of his native State, now encamped at Louisville. Mr. Edward Moffat, who left last session, was a member of the Burnside Expedition.

Here ends our news, unless it be that Princeton has been knee-deep in mud for the last three weeks, and all are now anxiously waiting for the days of dust.

And now, gentle reader, as we feel the weight of dignity and responsibity falling clumsily from our shoulders, we only ask that you will not view us too severely "with a critic's eye," but ever consider us as a friend and well-wisher.

THE EDITOR.

THE
Nassau Literary Magazine.

JOSEPH L. MUNN, EDITOR.

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THE COMPOUND OF CONTRADICTIONS.

If the truths of our nature, as a general theme, have lost much of their freshness from frequent handling, that source is not yet exhausted in its supply of questions at once puzzling and profitable. Such, at least to ourselves, is the double character of the inquiry now introduced—puzzling, because it is difficult to raise more than the corner of the curtain which, in this respect, separates us from ourselves; profitable, because self-knowledge, when obtained by but a glimpse through the curtain's corner, cannot be useless for self-improvement. We cannot promise, therefore, to make our essay so conclusive, as it is hoped to make it practical.

To start, then, with the fact to which we look for instruction, our nature is that Compound of Contradictions. In almost everything that we experience, there is a strange consciousness of a union of two elements, which we know not how to reconcile—the voice of the one contradicting the voice of the other, until, if we yield ourselves to the confusion, we find that we hardly know which voice is our own, or what indeed we are.

To be clear, we must illustrate. What is the experience of the scholar? Trusting to earnest study, he has long been trying to meet his end of attaining wisdom, but when he suffers himself to stop and measure his attainments, the result seems so equivocal, as to perplex his mind for its solution. From the reviewed past there comes one reply, another answer from the prospect. One voice assures him of his progress, the other tells him that the goal is farther removed than before. The more he strives against ignorance, the more ignorant he feels himself to be. There is a vast significance in that summary sentence of Hamilton's: "we philosophize to escape ignorance, and the consummation of philosophy is ignorance." It is very unsafe, then, to assume that the wisest men are most conscious of wisdom.

Take another view of the matter. The scholar would have not only clear views of the facts, but accurate ideas and firm persuasions on questions of belief. Let him begin to investigate in order to form and confirm decisions, and he will find that in the very process of seeking to establish belief, he will encounter more doubts that he ever dreamed of in his state of inactive acquiescence. To persuade himself was the object, but to perplex himself is the accompanying end. The more reliable in fact he becomes, the more distrustful of his own conclusions he will be. Self-consciousness, again, may have an unsafe foundation, since its security may be in its own baselessness. "The fool is wiser in his own conceit, than seven men who can render a reason."

This indefinite expansion, in every region of inquiry, stretching out and bewildering the senses, becomes more indefinite the more one seeks to define it, until at last he comes to realize that there is no approaching the boundary of that widening field. Here then is a great fact of our nature—a beam of light inhabiting the dark, the free-born confined in prison, we are the prisoners of hope.

Now the practical use to be made of this truth, or in other words, what our conduct should be, when in our inquiries we meet with these barriers, will appear best by understanding the cause of the difficulty itself. Manifestly there is within us for some reason, and between some two principles, a war. That this conflict is not between the immaterial and corporeal part seems evident at a thought, for the latter is the instrument, the subordinate, and not the enemy, of the former. Our nature, in this respect, is a compound indeed, but not of irreconcilable elements.

The explanation is found in the existence of a law within, which is carrying on a conflict with these principles to which we were created to conform. It speaks of the perversion of our faculties from their normal ends, a forfeiting in some way of that destiny, which would have been ours.

And what is more, we find ourselves generally under the control of the usurper, so that the more we attempt to return to our rightful authority, the more unequal the conflict becomes, and the more palpable and confounding the discordance.

There are two ways of treating this conflict. One is despair—an inglorious surrender to our enemy, which is the death of all aspirations, and the resort of the coward alone. This is the easiest way to settle it, and it is an immediate and final disposition, but it leaves us at the mercy of a tyrant.

The other is an humble but resolute endeavor to meet and overcome all the barriers which we can to the normal operation of our faculties, in short, to be less and less perverse. To do so is to be always struggling, but it is the only way to be right and happy. Purity is the only health of the soul, as inquiry of the mind, although the cure is attended with very equivocal symptoms. To love and to pursue, although with only partial success, those objects to which our unperverted faculties are normally adapted, is the attainable sum at once of human perfection, usefulness and pleasure. And then, if we cannot be what we would, we can be better than we are; if we cannot attain all that we desire, at least ignorance is better than blindness. We must suppress the roaring of that perverse voice by putting our ear constantly and near to the nobler. This corresponds to the experience of the Christian. Demons love an unguarded heart, but have little hope when they see the watchful perseverance.

It is, then, this childlike submission to God's dispensations as they are, and a filial fidelity in pursuing what he shows to be the path of duty, a fidelity as humble as it is unconscious of self, which is needed in every other legitimate sphere, as well as the properly religious. The fullest, purest beam of light, which ever plays upon the human pathway, is, after all, the beam which illuminates its beginning. It is a failure, aye a necessary failure, to walk straight in that light, which carries us farther and farther from moral rectitude, through the crooked, darkening paths of destruction. It is most singular that, in one sense, the end of life is to come back to its beginning. Our own models are our incipient selves. Now why? Is it not because that perversity, innate indeed, but as yet only potential, is almost silent for a little time, and the true manhood, as if from instinct, speaks out its character in those sincere lineaments of nature?

It only remains to indicate a few particulars, deduced from this view of the subject, having regard, of course, to intellectual traits. Children, it would appear then, realize the proper duty of their faculties in: (1.) Their docility. To be instructed seems to be their ruling desire, to know things as they are, without deface of doubt or cover of captious reasoning. Who can doubt that in this submissive, humble docility, we realize the normal end of faculties of inquiry? (2.) Activity and zeal. The constant engagement of the child with some object, its true, though simple, diligence in business are the types of what we are to seek unto for ourselves, in the more formal but not more honest prosecution of knowledge. From busy hand to tireless feet, the members execute with prompt constancy the plans of that active brain. The employment itself is various, but the heart animates every endeavor. One more happy intellectual trait is be noticed, viz: Thoroughness. The tyro thinker we have contemplated is never satisfied with what he knows to be superficial. He has undertaken, and means to master. The most thorough scholar, after all, is the little child. And in this respect, as in others, the philosopher is certainly his best counterpart. At any rate, this quality will do more towards realizing what we were made for, as reapers in the harvest of thought, than slightly, incoherent, unphilosophic gleanings over ten times the extent, both of surface and duration.

It may not be amiss to indicate, in conclusion, that the characteristic trust of a child in its parent, is suggestive of our absolute dependence on the All-Father, a sentiment as important in this view, as indispensable in all. Surely He who made the faculties themselves, has made them amenable to Him,—free, so that they may be responsible; responsible so that they may not be licentious. And, following by the law, which he has indicated, we need not be led to despond, knowing that if the triumph is yet but partial and equivocal, even thwarted obedience is better than the rest of disgrace, nay, is the earnest of the joy which comes through its tribulation.

INTELLECTUAL LAZINESS.

We generally call a man lazy, when physically he has little or no energy, and in appropriating this term leave out of view the more significant meaning. In other words, we view man with respect to his bodily nature, and forget that the worst kind of laziness is that which pertains to the intellect. A man may be at the same time physically and intellectually lazy, but it by no means follows that the one state is dependent upon the other, or that they may not be separated; indeed they generally are separated, and men of great mental activity are often mere physical drones.

We now propose to show to what an alarming extent this mental inactivity, or laziness, prevails, and its bearings upon Society.

In the first place the various religious, political and scientific dogmas with which the world is burdened, present a fine illustration of the prevalence of this kind of laziness. Some ambitious individual, whom nature has endowed with a peculiar mental ability, letting his mind go on unrestrained under the tuition of this one prominent characteristic, succeeds in producing some plausible theory; and too often it is the case that he finds it well received almost immediately upon its introduction to light. This is explained by the fact, that men are too lazy to think for themselves, and are thus quite willing and ready to seize upon the product of another's thoughts.

And thus it is, that in this fact we find one of the great causes why miserable theories and shameful ideas, the very offspring of lazy intellects, are absorbed by the minds of men, and creep in and poison the fountains of pure knowledge. The whole world is filled with these illustrations, and they are daily springing up around us. Why is it that men have lived for ages in the most abject servitude to oppressive and degrading institutions, and turn away from the happiness and prosperity of maturer times? Why is it that ancestral follies are handed down from generation to generation, and are nurtured with such reverential care by posterity? Why is it that so many pernicious principles, promulgated by our great literary characters in their works, gain such general credence, and go so far to make up the morals of the age? Why is it that the distinct portions of our own country are so steeped in their peculiar doctrines, as to offer no charity to their brethren, to believe in no sincerity but their own? Why is it that most of the nations of the Old World are still resisting the advancement of civilization, and in close proximity to the most glorious truths, still plod on in their weary pathway? To all these inquiries there can be but one reply, the universal intellectual laziness of the race. Men will not think, and the great thinkers hold in their power a world of material to be moulded at their will. Could men see how they subject themselves to the power of corrupting and degenerating influences; could they see what truths they neglect and despise, and what terrible agencies of evil are constantly working upon them; could they once taste the fruits of an untramelled intellect, the products of an active mind, they never again would desire a return to their present disgraceful condition. The present advancement of the World in Science, Literature and the Arts is not the result of a great combination of the intellectual abilities of the race, but, comparatively speaking, the product of a few thinking minds; and how astounding the thought, how great would have been the result had there been a world of thinkers! What a glorious advancement would the whole field of knowledge have attained! The present would have been the heritage of our ancestors, and the still unknown truths of the far distant future would now be our's to enjoy.

Examine the leading characteristics of any nation on the face of the Globe, and it will be found that they owe their origin to a few great men who have flourished in their midst, and as those men have been pure or impure, so with the nation. The people endanger their own happiness, and the stability of their government, by yielding so readily to the opinions or caprices of others, and to be happy and to insure their safety as a nation, they must think for themselves. The grand and glorious idea of a strictly democratic form of government was the offspring of a truly philanthropic heart, and the only reason why it may at this present time be expedient to somewhat modify the idea, why a pure democracy may not succeed just now, is, that men have not yet reached that point of true excellence, where they will think for themselves, where they can freely appreciate and protect the blessings of a government free in all respects. So long as men receive what is offered them as the guide of their lives, when they have never stopped to reflect upon its claims to their belief; so long as the product of another's, and not their own intellectual activity is their rule of action, so long they countenance and sustain an insurmountable barrier to their civil and religious freedom, and slavishly subject themselves to the grossest impositions.

Men seem willing to be deceived, and they are too ready to shirk the responsibility of thinking for themselves, and leave the fair fruits of a well directed and active mind to the enjoyment of a few of their fellows.

This wilful ignorance, this persistent folly, involves individuals in disgraceful difficulties, communities in terrible intricacies, and nations in suicidal ruin. Let men become thinking men, and the history of the world would no longer teem with deeds of oppression and violence, no despot's power would live to crush its hapless victim, and where proud and haughty aristocrats now rear their gaudy banners the pure standard of liberty and equality would proclaim peace and good will to men, and a world, redeemed from the sceptre and the crown, would resound with anthems of praise from its myriads of freemen.

The much boasted stability of nations grown gray in their cruelty and oppressions would soon crumble to the dust, and the glorious example of the American Republic would have many successful followers outside the sunny fields of Italy.

Vox.

A THEORY OF GENIUS.

Much that is vague and shadowy, but showy and sounding, has been written concerning genius, and from it all we could hardly, if at all, gather a clear conception of its true nature, much less form a definition of it. There is, we know, something mysterious about it, but we imagine that there are few subjects about which we can know everything, and we are certain that there are fewer still about which we can not know something. It is often a great work done when we have shown all that can be known, and pointed out just where the unknown and unknowable something lies.

Genius has been confounded with talent more often than with anything else. It has at times been regarded as synonymous with talent, at times been placed below it! As it is our purpose in this essay to give what idea we have of genius, we deem it best, first of all, to give a definition of talent, so that the frequent confusion may, once for all, be put out of the way. Talent, then, we would define as pre-eminent original capacity. There is a certain bundle of faculties which make up the mind of man, and every individual man is the possessor of every one of these faculties. The only difference, then, in man is constituted by varied capacity. Men of talent are those who have pre-eminent capacity in the case of any faculty, simple or complex. When we speak of complex faculty we mean such a combination as reason, imagination, the possession of the talented historian; or imagination, reason, the possession of the talented poet; or the faculty of discourse, the possession of the talented orator. This, then, is talent. Genius is far other, nobler, higher. It is far other. Genius lies in the soul, talent in the mind; thus, genius is the master, talent the slave. It is far loftier and nobler. Men of talent are the "many called;" men of genius, the "few chosen."

We can best convey our idea of the nature of genius, by saying that its possessor is to the intellectual world what the Christian is to the spiritual world; that is, genius is a living principle in the soul, inspired by the Spirit of truth, "who bloweth where he listeth," as in the Christian heart there is the principle of life, inspired by the same Divine Spirit. As in the spiritual world most are dead, but few have been quickened, so in the world of mind and thought. In the genius's soul there is a living, immortal, God-enkindled flame; in the soul of him who is not a genius, there is but cold, dead fuel, which can be kindled into a flickering, mortal flame, by *man's* patient watching and hopeful toil. All know what a wide difference exists between the Christian and him who is not, in their perceptions of spiritual objects. The one gazes upon the varied objects in the spiritual landscape, and as the beauteous tints are lent them by the "Sun of Righteousness" his soul is filled with joy and love; the other gropes in darkness, his eyes are blinded. He must look within; all he can see is the truth written on the heart, and that only with the natural eye of conscience. Precisely similar is the difference between the genius and him who is not. Before the one the landscape of thought is spread, and the most ordinary objects are plainly revealed and colored by the "Sun of Truth." The other walks in darkness, and sees only so much as the pale stars reveal.

As the Christian, too, has intimacy of communion with the Divine Spirit, and is in an important sense inspired thereby at times, so is the genius brought nearly in contact with the Spirit of Truth. Then he is but the passive recipient of inspiration; it is not with knit brows that thoughts are wrung out of his brain, in a moment the greatest truths flash across his mind. He is more than himself; he gives himself up to the delightful hour, and afterwards looks back with surprise upon what he has wrought, or rather what has been wrought in him. Perhaps like the prophet of old, he has uttered truth of whose meaning he himself has had but an inkling. Then, too, there is the "glorious impotence of genius" when the inspiring spirit has taken its flight, and from the rebound the faculties are in a dull and sluggish frame.

This, then, is the idea we entertain of the nature of genius. We know it is a very high one; if it be correct, certainly there are but few to whom it can be applied; yet we cannot feel that it is too high; we must believe that to call a man a genius is the next highest praise to calling him a Christian.

But it must not be understood that the idea we have presented of genius offers the faintest encouragement to indolence. An indolent spirit is the strongest presumptive argument that can possibly be afforded of the absence of genius. The Spirit of Truth is discriminating, the slothful can never hope for his inspiring presence. Besides, a great work lies before the genius elect. First, he must "make his calling and election sure," and, after this is done, "must work out his intellectual salvation with fear and trembling;" though there be, rather in the logic of Scripture, for there is, Omnipotence working in him.

Again, we can see nothing in the view we have presented to induce any to despair. Let it first be offered for universal consolation and encouragement, that a conscious genius, we mean one assured of the presence of genius, is a rarity, if ever a reality. But the diligent may ever take courage, for the hand of the diligent everywhere maketh rich; and let it be added, as ground of further hope and incitement to greater labor, that the spirit which prompts a diligent, earnest search for truth is such a characteristic property of genius that the presence of the one offers a strong presumption of the presence of the other.

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THE HEART OF DECEMBER.

"O, she is only a poor Volunteer's wife."

A MONODY.

Storms of the winter night!
Howl in your madness!
Shriek in your wild delight,
Soothe now my sadness—
Wearily,
Drearily,
Treading my way—
Carefully,
Prayerfully,
Looking for day!
Coming not! Coming not! Mercy defend thee,
Child of my early love! Heaven befriend thee!
Seek now thy rest,
Cold on this breast,
Father is coming not—morn is not here!
O, I am woman,
Sorrowing, sighing!
And I am human,
Wretchedly dying!
Dying? the wife of a *brave Volunteer!*

Voice of the wailing night!
Cease not thy groaning!
Why art thou failing quite?
Why not bemoaning,
Fate of one,
Almost done
Begging for bread?
Fearfully,
Tearfully,
Seeking the dead?
Child of my happy days! how can I leave thee!
Going now! going now! who will receive thee?
Who will caress—
Thankfully bless—
Shed o'er thy follies a mother's warm tears?
O, that another,
E'er I departed,

Might be thy mother,
Not broken hearted—
Loving the child of a poor Volunteer!

Winds of the winter night!
Ye will remember—
Moaning in mad delight,
Dirge of December,
Round the bier,
Of one here,
Panting for breath—
Eagerly,
Eagerly,
Longing for death—
Ye will remember him! Ye will defend him!
Child of a mother's love! Pity attend him!
Oh! is he dead!
Cold on his bed!
Yes! on his mother's breast—beautiful bier!
Why am I living?
Death! Oh! receive me,
Now can no giving
Ever relieve me!
Death! Aid the wife of a poor Volunteer!

God of my Father-land!
God of her story!
Shall not a mother stand
Clad in thy glory?
Jeeringly,
Sneeringly,
Pointed at here?
Anguishing,
Languishing,
Burdened with fear?
Jesus! Come quickly now! Jesus! Oh! hear me!
Coming now! Coming now! Yes! He is near me!
Saviour forgive,
Saviour receive,
Those who received *me* not! Oh! they are dear,
Fathers and Brothers!
Lovely surprising
Sisters and Mothers!
Ever despising—
Scorning the wife of a poor Volunteer!

GRADES IN SOCIETY.

In the great middle classes of American society, there is a common prejudice against our social aristocracy. Without doubt there is much to excite such a feeling, and if it was held with moderation, and led to no unwarrantable results, we might censure it lightly, as a weakness of human nature. But it does not stop here. Out of it grows a prejudice against the whole system of grades in society. Not stopping to consider its uses or to consider candidly whether this is the real cause of the evil which they see, they regard the whole system as a remnant of Mediaeval barbarism and a bane to society. In opposition to this we propose to prove that grades are necessary in society, in order (1) to its harmony and (2) to its progress; and further, that all objections are invalid which are founded on the character of any aristocratic classes.

It is a self-evident truth, that the harmony of a number of persons, associated in any way, requires some bond of sympathy—some common interest or feeling. Therefore, putting aside all the bonds which may unite a community in respect to other things, we desire to ascertain whether in respect to social virtue and social culture any such unity exists. But the question brings its own answer, for we can hardly think of virtue and culture, without thinking also of the good men and the bad, the refined and the vulgar, who exemplify the presence or the absence of each. The good man will do and desire good, and the bad man will do and desire evil, as well in society as elsewhere; so also in regard to social culture, the actions and the wishes of different men will be directly antagonistic. We are led therefore to conclude that a common humanity is the only social bond which can unite a whole community. Consequently, as it cannot exist harmoniously en masse, it must be divided into classes, and from their very nature, these classes cannot stand upon an equality; for men, however depraved, cannot but see the excellence of virtue, nor can the absence of refined feeling be so entire, that men will see nothing to admire and respect in social culture; hence by a moral power influencing every man, these classes in society are graduated. We have established, therefore, our first point, showing that classes are necessary to the harmony of society and that these classes, from their very nature, must become grades.

We come now to consider the system of which we have been speaking in its relation to the progress of society. Of course the chief thing necessary to progress is an impulse. In addition to this, there must be some organization; for, if you should order a crowd of men to go due north, and should give them no leader, how soon would they be wandering to almost every point of the compass. We must have, therefore, in order to progress, some power which will give an impulse and an organization to society. How shall men be induced to become more refined and more virtuous in their social intercourse? It cannot be done by force; even if a social tyranny could prescribe a penalty upon every ungentlemanly act, even this would only make the sepulchre beautiful without, for within it would be full of the dead virtues of our race. Again we might exhibit to men the beauties and the desirableness of the abstract forms of virtue and refinement, and success would attend our efforts with a few, but with the many an abstraction would be lost entirely; they require something tangible to move them. Let the idea, then, be embodied by those who can appreciate it, and let them ever advance toward the perfect realization of it, and the crowd will follow on, some nearer and some far behind, but all advancing; for now they have their leaders and they can all see the desirableness of that toward which they are going. Thus we have progress in society, and the system of gradation involved in, and necessarily accompanying it.

But it may be objected, that a system which supports as this does, an aristocracy unfit, either in virtue or refinement or both, to lead the multitude, that such a system cannot be in itself a good. But this, like other good things, is liable to perversion, and this evil is the result, not of the system, but of a false application of it. We will endeavor to explain what we mean in as few words as possible. Every community that has time or liquidity enough to settle, deposits its contents according to their specific gravity. But the analogy, which we have hinted at, does not hold in one respect; for while in physical science a single element is universally applied, in society we have many different standards, determined by public opinion. It is here that the perversion may arise. If the standard be good, the effects of the system must be good; but if it be evil, evil must, of course, result. If public opinion makes wealth its standard, or fashionable show or descent, or, as is possible, mere pride, we shall have an aristocracy of wealth, or fashion, or blood, or arrogant conceit. They, therefore, that tell us of a corrupt aristocracy, while they bring no valid objection to our argument, do but record the shame of a community, in the false standard which it has set up. And as a "moral" to what we have just said, permit us to warn all who are disposed to grumble at anything, first to be perfectly sure that the blow which they intend to strike will fall elsewhere than on their own heads.

In all that we have said, society has been considered independently of the influences of Christianity. When this shall prevail, brotherly love shall unite all, and following Christ, men will attain to the highest virtue and the highest culture. Then will the government, as well as the social gradation of communities pass away, and the race of man will live in the unity and the freedom of Christ.

A FEW WORDS CONCERNING BENT.

A bent is a leaning of the mind to one thing. The mind, as it were, gets bent in one way, like, for example, a thick bar of iron, and then, to get it straight again, or to bend it in another way, is a prodigious task. To speak less figuratively, the mind longs, with a longing of comparatively enormous power, to attend to some one thing, and then it becomes a prodigious task to make it devote itself to any other thing.

There are of bents two kinds, namely : Inferior Bents and the Superior Bent. The term inferior, as used here, does not imply weakness and mildness. There are many degrees of power and imperiousness among inferior bents. But the term inferior here implies comparison, in respect of power, imperiousness and continuance, with the bent we call Superior. By the Superior Bent we mean that which ultimately becomes more powerful and imperious than any of the others, and which, though it may vary in intensity, never sinks below superiority in an individual mind, but is indeed undying.

I propose to speak of two or three of the Inferior Bents, and then say something of the Superior Bent as it stands related to the choice of an ultimate occupation in life.

There is the bent for discussion. Two or more minds will be delving at the same vein in the great mine of thought. There will be a disposition to enquire with others, to have enquiries answered, to seek confirmation, to communicate what oneself discovers.

When the mind is under the regulative energy of this bent one will find social happiness only in the society of those whose minds chance to be regulated by the same bent; for sympathy of bent is the basis of human sympathy, hence of human congeniality, and hence, finally, of social happiness.

Again, there is the bent for solitary delving in the mine of thought. Thinkers, we fancy, will find it expedient to be much alone. Two thinkers, though the most sympathetic of men in point of thought, will not, we think, find the society of one another, during a large share of the time, congenial. Seasons will occur when sympathetic thought will cease to flow, conversation will flag, and silence, even, will ensue. This is natural. If no two minds are alike, those men who use their minds will think often and much upon diverse subjects; or upon different branches of the same subject. Full often, then, is a thinker a silent thinker. He is, unconsciously perhaps, delving alone in some remote vein in the vast mine of thought. He has no disposition to be helped by a companion, even though a companion should be near. He becomes abstracted. He longs to be alone.

And he should be alone. Society is for the sociable; solitude for the solitary thinker. And because she has constituted thinkers, Nature has left solitary places in the earth. This bent for solitary delving is Nature's finger beckoning her child away from the society of man. Let him go. Let him immure himself for a season. Soon will Nature bid him cease delving and once more seek society. His bent for solitary delving will cease. Then let him haste away from solitude as from a dungeon. Let him then seek the face of man as the light of Heaven.

In the indulgence of this bent exceeding vigilance has to be exercised lest there be developed into the proportions of a regulative power that morbid indisposition to society which prompts to the life of an anchorite, and is the offspring of solitude. We have supposed that this was the peculiarity in the case of Jaques. In indulging his bent for solitary delving, he neglected to be vigilant, and an anchorite's mood, being engendered by solitude in his bosom, grew, and was carelessly allowed to grow, sometimes slightly, but not sufficiently checked by his spasmodic efforts to be sociable, until at length it attained the proportions of a giant and dragged him to a cell. His melancholy was a natural concomitant. Mr. Lockwood, whom Emily Bronte causes to write down and hand over to the world Mrs. Dean's hideously fascinating story of Wuthering Heights, is but another example of a man in whom this anchoretic mood is strengthening. And the goblins of the lonely heights are, perhaps, but the impersonations of the melancholy and misanthropic feelings which breed in the bentless solitude of the anchorite's seclusion.

While, then, solitude should be sought for the sake of contemplation, yet should solitude be shunned for the sake of escaping an anchoretic mood.

Next to the bent for solitary delving, is one which might be called the Bent for Solitary Discourse. It is akin to the other. A subject of thought is in the mind. It is there more or less distinct and analysed. Whether the mind chooses and analyses it, is not very clearly answered by consciousness. It spreads before the mental eye as does a landscape before the natural eye. You do not, from the point of view, see all the parts, even as from one stand point you do not take in all the objects on a spreading landscape. But each visible part, larger or smaller, nearer or more distant, as it is looked at by the mental eye, corresponds to each larger or smaller, more distant or nearer object, on the landscape, that is looked at by the bodily eye. And, as in the landscape the more distant or the smaller the object, the less distinct it is, so with the objects in the mental landscape. And as in the landscape small or distant objects grow distinct as you approach them, so as you approach each part, small or distant, of the subject in the mind, does it grow distinct. And, again, as in walking over a landscape, you discover, as you pass along, objects hitherto unseen; so, starting from the point of view and walking over the mental landscape, you come upon hitherto undiscovered objects, facts in the subject present themselves as you proceed, and indeed the work of discourse multiplies exceedingly. Accompanying the view of the mental landscape, as you stand at a certain point and look, is a bent to travel over it and put on paper what you see. You are like one on whom there is laid a necessity to make a journey. There is an urgency to set out at once. There is a feverish eagerness to begin the journey, with the anxious thought that you will not get through with it in due time. Nervous impatience keeps you trudging on after setting out, dissatisfied with the rate of progress. Even while developing the parts of the subject which are at hand you cast anxious glances to those that are before, fearing lest they shall fade away from consciousness—and but a few scratches of the pen be at last all you shall have left concerning them—before you reach them.

Payne, in his essay, "*Tennyson and His Teachers*," alludes to an experience akin perhaps to this, as follows: "But in the case of *The Princess* and *Maud*, I am assured that Tennyson felt himself expected to write, that he more or less *looked out* for a subject. In almost every other case his subject was not sought for, but *came of its own accord.* The poem in which it bloomed out in fadeless beauty expanded spontaneously, like a rose amid the dews and sunbeams."

It is probable that the main reason why the student often finds considerable difficulty in meeting the obligations resting on him to produce speeches and ordinary compositions, is found in the circumstance that in the case of the former he "*looks out*" for subjects, and in the case of the latter the Professor or Tutor always suggests, and generally analyses, the subjects. This is unnatural. The student has to compose when he has no bent for discourse on the subject chosen; and sometimes when he has a bent for discourse upon another subject. And it is a truth that ought to be stated, that by a vigorous effort of the will he may be able not only to overcome any opposing bent, but indeed call up into activity a bent for a subject which is prescribed. But how inferior is this called up bent to a spontaneous bent! In the writing of speeches, however, which is a voluntary matter, bent—if one chance to have one—should determine the subject. This may be so generally, we think, when a special occasion requires adaptation.

And then with regard to analysis, there must, we think, always be serious difficulty whenever one *tries* to analyse. *The subject should analyse itself;* or, to speak more definitely, perhaps, the mind should analyse it *unconsciously.*

But if the selection and the analysis of the subject is a matter of spontaneity, if bent, and not mechanism, should regulate, of what use is the study of Rhetoric? The principles of Rhetoric are in the human soul, and Rhetoric, as a science, serves the useful purpose of telling us what is in us, of denominating each principle, of assisting us in the work of discriminating while employing self-consciousness. As an art Rhetoric provides rules which, when needed, serve as guides. While a bent for discourse is regulative the subject is spread before the mental eye as the landscape is before the bodily eye. The main objects are visible. But the roads which lead to them are not always visible, nor, without guidance, readily recognizable or discoverable. Looking from our College playground to the southward, and letting your eye sweep the vale until it reaches the horizon, you see very many objects, and last of all the range of hills thirty-five or forty miles distant. But you who have never travelled to those distant hills would find it not an easy thing to get there unguided, without much digression. Now the rules of Rhetoric, fixed in the mechanical memory, are as the means for guidance stationed all along the landscape. As you walk over the mental landscape you will frequently find yourself in strange roads, and lanes, and by-paths, in hollows where the prospect is shut off and roads converge and diverge, under clouds by night through which the north star cannot shoot its ray, and there will arise the need of guide-boards, and the friendly direction of the resident, or the passenger, or, perhaps, the need of a compass. If the rules of Rhetoric are fixed in the mind, as the alphabet are, they will be set all along any mental journey we may have a bent for, and when necessary we can then at any time glance at one as at a guide-board or at a compass, or enquire of one as of a resident or passenger. Do we then make void Rhetoric through bent? Day forbid: yea, we establish Rhetoric. And yet we are not under Rhetoric, but under bent.

Accompanying the bent we are considering there is very often the desire to publish for the sake of communicating to sympathetic minds what one believes to be the truth. This, however, is not an inseparable concomitant. After the bent has been followed the pigeon hole often receives the result.

Next is the Bent for Extemporaneous Discourse. The mental experience will be in all respects like the preceding, with the exception that instead of its urging to *writing*, it urges to *speaking*. One is "pressed in the spirit" to speak before sympathetic minds—*to show before others, who have eyes to see, the things that oneself sees.* Coleridge gives us a striking example of this in his Ancient Mariner, who, "at an uncertain hour," has a bent for discourse upon a certain moral subject, who seeks until he finds, a mind that has eyes to see what he sees, and who then delivers his discourse in the form of a parable. In the rhyme of the Ancient Mariner there is set forth the working of a principle of nature in a supernatural garb. There is such a thing as the setting forth of a spiritual principle in the garb of nature.

All the bents which have now been considered involve in their indulgence proceedures of the nature of work, or of a combination of work and play. Bents for play ought to be freely indulged. They occur generally at seasons when nature revolts at work. Play reinvigorates, restores, and cheers. Play re-arranges and re-prepares. All those physical sports to which a playful bent inclines, among which ninepins ought certainly to come in, should be entered upon with unchecked joyousness. Let nature, too, revel in exuberance of spirits, in the bright gladness of merry laughter. Let wit go sparkling round, and let humor wake the genial roar. How clearly Milton understood the nature of play! How keenly he appreciated its utility! Hear him: "There be delights, there be recreations and jolly pastimes that will fetch the day about from sun to sun, and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream." He must have broke away from some work in solitude to which a bent had set him; and it must have been, too, at a time when a Jaques-like melancholy was waking in his soul and staring in the very face of a mirthful humor there, when the bent for penning his sweet L'Allegro developed itself.

The Playful Bent is universal, and enables one to distribute himself. It puts one in a condition for general society. It comes to the rescue of those of sedentary habits, and saves them from the melancholy of seclusion. Like an angel, it is both useful and charming.

We can linger no longer among the Inferior Bents. Let us go at once to the Superior. As I said at the beginning, by a man's Superior Bent I mean that bent of his mind which is consciously the superior of every other bent of his mind in power and in imperiousness, and which is really so in permanency. It keeps the attention turned ever in one direction. It keeps the mind thinking of one thing constantly. It keeps one feeling that he had rather do that one thing than any other k nownthing. The degree of vividness or intensity undoubtedly varies greatly in most cases, but that thought and that feeling are both ever present. The attention in this one direction is constant. The attention in other directions is inconstant. The Superior Bent developes in some cases earlier in life than in others. I suppose it certainly developes eventually, in greater or less intensity, in all cases.

Now this bent—not a father, nor a mother, nor guardian, nor any adversity—should determine a man's vocation. It is Nature's call to a calling. It is this bent that makes the physician, or the lawyer, or the literary man, or the business man, or the farmer, or the mechanic. It is not education. One sadly mistakes who acts upon the proposition that education, not bent, *makes.* No more does education *make* the professional or business man, the farmer or mechanic, than does the polishing process make the diamond. Bent makes and hands over in the rough. Education polishes and fits. Nature bestows the bent. Education fits the man for following it.

The occupation in life ultimately chosen should be one in which the performance of duty will be the indulgence of bent. Since one can do best what he loves best to do, he is best fitted for, can succeed best in, can most benefit his fellow men in, will be most happy in, that ultimate sphere wherein the indulgence of bent will be the performance of duty. It is therefore wise, benevolent, preservative of self, dutiful, natural, for a man to follow his bent into a calling.

In the preparatory course among the chief duties has been the customary denial of bent. If one has been a lion he has been in a net. If he has been an eagle he has been in a cage. Nature now rends the net and says, "Roam now." She opens the cage door and says, "Soar." Here is something wonderful in the reality of liberty. One can hardly credit the voice that bids him to indulge. It is to be hoped that no one will, by choosing the wrong occupation, go through life in bondage. It is a sorry sight to see a lion limited to an area of a few square feet; it is a sorry sound to hear him roar as he thinks of, and longs for, the far spreading jungle. It is a sorry sight and sound to see a caged eagle send up an eager, longing, piercing glance to the heavens, to hear him scream for freedom. Look all around you in society, and you will see and hear these sights and sounds. It is to be hoped we may all get into our vocations.

The Superior Bent, then, should determine the choice of the ultimate occupation in life. May it be supposed that should this rule become regulative among men the homely proverb concerning "rolling stones" would become obsolete and be forgotten, that the not inevitable evil that is in our world would be much reduced; or, in other words, that individual and social prosperity and happiness would be increased many fold?

A few 12mos. could be made up out of the subject of bent. I hope some person of experience will one day have seize him an unmanageable bent for writing upon Bent.

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SYMPATHY.

There's not in all the soul of man
  A gem of lovelier power;
It gives pure bliss to sorrow's child,
  And lights the darkened hour;
Into the cup of woe it pours
  Large drops of hope and cheer,
It makes life's burden's full of ease,
  And every joy more dear.

When in the heaven of our hopes
  Each dazzling light has gone,
And not a ray or beam doth shine
  To fix our gaze upon,
Let but the Star of Sympathy
  In all its splendor rise,
And we'll look up 'till it absorbs
  The tear-drop from our eyes.

It binds our many hearts in one
  With cords of tender love,
It makes our home of earth below
  Like that of Heaven above;

Then let our souls in Sympathy
  Abound, and overflow,
Always in others' joy rejoice,
  And share with them their woe.

Thus will the wayside of our lives
  Be rich and fair with flowers;
Their fragrance and their fruit allure
  Up to immortal bowers:
There, where all pain and suffering cease,
  Eternity we'll spend,
And find in God's outgushing heart
  Our Sympathizing Friend.

DUKE.

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MATTERS OF PUBLIC OPINION.

While public opinion, in most cases, undoubtedly places a correct estimate upon character, it sometimes misjudges in the most flagrant manner. It would seem at first sight that it is impossible when men, placed in widely different circumstances, influenced by motives and feelings the most diverse, agree in all essential points concerning a given subject brought under their notice, that they should err in any respect. This would appear to be the commonly received opinion among men, for it is only necessary for a measure to succeed that it be stamped with the signet of public approval. Henceforth men estimate it, not by its intrinsic merits, not by the real worth which it embodies, but by the amount of the public favor it enjoys.

This habit is productive too often of the most pernicious results. It is an undeniable fact that men of the highest order of talents, distinguished for justice, probity and philanthropy, have had a gloomy tinge given to their whole lives by some unjust opinion, which men, because it was *public*, have therefore most illogically judged *must* be right, and have believed and adopted as such. Human minds are fallible, human judgment is not always, nay is very rarely, impartial. It is not often, indeed, that a man is weighed by his true merits *alone*. Personal peculiarities, favor with the multitude, holding extreme views, these, and countless other reasons equally diverse, prevent a fair and rigidly impartial examination of his statements. Thus men who have gained the reputation of holding the most radical opinions on certain subjects, although they may be perfectly sound on all others, can never be judged fairly. Even if they express the mildest and most conservative sentiments, their words are distorted, and they made to say things widely different from the reality. Their good and evil doctrines are all classed in the same category, and hence nothing they can ever do meets with public approval. The public mind with respect to them is warped, it is laboring under a delusion, else it would never prejudge in this manner.

Now what is the reason for this? If each individual were to judge separating the merits and demerits of a doctrine, if judgments were then to be collected, and by sifting and careful searching the average arrived at, this would undoubtedly be the true estimate. But, unfortunately for mankind, this is not the method pursued. The valid reason for these errors and false opinions which prevail is that men are apt to be led, like sheep, in crowds. They follow some well known leader, and take their cue in all cases from his conduct. If a new doctrine meets with his approbation, the people take it up, echo and re-echo it, and it finds favor, and is ranked as orthodox. On the contrary, let him but frown on a measure, however reputable and worthy in itself, and it immediately yields to the shout of disapprobation with which its advent is greeted, and is withdrawn from the public view. Now we do not say that these measures thus unceremoniously dismissed are ruined *forever;* by no means. "Truth crushed to earth *will* rise again."

It is only necessary that a leader of opinion should support them, and the same crowd that before derided now welcome with eager plaudit.

Not the least curious part of this matter is that each individual thinks he is deciding for himself, unbiased by the verdict of others. If it should be hinted that he obtains his views of public measures, as the moon does her light, by reflection, he would consider himself insulted. And yet it is undeniably true that the great mass of mankind do not think for themselves; they are too dependent upon others. Thus we are led to repose in confidence, and let the few active, energetic leaders do our thinking. Of course in grave matters of science or social probity it is not to be expected that every man shall investigate them thoroughly for himself, for few have the leisure and fervor, still less the ability; but upon that commoner matter involving the concerns of everyday life, we do not reflect enough for ourselves.

The German mind perhaps in this respect is the best, for it will receive absolutely nothing upon trust. Everything has to be clearly and explicitly shown before it will yield its assent; consequently every man thinks more, and generally to better purpose than we do. He is, so to speak, his *own* leader. *Here*, although every one is perfectly free, yet we are altogether too much disposed to trust to leaders. It is not that the mass of the people are uneducated, but an American education does not so much train a man to think deep and to reflect carefully on any one point, as it bestows a general knowledge on almost every subject. An educated American possesses a more extended information perhaps than a German, but his mind is not so solid, is not capable of delving in the hard masses of thought with such pertinacity and success. As a natural consequence we have to take many of the popular views at second-hand.

The numerous *isms* which have arisen of late years are not an outgrowth of the popular mind, nor an exponent of the popular feeling. They are the work of these so-called leaders of opinion, which their admirers take up and popularize. It is undeniable that these leaders are generally men of genius; they would be unable to guide the masses were they not. But it is equally true that too often they are unprincipled men. The most atrocious and revolting of doctrines may through them become public opinion. Many of these popular *isms* are in direct contradiction of the testimony of Religion and of Nature, and both leaders and followers are wallowing in the grossest of errors. What responsibility then rests upon these directors; for what outbreaks, riots, *rebellions* are they not accountable?

In another respect is public opinion grievously in the wrong. It is, as a general thing, adverse to innovation. It is true presumption is against the proposed change, but often when it is clearly demonstrated to be advancement and improvement, the public voice is still against it. The people do not like to be proved in the wrong, and will therefore resolutely set their faces against anything likely to accomplish that end. They do not like their previously conceived notions to be disturbed, and will continue to prop them up until they are forced by incontrovertible *facts* to yield. The great Galileo worked constantly against such a state of public feeling, and it was only through his determined zeal and the inherent greatness of his cause that his principles finally achieved such a triumph.

Another very remarkable fact in this connection is the ease with which public opinion, under the guidance of its leaders, will run in any direction. Like a certain newspaper published in the metropolis, it is continually shifting its ground. You never know where to find it. Fickle in all things, the man who trusts his fame and fortune to it to-day with fair prospect of success, and who may be like Louis XVI, the idol of an admiring people, to-morrow may be scorned and contemned by all, and even, like that unfortunate monarch, hurried on to an ignominious death. Public opinion, on account of its very nature, will always be changing and varying to a greater or less degree. When rightly interpreted and guided, however, it is the exponent of the will of the *people;* but, led on by its guiding spirits, it may descend from its high position, and by inflaming the depraved passions and appetites, may become an instrument of woe and oppression fearful to contemplate.

That in this country, at least, it may never arrive at such a stage, but may always continue to express, in a great measure, the feelings of the people, and not of the few, should be the desire and resolve of all those who have at heart the welfare of their country, and the good of their fellow-men.

LIBERA.

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THE LOOM OF TIME.

Thou steadily weaving Loom of Time,
How endless is that thread of thine!
What wonderful webs by thee are wrought,
Whose changing hues our fancies caught!

We stand on thy warp of endless days,
While ever, anon thy shuttle plays
With weft of perpetual change of scene,
To inspire with joy or fell chagrin.

We move on thy smooth and subtle beam
Revolving o'er a lurid stream.
To rest is to fall; a false step given
Will launch us downward headlong driven.

We hear thine admonitory reed,
Adjusting each successive thread;
Yet swift in their course the sounds pass by,
As echoes of reality.

We see, in thy web of varying shade,
Our prospect bright—again decayed,
As the butterfly flutt'ring in the sun,
Diswinged, becomes a worm again.

Thy marvellous works we can behold,
And contemplate each cautious fold,
While the carol of mystic humming wheels
With charming spell around us steals.

Yet where is that great controlling cause
Which dictates these concordant laws,
And marshalling Nature's clashing forces
Consigns to each specific courses?

Could we take by storm His barbacan,
Or break His misty bulwarks down,
Then might we indeed most clearly see
The mysteries of Eternity.

But He that doth *now* Himself conceal
From mortal view, will *yet* reveal
To vision such as thine and mine,
The worker of the Loom of Time.

H. S.

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HEROINES.

We refer not to those great women who have figured in the world's history as Joan of Arc, Zenobia and many others, of whom every land has had its share; for their great deeds we would refer to the so many "lives of celebrated women" with which our literature is fairly flooded. Our muse aspires not so high. We merely desire to speak of the female characters of novels on whom so much of the merit or at least popularity of those works depends. According as the novelist interests us in *them* he commands our attention; for around them the chief interest of the tale centres; they constitute the peculiar charm and give to the work its hold on our minds. As the great design of novels is to show the impediments which the world ever places in the "course of true love" that it may not "run smooth," there of course exists an imperative demand for a heroine. The rule holds in all works of fiction, no matter what their design. All the great poets have acknowledged this principle. The story of the Iliad commences with a muss about a woman, and the loves of goddesses and heroes are interwoven with all its stirring scenes. The constancy of Penelope and the passion of Calypso form the great features of the Odessey. The most beautiful part of the Æneid is the story of Dido's love; Dante rises highest in painting the character of Beatrice, and Petrarch in all his works appears as the lover of Laura.

It has been well remarked that we need elevating rather than facts. This is the true aim of novels, and in the heroine lies the great means for obtaining this end. The influence of a true woman is ever a refining and elevating one, and she throws a charm around all things with which she is connected. If the character of the heroine be well drawn and exhibit the nobler traits of woman, she exerts the same influence over us that she does in the real life, for they are to us, for the time, real beings; we live in the same world, see the same scenes, weep when they weep and rejoice when they rejoice. They afford us models of pure and lofty minds, increase our estimation of woman, unite us to great efforts if by any means we may reach the height on which they appear to stand and freeing our natures from much of the earthly dross that presses on them, raise our minds to higher levels. Thus they are the instruments by which novels accomplish this their true end. They become also the inhabitants of our dream-land, and the smoke of our evening cigar takes the forms with which our fancy has clothed them. Every novel reader doubtless chooses some character from a favorite author as his ideal, as the standard by which he judges woman, and if he "falls in love," as alas! it is said we all must sometime, will endow his inamorata with all the charms of this ideal, though he have to substitute red hair for black and green eyes for blue, dullness for dignity, and eternal clatter for sprightliness.

The first and most important rule in the case of a heroine is that she *must be* beautiful. Exceptions indeed there are, and noted ones too, but I am happy to say very few. Sir Walter Scott, and be the name mentioned with all reverence, first tried the experiment of interesting his readers in an ugly heroine, and in the character of Jennie Deans succeeded admirably; but then her sister Effie has beauty enough for two, and she absorbs a great portion of our attention. The novels of Charlotte Bronte are the most celebrated exceptions to this rule, and I cannot but think that the novelty of really ugly heroines is one of the elements of their great success. It must indeed be a great consolation to ugly women to read them, if there are any who *believe* themselves to be so. These great writers, by the force of superior genius, have succeeded in treading this rough path, but all their more humble followers most miserably fail. The rule therefore holds good, notwithstanding the few exceptions.

In drawing the character of the heroine, the novelist best displays his powers. The genius of Scott reached its acme in painting Rebecca. The beautiful Jewess reigns the acknowledged queen of heroines. Around her as the bright central star of the works of the mighty Wizard of the North are ranged others of scarcely less magnitude; Ellen Douglas, Lady of the Lake—Flora McIvor, proud and haughty, yet strangely exciting our pity—merry Catherine Seyton—the noble self-sacrificing Isabella of Bruce—Diana Vernon, more worthy of adoration than her deified namesake. There is in all Scott's characters a naturalness decidedly refreshing, and we may say that excepting Shakspeare there is no one who can depict nature so truly. Pure and lofty his heroines are, but we feel that though in the presence of superior beings still they are not angels. Perfection is a quality irreconcilable with our ideas of mortals, and we like to see them subject once in a while to the same passions and feelings we are. Thus we see that Rebecca draws back in terror from the flight of arrows; Die Vernon is somewhat of a horse jockey; Catherine Seyton is too bold and familiar. While in the heroines of Dickens there is decidedly too much of the angelic. In *all* his characters he has rather embodied virtues and vices than truly painted nature. He appears to look at everything through magnifying glasses, and the bad he makes very devils and the good, angels. Yet he has portrayed the most beautiful traits in the female character, and in the Agnes of David Copperfield has united them all in one and produced the purest picture of true womanhood.

Thackeray, on the other hand, looks too much at the dark side of human nature, and his heroines are subject to all the frailties of fallen man. They entirely lack that exalted character which we love to consider as the birthright of a true woman; and while our mind recognizes the truth they are not enshrined in our hearts. They do not come up to our ideal, and we would fain not believe them to be true. The mind receives them, but the heart rejects. In one respect he differs from most novelists, and on the right side. He is free from all that cant about the constancy of women and the faithlessness of men. The doctrine of broken hearts, blighted affections and all that sort he repudiates, and I think nature will sustain him in this point. There is one peculiarity about Bulwer's novels, at least his three last and greatest; that is they have two heroines, first class ones. They have exactly the same characters in these three works, corresponding entirely to their respective lovers. One is of a noble, impetuous nature as Violante; she of course marries the gloomy, disappointed hero

—supposed to represent Bulwer as a middle-aged man—and the other is of the gentle and delicate sort as Helen, and she marries the young hero—representing young Bulwer. We do not wish to be understood as ridiculing Bulwer's works generally, for the British reviewers have very justly given to him the first place among English novelists, while we, on this side of the Atlantic, have underrated him in our extravagant admiration for Dickens.

Our own great novelist, Cooper, has rather failed in the heroines of his earlier works. They are very insipid, stupid, in short—models of female propriety—preserving in all circircumstances the same serene composure. They are the same in the wild woods and in the populous city—in the wigwam of the Indian or cabin of the pirate, and in the fashionable drawing room. The same may be said of the model young men who are introduced to do the love part. Indeed both appear to have been created solely to give a noble old hunter or seaman an opportunity of exhibiting his skill and kindness in rescuing them from every danger and removing the obstacles in their "course of true love" to enable them to come to anchor in the quiet harbor of matrimony. But in his later works he has shown a true appreciation of woman's character, and painting his heroines true to nature thrown around them all the charms of romance.

In the old English novels the heroine forms almost the only redeeming feature, that is as far as the morals of the works are concerned. She stands as a noble picture of virtue amid all the debaucheries of vice—while all around are wholly involved in sin she remains spotless.

How pure and holy are the women the German writers love to depict. They seem more than human—angels of light sent to bless this sinful world for a time. We fancy them like the Madonnas of the old painters—their faces calm, serene and holy, and eyes turned toward Heaven as to their home. Though seeming far above us they do not appear as disdaining those who vices have placed below them, but as holding out their hands to us and beckoning and drawing us up to them. And this is the natural consequence of the characters of the German romances. To a great extent the scenes are laid in the times of chivalry and knight errantry, all the institutions of which as we know conduced to elevate woman in the minds of the knights, to endow her with all charms and perfections, and in short to render her a superior being. The romantic attachment of the knight for his mistress almost amounted to adoration and urged him to deeds of high emprise, to brave with almost supernatural courage any danger. He goes forth to seek adventures—slays giants andmonsters—braves the charm of the magician—fights a whole army single—descends into fairy-land—penetrates the wizard caverns of the North and robber dens of the South—does all that man can do or can't, not to gain riches or renown, but the esteem of his mistress. Love, not ambition, impels him. All the romances of the middle ages are of the same nature. We see the heroine in every line. The soliloquies of the knight are about her—she forms the chief topic of his conversation—he proclaims her the most beautiful of earth's daughters and maintains it in the lists against all comers—her name furnished him with a battle cry and her scarf with a banner.

In the times of the troubadours women were elevated into divinities—"angels called and angel-like adored." The Virgin Mary had taken the place of the Venus of the Greeks, and endowed with every conceivable charm became their ideal of beauty; and she who became mistress of their hearts was likened to her and so shared their adoration. The love the troubadours *sang* of was pure and holy, but they plainly showed by their actions the fallacy of Old Plato's invention. The *theory* is no doubt very beautiful.

It does indeed make one smile to read of those most remarkable women of whom the "yellow-backed literature" discourses. Usually we find the heroines—if that name can by any means be applied to such creatures—of the kind denominated "wild." Their adventures are most startling—full of "moving accidents, by flood and field, of hair-breadth 'scapes." We often find them dressed in men's clothing and performing most unheard of feats of valor. They are famous horsewomen, usually preferring those warlike chargers which no one else can manage. They are forever being dashed over precipices by frightened horses—or are just about sinking in the waves—or are immured in lofty towers and about to perish—or—or some other dire calamity is about to befal them, when suddenly, as though dropped from the clouds, some fine, tall, handsome young man (the hero), with black mustachos, comes to their rescue. But, I am afraid, most of us are too well acquainted with this sort of literature called *light* (?) to render any explanation of their nature at all necessary—and as no works could be placed in a lower rank than these, it is very appropriate to put them last. Yours truly,

SIR WALTER SCOTT ('s admirer.)

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CONCENTRATION OF MIND.

The aim of every consistent exertion which we make, whether it is a *physical*, *moral* or *intellectual* one, is that success may crown the efforts of our energies. Therefore it seems to be the soul of wisdom to shed the fullest light on any undertaking and penetrate the veil which surrounds the acquisition of most every branch of knowledge.

To acquire this power to any practicable extent, man must be put in possession of all his faculties and be willing to give himself up to the exclusive meditation of the work in which he is engaged. Some at first may feel themselves repelled from this restraint as they consider the apparently limited region their thoughts must occupy; and the mind creates or perceives a thousand excuses for non-performance, to which, if they give way, soon are discouraged, renounce attempt, and declare success impossible.

The secret often lies not so much in the want of ability, as in the want of determination and concentration of every faculty on the faithful and immediate performance of the task.

The greatest triumphs of science are the offspring of untiring energy and complete surrender of every faculty to the requirements of the single individual object. No ideal can be reached, no excellence acquired by a partial and divided attention to its demands.

In society, the drones are those who are always undermined, who, like Macawber in David Copperfield, are always waiting for "something to turn up." Let such learn wisdom and strain every nerve to put forth their best endeavor to achieve something worthy of themselves.

In the art of Mesmerism it is a fact that a person not concentrating his whole mental power on some single subject (as for instance on counting the pulse) will fail of coming under its influence; and if for a moment the attention be withdrawn from it, the spell, as it were, is broken. So is it in any extraordinary mental labor; not to concentrate the mind on any subject is to check the otherwise strong and full flow of the current of our ideas: to interrupt logical reasoning on that subject, thus breaking the links of connection and loosing the vigor and command of the mind on the point in question.

There is in every community a class of persons whose minds revolve in such an element of *little-ness* that it is impossible for them to extricate themselves from trifling difficulties and are destitute of the requisite amount of common sense to enable them to see the necessity of bending themselves, *body* and *mind*, to the study of the task before them. They moot over points of minor importance. They are "*never ending but still beginning*," and may be characterized by their frequently ejaculating "*I don't think I can.*"

The trouble with such is that their attention and application is but partial and superficial. Practically this class of persons are ignorant of the fact that the actual labor often is but as a mere *nut-shell*; one manly, determined effort, and the thoughts, ideas and comple grasp of the subject are at once seized upon, difficulties disappear like the mist before the morning sun, and success, speedy and satisfactory, ensues.

This exercise of our intellectual nature is in itself a strengthening and purifying process, as it gives greater scope to our mental energies and draws forth our best ideas, just as the running stream flows with the purest water.

We can do a great deal in a short time if we only know how. Habit produces readiness, and readiness is the soul of speedy performance. One person will write a book or accomplish some other task while another is deliberating on the plan of the title page, or seeking excuses for non-performance. The time lost is in beginning, or in delaying after we have begun. Does any one suppose that Raphael, Newton, Scott, or Macaulay, left behind them such an unaccountable number of *chef-d'oeuvres*, acomplished in the short period of their earthly probation, unless by a concentration of mind only equalled by the grandeur of their works? The productions of Raphael are scattered through all the collections of Europe; his *Cartoons* alone would have made a life of illustrious labor, yet they are not a tenth parth of his work. Of the Author of Waverly it may be said that the *fecundity* of his pen is hardly less admirable than its *felicity*. Sir Isaac Newton, the sagacious interpreter of nature, has transmitted to us an amount of knowledge which no other man has ever equalled. Thus in these men we see what the power of close application can accomplish.

The *want* of concentration has been a fatal error in the successful issue of many worthy endeavors. Some have repeatedly failed, some are pervaded with a feeling of inability; but the true cause and reason for not succeeding, lies in not using as effectively as possible every power they possess, which, in nine cases out of ten, would have been found to be sufficient. Each one knows, in his own individual experience, what a surprising progress can be made in any business or task let but every thought and attention be absorbed in it. The difficulty of a seeming perilous undertaking not unfrequently lies in the imagination more than in reality. The great trouble is in the want of self-confidence sufficient to boldly throw every faculty in the scale against the otherwise overwhelming discouragements. We often find ourselves incompetent to an undertaking because we do not give it as fair a trial as our abilities will allow. Those who are in the habit of triumphing over these difficulties are the only ones who become truly distinguished, for they alone discover how much hidden power there lies within them, and know what degree of supremacy they can exert over the faculties of their minds.

Men, again, are apt to avoid labor and personal sacrifice, as far as possible, in striving for the mastery of any perplexing task; they abandon themselves to the current of their impulses, and conceive of concentration of mind with a sort of terror and aversion, but had they brought their powers to bear on it the accomplishment of the task would have been comparatively easy. It is in *education* that the great mental power of concentration is developed and cultivated: sometimes it may be through hard and painful exercise, where the sweat of the brow evinces the difficulty of the exertion, yet withal it has its manly charms and most profound feelings of satisfaction. When finally the work is terminated, then comes the true and welcome repose of the conqueror: "*Nil sine vi.*"

He who would achieve any *great* result must be balked by no seeming obstacle. Every power must centre in the determination to be successful, and must yield itself to the most earnest and deliberate thought. As in the material world union is a synonym for strength, so in the world of mind the collocation of the various sources of knowledge and truth tend greatly to strengthen the intellect and to enlarge the radius of the ideas. Direct and vigorous thought can alone enable us to penetrate the hidden mysteries with surround many great truths. The careless and loose Student who has energy enough only to half exert himself always finds himself shackled and out of harmony with his fellows.

Concentration therefore braces and strenghthens the mind and capacitates it to mould and direct its energies with additional ease and power; for then, as the focus which the rays of knowledge contained in the mind supplies, it is brought to bear on the subject. Thus it is that the intellectual process partakes of the warmth and vividness of that ebullition of mind from which they spring and evince the grasp they have of the subject. The mind of man may be compared to a prism through which truth is shining; if its rays are broken and unconcentrated it exhibits the feebleness of scattered light, but *uniting* the dissevered rays of partial knowledge we have the brilliancy of the pure and perfect light of truth.

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SOCIABILITY.

In order to the comfort, support and prosperity of a community, it is necessary that there should be a permanancy of social feeling.

It is not meant that we should always have the same feelings; that they should always be of the same kind and nature for this would be impossible, as there are times when we must mourn as well as rejoice, feel sad as well as joyful, solemn as well as cheerful. But it is meant that a fixed principle, ever living and regulating, should control our intercourse with each other; that the social manifestations should not be irregular and spasmodic, but constant and continuous: in other words, that sociability should be habitual. So that while our feelings change according as our bodies are affected by internal or external influences, they do not at all affect the social principle, which always remains permanently the same, but simply modify its exercises.

A community is like an individual, the members of whose body are closely related to each other—the hands and the feet execute the orders of the will, the mouth of the mind. Thus there a general sympathy, a mutual interest and concern, and when one is injured or elided it is felt by all; the whole machinery of the human organism at once becomes hindered and impaired. It is precisely so in the social system; here common interests are involved, and the same necessity exists for mutual co-operation. Now as the individual suffers, as well as the members themselves, when they are improperly cared for—when through negligence or indifference they fail to perform readily and satisfactorily what is required of them; so, in like manner, the whole community is disaffected. Hence it is the duty of each one to understand, first of all, what are his duties to himself, what faculties he possesses, and what capacities can be enlarged. Having ascertained to what good use he can direct them for his own profit, it should be only that he may benefit others the more.

This being so, it now appears why sociability should be a permanent thing; why it is important there should be a social principle; why it should be a progressive, an unceasing work; in short, why the individual should lose sight of himself and be found associated with the *mass;* why he should not be hemmed in by the narrow sphere of his own individuality, but should live, move and act in feeling, interest and concert with the *rest* of mankind.

The question then is, how can this be secured, how can it be made to grow with one's growth and be incorporated into one's being? With some it is natural, with the majority of men it is acquired. Many, through indifference, imbecility or diffidence, act as if they were isolated beings—independent of others, and others independent of them; if not in reality misanthropists, certainly they are not benefactors.

Now, as we have fallen amazingly from our original estate, and are necessitated, if we would redeem the time and be reinstated in our former condition, to put forth strenuous exertions for the recovery of those invaluable traits of character so long buried beneath the rubbish of degeneracy, and which can only be purified by the feeble flame the light of approximation furnishes, and have lost, in a great measure, that nobility of mind which unfortunately disappeared so prematurely, and are so frequently found indulging in low thoughts and guilty of mean acts; let us reply, by cherishing a spirit of Philanthropy.

We are commanded by the same creative power that spake into being the Universe, and so fashioned it as to be suited to the various events and necessities of his creatures, to *love* our fellow men, *wish* them well, and *do* them all the good we can. They are pensioners upon the same bountiful hand of Providence for support and preservation as well as we, and are the objects of the same special favor and love. They are human, too, like us—susceptible of the same feelings and emotions, and as good by nature as ourselves.

Moreover the progress of civilization and the welfare of humanity, depend upon the preservation of *good feeling.* Law and order, so essential to the peace, stability and prosperity society and the public at large can only be secured by of a respect for, and a hearty co-operation with one another.

Besides, we should ever remember that "to err is human"; and should not think it strange if, in view of the great varieties of dispositions and temperaments, all should not be found congenial.

In this strange combination, then, of heterogeneous elements of character there must needs be an urgent demand for the exercise of a spirit of forbearance; and he who is truly charitable will take a "large and generous view of the faults, failures and errors of others," and will never be deterred from making any sacrifice that may contribute to the general welfare of mankind.

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Editor's Table.

Once before, within the memory of many readers of this Lit., has our *domicilium modestum* been made to have, for the time being, a small notoriety, by the conversion of its proprietor into an editor. We cannot, indeed, infer from this historical fact, that the success of our predecessor will attend us also; for the virtues of the holder of any property cannot be made over together with the estate to the purchaser thereof; but it is yet a comfort to know that one before us met like difficulties upon the same field, and was not overcome.

To convert a College room into a full blown editorial sanctum requires, in our way of thinking, a strong effort of the imagination. The most marked point of resemblance consists, perhaps, in the fact that one's room is apt to be more than usually unpresentable during his month—reminding us more or less of Philip Freneau's description of the country printer's office:

> Beneath this roof the muses chose their home—
> Sad was their choice, less bookish ladies say,
> Since from the blessed hour they deign'd to come,
> One single cob-web was not brushed away;
> Fate early had pronounc'd this building's doom,
> Ne'er to be vexed with boonder, brush or broom.

This is illustrated both in our present surroundings and our recollections of the state of things under the former administration.

To become an editor of the Mag. is not precisely to lose one's individuality, and from this it easily follows that no reader ought to expect that his peculiar taste will be exactly suited in the Table. So then the popular saying, "an editor must please everybody," becomes, in a measure, unjust. It isn't exactly the "honest thing," for example, to put a sober, plodding fellow in the Chair, and say, "grind us out something funny, sir! Something that one can take up after dinner and enjoy over his cigar." Don't you see that such a proceeding is as unlikely to secure your own object, as to gratify your victim? He that goes out of his sphere, especially in the way of discourse, will very probably fail, and excite disgust.

> Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, equam
> Viribus.

There is one subject, in regard to which an editor ought to be pretty well posted, and which we have found the fellows generally to understand about as well as the Seniors do the doctrine of central forces, i. e., some see and some don't. We refer to the relation which we all bear to the Mag. as its contributors.

The apprehension of this relation entertained by one class—and that a large one—fails simply as to measure. Among those who either bestow little attention upon this field, or neglect it entirely, there are certainly a considerable number of writers, possessing sufficient ability, and plenty of leisure, to prepare articles both creditable and entertaining. These will not give themselves the trouble nor secure to themselves the advantages of writing even when urged to do so. Others write more or less for the Lit., but seem to us to mistake as to the mode of treatment—the manner in which they should go about it. They furnish articles, but not free will offerings. They wait to be asked. One of these said to us not long since, "How do I know that the editor wants my piece unless he asks me?" The reply is, "what difference does that make?" The Mag. wants your piece, and if the editor be honest, and your production have sufficient merit, he will give it a place. Take our chair for a moment and consider this matter. You are compelled to solicit an article from some friend, it comes —you find it inferior; but it was written, perhaps, especially to oblige you, and you feel a two-fold delicacy in rejecting it. There is yet a small class who err in both the mode and measure of their treatment, but it is by excess in this case, and not deficiency, by assurance and not reserve. Although these are so rare that we seldom more than hear of them, yet they may be mentioned as a marked example exhibiting faults opposite to those mentioned before. A man comes with one or more pieces of the *uncondensed* sort, and with a look and mien as if every sentence were a recommendation, remarks, "I had a little time, and have scratched off a few pages for you; I havn't taken much pains, but I'd like you to give them a place, unless you are already full." It should, in justice, be said that these remarks are not particularly directed against our own contributors; if we had special complaint to make against them, we would not take this method of making it. It is a desire that some of us may see our duty more plainly, rather than a spirit of foolish complaint, that prompts us.

One of our best exchanges states that it is no uncommon thing for their editorial board to be compelled to furnish five-sixths of their articles. We are more fortunate than that; but our ideal of an editorial paradise embraces a table stocked with a sufficient number of carefully prepared articles to give promise of a pleasing variety in the selection, and perfect freedom in the occupant of the chair to reject without fear of offence, any and all but the best. This ideal does not seem unduly exalted, yet it is seldom realized.

In the "Monthly Record of Current Events," we wish to say that but one exchange, that from Amherst College, has been received since the issue of the last number. We are disposed to attribute this misfortune, in some measure, to the fact that one of our late editors failed to send off the usual number of Lits. during his term of office.

What can be more cheering to the patriot, nay to the patriot student, who knows that the interests of his country's literature are bound up in the maintenance of its union—than the news of steady advance and continued success that has lately been coming to us from so many divisions of our army? Though it be true that the time for the fullest rejoicing has not yet come—nor will until the nation shall be able once more to exhibit an undisputed, peaceful unity; yet in the successful progress of the only means to this end, and in the indications of the returning favor of Providence, we may, even now, rejoice.

It falls to our lot to record one other event of the very highest interest to us all. We feel that it is but a fitting expression of our gratitude to God for his distinguishing goodness, to make mention in these pages of the work of grace that he has begun among us. May it be continued in us, in all its power. Its blessings are altogether inestimable. That we who are so soon to go out into the world should have received this last and best preparation, is a cause for life-long thanksgiving. To have spoken of it, even in this brief and general way, is considered his highest privilege by

THE EDITOR.

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THE

Nassau Literary Magazine.

FREDERIC E. SHEARER, EDITOR.

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AUTHORSHIP.

The circulation of ideas through the medium of the Press is to the intellectual and social world, what the air and ocean currents are to the physical,—a great equalizer of temperature. It is the chiefest, almost the *only* power, whose agency proves effectual to eradicate prejudice, and secure general culture and intelligence. It is but affirming a truism, to say that the people of the book *must be* the people of intelligence; while, conversely, it may be added that the cultivation of letters has ever been manifest as a natural outgrowth of civilization. We cannot then wonder, that *now*, after such advances have been made in all that relates to true progress, authors should abound, and the world should be flooded with literature.

There is a feeling of indescribable awe that steals over us as we enter within the precincts of a large library, and cast our eye over the sombre-looking volumes that cover its walls and alcoves. A present deity seems here to guard his hallowed shrine from the foot of the irreverent intruder, and

> "—— bids me well beware
> With what intent I touch,"

while we almost start at the sound of our own foot-fall upon the marble pavement reverberating from the vaulted roof, and *almost consciously* do we await some rebuke for our temerity. Even as superstition has fancied the disembodied spirits of the dead to frequent the resting place of their mortal remains, loth to leave what was once their earthly habitation; so also do we almost imagine the shades of the writers of former times hovering near their works: notwithstanding, in his works alone may an author truly be said to live. When we see together assembled such a collection of the works of an universal literature, and consider that they who produced them were the *representative minds* of all ages; that they did actually walk and converse with the men of their respective periods, and associate with them in all the relations of ordinary life; it is impossible to avoid the conviction thus brought forcibly to our notice, that the world is indeed *very old.*

It is not our purpose to attempt a complete survey of all that is implied in the subject which stands at the head of this article. To do so would require more space and more time, as well as more research, than may be here employed. Attention will be called chiefly to the aims which direct literary labor, together with some of the difficulties to be overcome, and the dangers to be encountered by the author in securing their attainment.

The task of an author, says Dr. Johnson, is either to teach *what is not known*, or to recommend *known truths* by his manner of adorning them. Such, according to this great man, is the standard, whose attainment is the one grand and comprehensive constituent of literary excellence. The former of the objects here given seems to fall especially within the province of the philosopher, the man of science and the historian; while the latter is the appropriate department of the writer of romance and all works of the imagination, whether in prose or verse. The essayist perhaps in most cases here finds the proper sphere for his labors. This distribution of course lays no claim to rigid analysis, but is designed only to illustrate the foregoing general truth. And here it is worthy of remark, that no method of implanting new ideas in the minds of men is more effective, and withal more speedy in its influence, than to introduce them into a work of fancy or fiction. There, it would seem, they breathe out as it were unconsciously, and implant themselves in the mind as if by stealth, and thus almost without resistance. So also have men of false sentiment and incorrect opinion made use of this device, when their logic has proved insufficient; and by inserting covert falsehood and plausible error in books of a popular cast, magazines and the like, have *amused*, while they have *beguiled* their unsuspecting readers. In works of a didactic nature, it must be evident, that no author can be regarded successful, unless he succeed in *actually imparting* truth. Such, in the eyes of the world, is his *only* object; and to this end all his powers of thought and expression are directed. Without its attainment, notwithstanding all seeming excellence, the work is a failure. But this should not be viewed as a requisite to excellence only in the class of works just mentioned. When the object is *apparently* rather to entertain than to instruct—in all imaginative writings, there is and must be *something taught.* It is not enough that the parts should be beautiful in themselves; but all these by their consistency must form a complete whole: there must be the *unity of harmony;* and so should one prevailing sentiment be given out—a unique conception, such as may always be derived from every master-work of art. In the department of poetry and romance, he is the great writer,

> "—— who can give to lightest lay
> An unpedantic *moral.*

Vapid in the extreme is that novel, or that poem, which has *no point to it.*

But whatever may be the character of the task which an author undertakes, it is by no means a fair assumption that the design avowed in the work itself, or implied from its nature, is the true reason for its inception. The writer of a humorous novel does not always aim at the entertainment of its readers as his chief and ultimate object. Even in the case of works professedly instructive, there often lies in the circumstances and life of the author some motive *apart* from a desire to instruct, and without which the requisite labor would never have been expended. Cowper is said to have written the ridiculous rhyme of John Gilpin in a fit of melancholy, and Johnson to have indited the pleasing tale of Rasselas, to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. Few men comparatively, there is reason to believe, have become authors purely out of a love for truth, and from motives of philanthropy; so much the more be their honor enhanced, as their number is small. The majority of writers, it is feared, would never have given us the benefit of their ideas in a permanent form, were they not actuated tacitly or openly—altogether or in part, by a regard to their own pleasure, reputation, or profit. There exists no warrant for repudiating these incentives to authorship, especially if they be coupled with those of a higher order; but on the contrary, they would seem to hold a place quite important in the treatment of the present subject, though we shall not now be able to examine each minutely. They are especially worthy of note, because the results at which they aim must from necessity be secured in greater or less measure by every successful author. The man who writes a work of merit, if it be appreciated, will reap his reward in some shape or other, notwithstanding he may be the most disinterested person in the world. But there are to be observed real advantages to literature growing out of these very motives. The writer knows that it is not enough that he should express his thoughts and communicate his information, so as to be apprehended by those having tie and patience to give them close attention.

He knows that should he attempt no more than this, his work would be accounted a failure, and he himself be subjected to pecuniary loss, or other disadvantage. He sees that he may not rest satisfied with the idea, that, because people *can* learn from his writings if they *will*, his duty has been fully accomplished. To nearly every one such works are always repulsive; the author must go further, else it were better for *him* not to have written at all, and *generally* quite as well for the world. Men are thus led to give more attention to the *literary* character of their productions; to address them more to human nature, and so to commend them more to the sympathy of their readers. By so doing they meet a public demand, which otherwise would create a supply of reading matter worthless, if not positively hurtful; they also extend the scope of their influence, at the same time that they gain a measure of popularity, increase the sale of their works, and *make them pay.*

Again, a writer, like the author of the Pilgrim's Progress, may at the time of writing have no higher object than his own amusement; yet by *pleasing himself* he will be the more likely to delight his readers. In any production, and especially in works of imagination, those beauties of thought and expression, which commend their excellence to a writer of taste, will also make them valuable in the eyes of the public. Although a man may not be able to satisfy his own taste completely, he must feel sufficient interest in his work to do so as far as he is able: without this he cannot expect to please others, and in the object of his writing—be it what it may—he will unquestionably fail. The principles of taste are so closely allied,—it might almost be said, so identical with the rules of composition, that to ignore the one is to disregard the other; and either of these can be viewed not otherwise than fatal.

Having thus mentioned the principal aims of authorship, we notice, in the second place, certain of the difficulties to be overcome. There is widely prevalent among men a disposition to regard that which is nearest home as nearest perfection. One instance of this tendency is, that men everywhere, unless actually convinced of the contrary, are disposed to view the plans of their own devising as superior to those of other men—superior, *because* of their own devising. In like manner we are apt to consider that our own political institutions are better than those of any other people; to think that we, in our own time, witness the very *acme* of civilization, culture and refinement; that the prevailing philosophical, scientific and religious tenets of the age must, *of course*, be right; that not only what is known on these subjects is true, but also that nothing can be true which is not already known, or at least the object of conjecture. Such thoughts as these have in forms, more or less definite, passed before the minds of almost every one. Most every one has wondered, when the subject has been brought to his notice, how it is *possible* for the world to advance. Some men, they think, may indeed reach a standard which others have already attained; but of excellence beyond exemplification, few—perhaps none has any conception whatever. Socrates was accused and condemned, because, as was alleged, he had introduced καινὰ δαιμόνια—strange divinities,—those previously unknown, and which his accusers did not wish either to know themselves, or to be recognized by others. Gallileo was the object of persecution, because his scientific discoveries were at variance with current notions and beliefs, and because, in the opinion of his opponents, the admission of such truths would be the subversion of long established institutions. It is thus that the man who advances and maintains opinions not agreeing with preconceived notions, and unsanctioned by public sentiment, is frequently set down as a fanatic, a visionary, or perhaps indeed a *genius*, and *therefore not fit to be trusted.* No doubt this *conservative element*—if we may so call the disposition to adhere to old ideas and customs—is on the whole advantageous to the well-being of society, since it constitutes a salutary check to extravagant notions; and it would be an improvement could this be extended in its influence, so as to reach certain radical schemers of the present day. Yet it is equally true that it sometimes forms, and in time past has frequently formed, a serious impediment in the way of him who writes to teach what is not known. In guarding mankind against deception, it is not permitted even to him who advances new truth (for such a thing is possible even yet) to enjoy any favor in the public confidence, which is not in like manner possessed by him who introduces error. And how should men distinguish the one from the other? There can be no presumption in either case, except such as has been established by their antecedents,—for we are speaking of prejudice,—and there is no contradiction involved when a man, whose works have previously been found reliable, becomes at last entangled with error. Now while men are nowhere predisposed to the reception of new truth, there is often a dazzling brilliancy to certain erroneous conceptions, which at once render them attractive, at the same time that they injure the intellectual vision of those who are so enticed. To some minds there is a charm in the very audacity with which certain species of error are maintained. Such advantage has the author of novel falsehood often possessed over him who would promote the course of truth. Although the lessons of the past teach us to believe that all such immunity is but temporary, yet it does without question sometimes place a serious obstacle in the way of the writer of truth. Time may indeed 'obliterate the fictions of opinion, and confirm the decisions of nations,' but the difficulty of the present is yet unremoved.

The considerations here presented are not, of course, realized in every case to the extent which we have depicted; but it will generally be found that in proportion as statements are new, strange and at variance with pre-existing notions, just so far will they be unwelcome both to individuals and to mankind at large. Impediments of the same nature may also occur in the case of recommending known truth, if the mode of presentation, or the peculiar view so brought to notice be a little removed from the ordinary track. Yet it is only by looking at truth in all its aspects that comprehensive and adequate notions may be obtained. And here consists the chief advantage in having the same subject treated by different authors, for it liberalizes and enlarges our views, and enables us the more intelligently to form correct opinions. Observation teaches us still further to believe that there exists a common liability to confound the matter taught in discourse with the particular mode of discussion; to feel that, because the method employed is different from that which persons observe in their own ways of thinking, the author must be striving to reach a *conclusion* that is essentially wrong. So imagination may create opposition, when in reality the most perfect concord exists. Even in college we have known persons to wrangle very unprofitably *for hours*, and yet in the end discover that they have held precisely the same opinions from the very first. Thus, owing to the peculiar method or phase of representation, that often comes to be regarded as untrue, which otherwise—perhaps if merely stated—might be received without a murmur of dissent.

Such are some of the difficulties which an author is liable to encounter through popular prejudice and bias; and when brought to our notice, they should not fail to awaken a due appreciation of those who, 'having communicated truth with success,' are adjudged by Addison 'the first benefactors of mankind.' A corresponding reprobation, we may remark in passing, must ever attach to the man who wilfully, or through wilful ignorance, becomes the advocate of a false philosophy, or wields his pen for the dissemination of any species of error.

An author is subjected to another difficulty, when he falls into the hands of that amiable class of men usually styled—*critics.* There can be no doubt that unfavorable criticism must be a great annoyance to any writer; and to him, who is just merging into the literary world, it must be a grievous discouragement. To this every author is more or less liable, whatever be his attainments. "Censure," it has been said, "is the tax a man pays for being eminent." Literary eminence may not then claim exemption. When we speak of unfavorable criticism, no allusion is made—it will be understood—to the effect it has directly upon the sale of a book, or the emolument which it may bring to the author. Artful publishers have been known to increase the demand for what they issue, by awakening a morbid curiosity in the popular mind through public notices, which, if true, could add nothing to the intrinsic merits of any work. Thus to raise successfully the question of a plagiarism, works like a charm. But it will be granted that gain is at best a very subordinate motive in the estimation of all who have any true conception of authorship. Moreover, he who thrives by his faults, or becomes famous through his errors, is certainly in the possession of no enviable fortune.

> "Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
> Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

This sentiment of Pope is no doubt a true one, and it is generally much easier to discover faults in others than to avoid them ourselves. So do many find it much more convenient to criticise other men's writings than to produce anything original themselves. Now, as the same writer has again remarked—ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss; that is to say, if we compare the real faults of any writer of some note with the number of false criticisms made upon his productions, these are so numerous as to warrant the strong contrast here expressed. We shall not, however, stop to argue this matter; although it gains probability, when it is considered how that at different times, and in diverse conditions of literary society, the same authors have been so variously regarded. The testimony will doubtless be received, and its bearing in the present connection will readily be discerned.

A fruitful source of unfavorable criticism is prejudice arising from an unfavorable disposition toward new truth; but this has already engaged much of our attention, and nothing further need here be said in that regard. But, in addition to this, there may be personal prejudices, which also must work disadvantage to their object. This is especially true, if such criticism come from a distinguished source, which unfortunately is far from impossible or unfrequent. It is a sight rather painful than otherwise, to observe a man of intellectual worth so bound down by prejudice, that he cannot appreciate merit in another. A prejudiced mind is indeed a slave—in that worst of all bondage, *slavery to self.* It is altogether unnecessary to dwell in detail upon all the various ways, in which false criticism is observed: presumptuous—in the case of those who are incompetent; that springing out of jealousy, in which

> "They who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
> Employ their pains to cast some other down;"

or another kind, which is perhaps more common than any other; namely, that arising from incapacity to appreciate the spirit of the writer criticised. These are only a few specimens; but all are in like manner unfortunate, so far as their influence is felt.

Another difficulty sometimes to be encountered by an author is general *non-appreciation.* A writer of merit may have to buffet with no popular prejudices, respecting either himself or the subject matter of his discourse; and yet for some reason the world may turn to him the cold shoulder. This, no doubt, is chiefly due to what may not improperly be styled *uncongeniality.* The author in this case lives in a different intellectual atmosphere from other men; he seems to possess little or nothing in common with his contemporaries; he is in some respect *unequal* to the age in which he lives, or it is possible he may be in advance of his fellow-men. In short, he may be a bird of other climes. However this may be, in all excepting those pleasures of authorship the most strictly subjective, he can be not otherwise than unfortunate; for without sympathy there can be no special power. Yet in this connection it may be noticed that some writers, who, in their own generation, have been almost entirely unappreciated, have yet become in aftertime the idols of posterity.

In addition to the difficulties incident to authorship, some of which have just now engaged our attention, there are also certain dangers or liabilities to which all writers are more or less exposed in seeking the attainment of their object. These we shall consider by presenting to notice a few of the most common. The first to which we would allude is a disposition to pander to public taste. In an age like the present, when books are rather devoured than read, there is a peculiar liability to this temptation. To become popular is the high object of ambition to many, and this often is to be reached most easily by gratifying the public appetite, be its character what it may. Again, when an author comes to be favorably regarded by the reading public, and his works are made a subject of general conversation, he may often reap quite a harvest in a pecuniary sense from the sale of his productions. This furnishes additional temptation to the evil we are now considering. It is doubtless true, that the majority of men read more for the sake of amusement or diversion than with a view to instruction. So novels and other light reading are resorted to for this purpose. All works of such character will not only be read, but they will also be sought after. Every issue of the press is eagerly perused, and in most cases without any consideration as to its tendencies. The ordinary reader takes up a book and trusts to the author not to deceive him: and here consists the great burden of responsibility, which must ever belong to those whose employment it is to furnish intellectual food for the people. The task of an author, as has been said, is to *instruct;* he must bring the minds of his readers to the level of his own conceptions, and not lower himself to theirs. It is the glory of literature that its great tendency is to elevate mankind; but there is also to be observed a counteracting tendency in mankind to debase literature. Accordingly it is all-essential to him who would aspire to real literary eminence, that he exalt *himself*, in order that he again may exalt others. He must then maintain his own individuality, his own opinions, his own sentiments. He must be candid with himself, with his readers and with his opponents. He must, in a word, be the *embodiment of truth.*

But while men may err by an improper and injurious regard to public appetite, it is not to be forgotten that the opposite extreme is liable to as just a censure. There are writers to whom this is a very natural tendency; who fail to render due deference to their age and its prevailing characteristics, views, feelings and tastes. They are, perhaps, in the habit of seclusion; they live in themselves and in their studies: so that, as it were forgetful of the outer world, they might almost be said to have written for themselves alone. So, we cannot doubt, have some intellectual stars of the first magnitude been partially eclipsed. But this is a danger which, even in such circumstances, may be shunned.

> "As man is of the world, the heart of man
> Is an epitome of God's great book
> Of creatures, and men need no further look;"

so that the principles of nature will teach propriety in this respect, if we will but listen to their dictates. It should always be remembered that every 'embodied thought' has a mission to accomplish—an object *outside* of itself to be attained; and that this is only possible, as it is suited *by adaptation* to the capacity and appreciation of others.

We mention, lastly, that an author may sometimes be liable to attempt a subject too great for his present capabilities. If he be under a delusion in this respect—if he be unreasonably self-confident, as a general rule he will find it out, if at all through experience; or, as common phrase has it, he will be *taken down.* But, if incompetence arise merely out of a pressent want of knowledge, this can, of course, be supplied by ascertaining the facts required and careful reflection thereupon. But there is a great danger of attempting that which is too high for us. There are without question many things that are beyond the ken of our feeble intellects; and not only so, but things which it is *not in our nature* fully to understand—which it were *unreasonable* for us even to think to grasp. This may indeed be humiliating to human pride, but nevertheless it is true. This remark is not intended to disparage thought upon high themes:—doubtless this is beneficial in a very great degree; and, when properly conducted, induces increased strength of character and mind. But we should beware how we give loose rein to our imagination;—how we launch upon an ocean so illimitable without guiding star or compass. There is beauty in fancy, if guided by an uncompromising logic; but fancy uncontrolled by reason is like unto a "maniac dancing in his fetters."

In closing we cannot forbear to cite the beautiful simile of Longinus as used by Dr. Johnson.—"An elevated genius employed in little things appears like the sun in his evening declination; he remits his splendor, but retains his magnitude, and pleases more, though he dazzles less."

◆ ◆ ◆

MONOLOGUE OF BENEDICT ARNOLD—TRAGEDY.

The deed is done! That awful, cursed deed
Which blasts my life and damns my soul forever!
O were I yet the child, whose sincere eye
Can rest confidingly on human faces!
Whose look of innocence can e'en disarm
The hardened criminal! Can I now lift

My guilty eye to heaven, which rather will
Enshroud itself within its cloudy garment
Than smile upon the traitor's cursed head?
Can I now breathe my native air which once
Re-echoed from the plaudits of the people
In honor of the patriot and hero?
That I were dead! My very breath poisons
The air which blesses free Columbia!

The pale moon merges from a cloudy nook
To shed a plaintive light upon yon grave-yard.
There rests the peaceful tiller of the soil,
Whose soul is dwelling with the blessed spirits!
His epitaph tells to his worthy scions,
That he was faithful, honest, though unknown,
But will the earth retain within her bosom
The ghastly bones of Arnold, the arch-traitor,
No, no, there is no room within Columbia's
Free-hearted bosom for a traitor's corpse,
Like poison, she must vomit them, to bleach—
A plaything to the wandering, howling beast—
A monument of crime and parricide!

But no! I cannot even here expire
A greater murderer than Cain, I must
Restless and cursed wander into exile;
God's curses branded on my guilty brow
To warn the faces of my fellow-beings—
A terror even to the senseless brute,
A victim to my never sleeping conscience,
Shunned and despised even by those who bought me—
Hark! who is knocking? Ah! where's my peace?
That e'en the slightest sound can make me tremble,
That I do hate to see my very image
Reflected from the mirror! that my dreams
Permit me not the sweet repose of virtue!

How quiet is the field which seems to sleep
Below the silken veil of holy night!
Those fields, the monuments of honest labor,
The home of freemen, of my virtuous sires,

And I can dare to send the torch of war,
The savage Indian with his scalping knife,
The mercenaries of the British tyrant,
Against my home, my friends, my countrymen!
To rend the mother which has given me life;
To devastate the tombs of my forefathers!
To trample down in dust the noble flag,
Which I, myself, have borne victorious
O'er many a bloody field, through many a danger!

How have I fallen! Like those evil spirits,
Who not contented with reflected honor
Which fell upon them from the Lord of heaven,
Dared aspire to the All-Fathers glory,
So I, in wild, devouring, mad ambition,
Since the Virginian's laurels let not sleep me,
Have sunk a tool to England's insane tyrant!
My name! Oh! would I never hear that name,
That hateful name, which puts, in after times,
The shameful blush on my unhappy son,
And makes him to deny his ancestry!
That name will rank with him, who once betrayed
The Savior with a false insidious kiss,
With Ephialt, who led the Persian host,
Over Thermopyla's ill-fated ridges.
That name will be a by-name to each man
Whoever shall lift up the blood-stained hand
Against his country and her liberty;
But—it is done—betide me, weal or woe,
The step is made which now will lead me on
To hell and to destruction!

◆

GOD EXCOGITATED.

An *intuitive* perception of the truths of revelation, and a clear and simple faith in them on their own authority, doubtless evidences a higher kind of intelligent existence than that which requires logical proof, and the slow and obscure process of reason. But as *we* are constituted, our intuitions are checked and clogged, and our faith dimmed by the stupifying influence of mortal flesh and of sin in the soul. "We see as through a glass, darkly." Hence, He who "tempereth the winds to the shorn lamb," compassionately gives us, in addition to his revelation of himself in his Word, proofs of his existence and attributes in the natural world; proofs which, to our dull apprehensions, seem to leave less room for doubt or wavering faith. Now whilst we regard the Bible as the highest and truest authority in these things, we purpose for the present to lay aside this canon of our faith, and will essay to collect the evidences to be found in the natural world, of the *real existence of a great First Cause of all things, who is an intelligent and voluntary agent*, and who is not a vague abstraction or mere principle inherent in matter, but is a *Person* distinct from his works. And doubtless the study of these dear pledges of our Heavenly Father's love will serve to dispel our doubts, give definite embodiment to our faith, and a stronger realization of the truths of His Word.

I.

1. To this end we will first endeavor to prove from *Metaphysical* considerations that the Globe, as an *inorganic whole*, is the effect of a great First Cause, and thus establish certain general principles that may regulate us in the rest of the inquiry.

Starting with the simple postulates—1st, that we do really exist; 2nd, that the nature of our existence is really of such a kind as our consciousness declares it to be; and 3rd, that the external world, as it appears to us, is a reality, and not a mere conception of our own minds, we shall endeavor to build, on these fundamental facts of consciousness alone, all our proofs for the actual existence of a God.

We are so constituted that thought is *continuous*, which implies *constancy* and *connection*. This connection, whether it be one of logical deduction or of mere association, is based on our perception of a necessary relation between an *effect* and its *cause*, and *vice versa.* The moment we shall lose this principle we shall cease to be able to think. We shall no longer be rational beings. Until then, we *must* admit it from the very nature of our being. Now we can conceive of a being as belonging to only one of two kinds of existence; the one *ultimate*, *necessary*, and *independent*, and therefore *unchangeable;* the other *derived*, *contingent* and *dependent*, and therefore *changeable.* Matter we know to be contingent and dependent. Of itself it is inert, and therefore could not of itself originate those ever changing processes which resolve it into the multitudinous forms in which we see it. If, then, it is dependent and contingent, it is of necessity an *effect* of some adequate cause, and either immediately or mediately it must be dependent on an ultimate or 1st cause, which is independent and necessary. For if there be no ultimate or necessary existence, then no existence is possible, for that which is not *necessary* is *contingent*, and necessarily implies something on which it is dependent for its existence. Hence it follows that the World, being a *material* existence, *must* be an effect, and there must have been a great Ultimate Cause, which is not matter itself. This we have seen to be a necessary deduction from fundamental facts of consciousness; so that the proof amounts to a *moral demonstration*, if we may so speak. The Atheist must violate the very first principles of his boasted reason in order to reach the conclusion he desires; and when he has reached it, must find it encumbered with greater difficulties than he conceives to belong to Theism.

Another metaphysical argument may be made from the very fact, that a conception of such an ultimate cause ever entered the human mind. This is a strong proof of the *actual existence* of the antetype, for all our conceptions must have some foundation in actual existence. True, a Phœnix or a Centaur never really existed; but these are only *collocations* of conceptions which *are* realized in nature. These are not *ultimate* conceptions, but incongruous combinations of more radical ones. But no conception of an *ultimate*, *uncombined* existence *could* exist in the mind if it had had no actual Archetype. Else man might be a Creator; and if a creator in things so high and infinite, he could certainly be in things less lofty and finite, e. g. in Art. But consciousness and experience prove that man is not a creator. Therefore our conception of an ultimate or 1st cause, *has* its Archetype in actual existence.

2. *History* also proves this same truth. We know that *human* existence is contingent, dependent, and changeable; and it is evident from the preceding argument that this existence cannot be attributable to an *infinite series* of these contingent existences, but to some ultimate original. Besides, the most authentic historical records point back to a time when the race had a definite origin. This origin from one first pair is also proved by the contributions of other sciences. We find, then, that there was a time when man was not. His existence must then be contingent, for if it were necessary it must always have been. If contingent, then an effect. If an effect, there must have been a cause, which indirectly or more remotely must have been an ultimate and necessary one.

3. *Geology* proves the same fact. It goes back to times when the organisms now alive did not exist, and, further still, when none existed, and shows that they must have an origin. From the principle of the "*vis inertiæ*" of matter, matter of itself could never have evolved them. They must then be the effects of some great cause distinct from matter, and which, as in the other cases cited, must have been an ultimate and necessary existence.

II.

Hitherto we have been considering the Globe, as an inorganic whole, as an effect of a 1st cause. We now propose to examine the evidences of *design* to be found in *individual organisms.*

That like effects are due to like causes, is a rational intuition having the force of an axiom. Now an adaptation of means to an end we call *design.* This adaptation we see in every phase of nature (the human frame being perhaps the best example). Therefore, on the principle of "like causes," there must have been a designer. But design implies, 1st, Intelligence to *con*ceive the end and *per*ceive the means required to attain that end; and 2nd, Will to apply the means to secure the end. Thus the marks of design in natural objects are proofs that the cause was an intelligent and voluntary one. To attribute these marks of *design* to *chance*, would be a direct and absurd contradiction in terms, and a denial of the law of "like causes," which would be utterly *unreasonable*, that law being a rational intuition. Nor is this will exercised of *necessity*, as the Fatalist would have it, for from the very nature of an ultimate and independent Being, no constraint *can* be placed upon him, for then he would be contingent. And as all other existence must be *contingent*, they cannot be the result of a *necessary* exercise of will, else *their existence* would be necessary, and not contingent. Therefore, there actually exists a great 1st cause of all things which is not matter itself, but is an *intelligent* and perfectly *free agent.*

III.

But we must go a step further, and show that this cause is a *God*, a real Person. Not only that he is not matter, but not even a mere formative or causative principle residing in matter. As the intelligence and will of the cause are evidenced by the marks of design in *individual* organisms, so also is his Personality exhibited in the *relations* of the separate organisms, and in their *adaptation* to the *circumstances* in which they exist. Personality implies numerical unity of existence, and a definite combination and harmony, or blending into one, of different attributes, so as to form a certain distinct and peculiar existence. Now, a unity of existence and design is evident in nature, when we consider the harmony and order of the Universe in its multifarious relations, and in the adaptation of its parts for the ever-changing circumstances in which they may be placed. For if there were several of these supreme and ultimate causes, we might see these separate organisms in their individual developments, each under the influence of different Gods, clashing with each other, and with the circumstances in which they are placed, and thus chaotic confusion arise. There is but *one* First Cause—one God.

But Pantheists, while they admit the unity of the cause, claim it to be a mere principle inherent in matter. If this be true, ought we not to expect to find all matter taking the *same* form and character, since it is governed by the *same* blind Influence? But on the contrary, we find the most extensive variety and diversity of forms and kinds of matter, and yet all harmoniously blending into one grand design of consummate skill and wisdom In all this multitude of organisms, and in their combination as a united Universe, we see also evidences of many of the peculiar qualities or attributes of this cause, such as intelligence, wisdom, will, powers, goodness, &c. Can these belong to it, and yet it not have Personality? Thus we have here the constituent elements of personality, viz: a *unity* of *existence*, with such a definite harmony or combination of different attributes as to form a *peculiar* and *distinct* existence.

Thus we have found, from a study of the external world, utterly independently of any written revelation, that there is and from the very nature of things must be actually existing, a great 1st cause of all things who is intelligent, who acts according to his own free will, and who is a real Person. In other words—THERE IS A GOD.

THETA.

AUTOGRAPH BOOKS.

There is no good thing on earth that is not abused. Humility becomes, in the hands of Uriah Heep, an instrument for the satisfaction of his own avarice. Friendship is but too often affected, for the purpose of obtaining, at your hands, valuable favors. Even religion is sometimes used by the knave as a cloak for his selfishness. But the good things of this earth are far more frequently abused, through want of thought, than from intended malice. By one who thus unintentionally errs, especially if his error be practical in its effects, a few practical suggestions will not be taken unkindly.

Everything that is abused must have its uses. This is implied in the very expression. Let us then examine first the *uses* of autograph books; and these will appear more clearly from a comparison with the photographic album. Here we have the expression of the heart as portrayed in the countenance. And is it *not* portrayed there? Do not the features in their varied expression or in their habitual cast, tell of the temporary emotions or of the deep-seated principles of the soul? Hence one component part of the value which we set upon the likeness of a friend. A second component of its value to us, consists in the pleasant associations connected with it; and our valuation of it varies in proportion to the number or the character of these associations. Again, if it has been presented to us by the friend himself, it has to us a value as a token, a visible sign, of his friendship, an assurance that he cares for us.

In each of these particulars the autographic album has a value only secondary to that of the photographic. The handwriting expresses, perhaps not so well as the eye, yet does express clearly the character of the man. Did you ever notice the habitual hand-writing of your friends, and did it not in almost every case comport with his known character? An energetic man will make his strokes bold and clear; a dandified man will attempt a style of chirography that is full of flourishes, a man that is careless in everything else, will be careless also in his penmanship. True, there are exceptions to this rule; so also is a man's physiognomy sometimes wonderfully deceptive. But both of them, as a general rule, bear witness to a man's character.

Neither does the autograph fail in its office of bringing before the memory by association, kind recollections of the past. The circumstances of our acquaintance, of the relations which we have borne to each other, of the many kindnesses performed by one or the other, cluster around the autograph as freely as they do around the portrait of a friend. And the value of the autograph is still further enhanced by the fact that it is almost always the gift (none the less valuable because not costly) of the friend himself, bearing on the very face of it an assurance of respect or of regard.

Thus much for the simple signature. But how much is its value increased when we add to that, expressions of good will, and *direct* assurances of regard. For we know that these words of friendship are not the hollow, oily professions of those who are actuated only by the desire and expectation of valuable services, whose friendship will turn into indifference or hatred when their selfish ends are accomplished. Have you not felt, my reader, the power of schoolboy attachments when in college you have met with a former companion? Did you not at once, however slight your previous acquaintance may have been, rejoice even in the midst of college-mates to see a face whose familiarity dated several years back? How much more will college friendships be valued hereafter when in the midst of selfish strangers we look over the autographic mementoes of our class-mates. Add yet to this the gentle reminders of scenes of pleasure in which we have mingled, and we shall have a partial idea of the value which in after life we shall place on these manuscript volumes.

But valuable as the system is, it is yet open to abuses, and to a few of these we would call attention. First, we find an idea that the number of pages in length of an autographic memento is an index of the extent or depth of the friendly feeling entertained. Not so—it is rather an indication of the personal character of the writer. A wordy man will fill pages to his merest acquaintance,—a man of few words will be short and pointed. Or, the writer may measure his autograph by the character of his friend—giving to him of many words, a long epistle, and to him of deep, sincere feelings, a *short* one. Again, the closest friendship will often shun the publicity of an autograph book, and be expressed only by some short expression, yet full of meaning. Kind feeling is worth far more than size, in a memento. In fact, like a bulky, inconvenient setting to a much prized lock of hair, the mass of words may be injurious to the value of the kindly expressions themselves.

Secondly, some men want to obtain the autograph of every one that ever they have been introduced to. They like to appear to be men of popularity, to have so many friends in each graduating class. It flatters their vanity to be frequently noticed in such complimentary terms. An autograph, on the other hand, should be considered as a mark of friendship—of friendship strong enough to enable you to make *considerable* sacrifices for the welfare of your friend. And it is at the door of this practice that the borous character of autograph-writing is to be laid.

On the other hand, this talk about its being a bore to write in the autograph-book of your *friend*, is all humbug. You don't mean it. If you don't care enough about the owner of the book to be willing to write cheerfully and *gladly* in it, he is not your friend. True friendship would lead you to do for more than this trifling service for your companion.

Another of the abuses consists in keeping your friend's book lying on your table for two, three or four days, and then writing in it, that you 'hardly know what to say, for you have a dozen books before you and are in a dreadful hurry.' Here perhaps your friend is waiting for his book, anxious to obtain the autograph of other friends, and yet not willing to hurry you up by asking you for it. And as to your having a dozen books before you, that is the result of your own laziness in not attending to them as they came in. Does it not sound big to hint that the fellows are crowding books on you so fast?—on account of your *popularity*, of course. You would not keep your friend waiting if he came to see you,—yet you annoy him just as much by keeping his book waiting unnecessarily in your room.

But we have prolonged this essay already too far. Criticism is at all times unpleasant. Still let us try to show in our farewell greetings a spirit of friendliness, not of fault-finding, or of borousness. Such a spirit even on this matter will add much to our kind memories of the past in future years, and make us cherish with increased love all that pertains to our Alma Mater.

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IN CHRISTUM SALVATOREM.

Aufer, Christe, hunc torporem,
Qui obtundit mea membra,
Istud fallax cor obtempera,
Tuum redde mi amorem.

Redde mi hanc puritatem
Quæ procuret tuum regnum
Quæ me reddat cælo dignum,
Vilem auferat pravitatem.

Vilis et magnus peccator
Nihil amo nisi malum,
Cogito nil nisi pravum,
Tuæ mortis perpetrator.

Mitte me sub tuam crucem,
Ubi passus es pro mundo,
Gemuisti tam profundo
Ut abstulerit dies lucem.

Abduc hanc obscuritatem
Quæ obscurat meam mentem,
Quæ non videt te pendentem
Neque meam pravitatem.

Alibi non habeo fugam,
De te solo semper pendo,
Ad te solum semper tendo,
De juventu usque rugam.

Consolationem et vim,
De te omnem spem deduco,
Abs te illam aquam duco,
Quæ pacet permagnam sitim.

Fons in hac sterili vita!
Libere me haurire sine
Vive mecum absque fine
Urbs in saxo tuto sita!

THE SPECTACLE SHOP.

Sauntering with a listless, idle step along the main street of a large city, my attention was drawn to one store whose show-windows were entirely given to the display of spectacles. Something peculiar in the varied aspect of these many aids of vision, no two pair of which even to a casual glance seemed precisely alike in size and shape, had first called forth my notice. Obeying a sudden impulse I entered the shop. No sooner had I crossed the threshold than I became conscious, as of a fact always dreamily known, that I too had been wont to gaze at the world through glasses of a certain refractive power, which even then were astride my nose. It seemed also to be in nowise strange that, turning to ascertain the cause of an unusual cry without, I saw each person of the passing throng provided, in respect of vision, like myself. The momentary observation of these things immediately suggested the great truth that ALL MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN, WEAR SPECTACLES.

Seeing on both sides immense numbers of the only objects of sale, I walked slowly toward the back of the room until I was met by a grave and courteous man, who if not indeed the proprietor himself, had the present conduct of the concern in his hands. He appeared to divine my errand or no-errand, for his approach was not that of one expecting a possible customer. With the air of one conferring a favor under pretence of asking one, he inquired if I would look at some of the lenses on exhibition. I followed him as he led the way to a considerable case.

"In our shop," said he, letting down the little hanging door which closed the case, "we not only have glasses of all possible kinds, but also we are able to show to the curious the exact counterparts of all those actually in use. Will you see the duplicate of your own pair?"

"No," I answered, "the perfect duplicate will present all things to my eyes exactly as does my own pair. Let me see something else."

With a slight smile he replied only by handing me out a pair of spectacles. I carefully wiped these with a piece of buckskin and then adjusted them to my nose. But somehow the shop darkened as if a cloud were passing over the sun, and I was forced to walk to the street door before I could see with sufficient distinctness. The persons now going by generally wore a squalid air, which was heightened by the contrast furnished by some few of different appearance. Just then one of these was furtively approached in the rear by a ragged person of sinister face, and had his well-filled purse dexterously abstracted from him. A little boy carrying a bundle swung it carelessly so as to strike in the stomach a portly man, who, as he regained his breath, let loose his anger in most loud and horrible imprecations. Two men, walking behind and having been engaged in exciting talk, were at this juncture no longer able to restrain the passions which had in each been aroused. They put themselves in position and had exchanged a few blows, when one, breaking through the guard of the other, stretched him upon the pavement, whence taken up for dead he was instantly conveyed into a near druggist's. A policeman, who had come up, thereupon attempted to seize the supposed murderer, but was resisted by certain in the crowd, who called for fair play. He sprang his rattle for assistance, and a general row seemed about to ensue. I insensibly, and despite the hubbub, fell into reflection. How society is degenerating as the world grows older! thought I. Wickedness of all sorts frightfully increases. Fifty years ago occurences, such as I have seen in the few seconds back, would have shocked the morality of the staid citizens of this place. Now, as a matter of course, they read in their daily sheets of thefts, murders, etc., which have been detected. As for Sabbath breaking, profanity and drunkenness, they are a drug even at the newspaper offices. Why is the totally depraved creature-man kept in existence. Turning from these sights and thoughts, both which, however, occupied but a tithe of the time spent in telling them, I took off the glasses and returned them.

"Would you like to wear them?" asked the grave personage who, I think, must have been all the while observing me.

"No, I would not." I said deliberately and with a slow shake of my head.

"Try these."

I took the offered pair, walked again to the door and fitted them on. The sun was out and a flood of glorious light was bathing houses and people and carriages, and gleaming back from every bright surface. The street seemed now filled with a better class, and there were no longer any signs of the late tumult. I noticed especially a feeble old man in poor, yet neatly mended clothes, who was busied in selling matches. A gust of wind blew off his hat, whirling it away into the street, whither he could follow it with anxious eyes only, as he was kept by tottering limbs from any pursuit of it. A well-dressed young fellow sprang forward and, after the hat had with many tantalizing revolutions eluded his grasp for some moments, successfully clutched it, and with cheeks glowing from the chase, brought it to its grateful owner. A kind-looking old gentleman, walking near the curbstone, espied upon the pavement a piece of orange peel, which with the end of his gold-headed cane he carefully threw into the road. A spinster was hastening by with some machine-sewn work, which she evidently was taking back to her employer. A little boy, plainly belonging to some poor family, came along, having a large wheaten loaf with a brown paper round it. A lady gave a quarter to a man with a wooden leg, and a gentleman silently dropped a tract into the gaping pocket of a homespun countryman. After all, thought I, *does* the world really get worse? There are certainly a good many kind and cheery hearts in it yet. And then that woman isn't quite like Hood's shirt-songstress. A hundred years ago the poor family could hardly have eaten bread made from wheat. Four hundred years back there were neither types to print tracts nor societies to pay for them. The former days couldn't have been better than these. I declare I really believe there never was so much good in the world as there is now.

The last sentences at least I must have thought aloud, for the shopman, who had been patiently waiting, did not this time ask an opinion of me, though a quizzical smile played about the corners of his mouth. He now gave me a third pair of glasses, which I found had the singular property of greatly magnifying things near at hand, while, by the contrast, they seemed to positively diminish objects at some distance. A fourth pair showed things near by of their real size, but also brought distant objects into such a wonderfully distinct view that one irresistibly drew off his gaze from his surroundings to first contemplate the far off. The long lines, which included the angle of vision under which an object of the latter kind was seen, unaccountably reminded me of infinity, and that suggested eternity.

"These four pairs illustrate the doctrine of general notions as held by one sect," said the man, showing a knowledge of philosophy hardly to have been expected from his station. "They are used by four large classes of persons. Of course it is only the singulars, the individuals who can look through them, and not the class as one existence. But would you now like to see the spectacles of some notables? each of whom, perhaps it would be proper to say, is a class by himself."

I did not much relish his solemn pleasantry, but was pleased with the notion of seeing what he now volunteered to show. He took me to a case nearer the door, which he unlocked. I could not fail to see that its contents were most strongly diversified, even more so than those in the windows.

I wish I had time to tell of the many pairs of spectacles of which I now made trial. It would be better if the reader himself could visit that shop, though it is scarcely probable he would see things just as I did. Through one pair I saw a respectable man driving by in a gig, and by decided peculiarities in the refraction, immediately knew these to be such glasses as the author of Sartor Resartus wears. Another pair had a property of collecting the rays of light from a single feature, so that it henceforth seemed to the mind to symbolize the entire object to which it was attached or belonged. I thought of

Zenobia's exotic, the scarlet letter, Miriam's dress and Hilda's doves, and there was no mistaking the Yankee romancer. And so by similar tokens I recognized the spectacles of many eminent men. Those of many others were pointed out to me by the exhibitor. I had no difficulty in distinguishing between the glasses of President Lincoln and Jeff. Davis. One pair with very dark eye-pieces, which excluded almost all the light, belonged as a partnership affair, I was told, to the *New York Tribune* Editors.

I now felt I had occupied as much of the man's time as was at all proper, and accordingly thanking him for his trouble and for the great entertainment he had afforded me, I took my leave. Before doing so, however, I asked the name of the firm so largely engaged in the spectacle business. He replied with politeness that the name was of no consequence. The glasses themselves, he said, some thought were made by one artisan, others by many. In connection with the matter, different persons talked differently about chance, modes of life, education, influence of society, public opinion, development of thought, planes of reason, destiny, Providence.

"But, my dear sir," I said warmly, "there certainly must be truth somewhere, and you ought to know it if any one does. Where is it?"

He bowed and merely replied, "You had better look through your own spectacles."

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THE SERENADE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

"What wakes me from my slumber?
What sweet sounds do I hear?
O Mother, see, who he may be,
That sounds them forth so clear."

Nothing I see and nothing hear,
Cease not thy slumber mild;
To thee none brings a serenade
To-night, my poor, sick child.

"It is no earthly music
That makes my heart so light;
An angel calls me with his song,
O Mother, dear, Good Night."

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MISTAKES.

The "Mistakes of Educated Men" has furnished a theme for a learned writer. Mistakes are not, however, restricted to any class. Whoever reviews his life sees how they mar it, and there are seasons in the experience of almost every one which he would with all his heart blot from memory's page. But this cannot be. Whatsoever is done, must remain. He has learned a lesson which may guide him for the future, but can never undo the past. In anguish of spirit he exclaims what a bitter teacher experience is.

All our faults, if they were not something worse, we feel to be terrible mistakes and blunders. A mistake is not necessarily a fault. Morality or immorality is not, however, the thing which we have at present in hand. To make a mistake is simply to do that which one would not do, if he realized exactly what was for his own interest.

It is well to remember that there are certain laws of our being which if violated, whether wittingly or unwittingly on our part, bring with them their own consequences. And when we are disposed to complain, it is also well to consider that the Unchangeable Himself has framed them thus.

Mistakes vary in degree from those which bring but petty ills and annoyances to those whose effects are seen through whole lifetimes. Men, by adopting pernicious principles at the outset, weaken and often utterly destroy their power for future usefulness. While others, by "mistaking their callings," in great measure throw away their talents. But there are minor mistakes, individual in character, the effects of which are realized almost instantaneously. Some, if not all, of the main sources of these may be set down as Ignorance, Carelessness, Prejudice, and Lack of Common Sense. If we knew more, took more care, had less prejudice, and more of that very desirable commodity in the affairs of life, good practical sense, the mistakes made would be far fewer and cause us far less sorrow.

Our knowledge is at best circumscribed in narrow limits. We don't, and in many instances can't, know what will be for our good until the event shall determine. And yet there are many things which we might know. It is a melancholy truth, which we are often told after making some sad mistake, and the force of which we then realize, that we *might* have known.

But though we may find comfort in our ignorance, though, when one in whom we had reposed confidence proves a traitor to his trust, we may console ourselves by saying we didn't know he would; or when plans, supposed to be well-matured, result in only mischief, we swallow our grief by saying we thought it would be different; yet, when we fall into mistakes, for which no other reason can be assigned than *sheer carelessness* on our part, *then* we experience some real mortification. Now carelessness almost invariably amounts to little more or less than thoughtlessness. Our remark in such cases usually is, "we didn't think." Strange that those, who don't think beforehand, should have such ample opportunities for reflection afterward! To illustrate. The carelessness of an apothecary has cost the life of a valuable and useful citizen, and embittered with gnawing grief his own. The careless word or thoughtless act of some of us has, it may be, inflicted a wound in the bosom of a friend which time itself has never eradicated.

But again, our *prejudices* lead us into many grievous errors. We suppose that all are to some degree prejudiced. Instead of forming their judgments after hearing the evidence on both sides of a given question, men are apt to jump at a conclusion on slight and frivolous pretexts. Thus it is oftentimes in regard to truly upright and honorable individuals, in whom for such idle reasons we fail to place confidence, and we wait long until some great fact appears, which utterly scatters our prejudices to the winds. If ever prejudice were the cause of mistakes, we have a most wholesale example of the fact at the present. The many mistakes which Mr. Jefferson Davis and his confederates have made in attempting to break up this glorious Union, need not be mentioned—all arising out of, and finding their only justification in, a miserable groundless prejudice. In the resistance which Old Fogyism makes to the introduction of anything, which has not stood the test of ages, we find a noteworthy illustration of the point in hand. This spirit says our fathers did so and so, and their way is good enough for us. Thus it would resist improvement in every branch of human exertion, and intwining itself in public affairs wield them in such a manner as to leave the nation far behind its compeers in all those things which make a nation powerful. It requires something thilling, like the advent of a *Merrimac*, to awaken such men out of their stupor.

But, lastly, men make mistakes from *lack of Common Sense*, which means that they seem not to possess ordinary forecast and prudence. We do not affirm this of all men. But there is a certain class whose character is justly described by this term and no other. They are constantly getting into difficulties, which they might easily have avoided. They may possess good average ability, or in some cases be even geniuses, but for want of this one thing they usually make most egregious failures in life. Does any step require to be taken promptly to ensure success, they are the ones to be found wanting at the right time. Is any emergency likely to arise, they make no preparations to meet it, or if they do, they do it inadequately. Sound judgment would teach that something more than weapons and uniforms are necessary to make an army, but there are some people, and it is to be feared generals too, who don't quite realize it. Sound judgment would teach that "bloodless victories" are better than those which involve great slaughter, but these men don't see it. They would rush madly into the face of the enemy's best and most strongly fortified intrenchments. Such men are ever satisfied with a pleasing external appearance. They act as if it were always going to be fair weather, as if they would always have smooth and undisturbed seas over which to sail, forgetting that the day of storms and tempests will come.

And now, reader, we have little more to add. Do you find in yourself a constant liability and tendency to mistakes, we have endeavored to direct you to some, at least, of their sources. *There* seek to apply the remedy. But remember that this is at best an imperfect state. You may with all your pains still err, and in consequence endure much grief and mortification. On this account yield not! Rather learn therefrom lessons of patience and resignation, and all else will be forgotten.

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EULOGISTIC.

WRITTEN BY AN OLD MAN ON THE DEATH OF HIS PASTOR.

Old Father Page! Old Father Page! alas! I well remember
The day he died!
'Twas in the merry minstrel-time of cold and grey December,
And in the *night* beside!

Within his parish, he possessed full many a fine lay member,
And ducks and geese were all his pride!

His heart was full of sympathy, and gentle words to all
He kindly said;
His old dun cow he ever kept, without the garden wall—
His tongue—within his head!
His wife in younger days was known as Peggy Ann the tall,
And was in all respects, well read!

He was (in preaching sober truth his hearers all to please)
Acceptable;
The "*rheumatiz*" in every limb would sit him sore at ease—
He was *respectable!*
And yet the horse he always rode, would nip the *prairie* trees,
And feel the while—*delectable!*

No matter what the ills of life, he ever wore a smile
Upon his face!
The kennel for his dog was built beneath the garden stile—
His daughters knew their place;
His wood he kept within a shed in many a lofty pile—
His friends—by wit and winning grace!

A patient man was Father Page amid all earthly woe,
And every wrong!
His cat would in the ashes sleep—his cook was always slow—
His hair was thin—but long;
He needed but a little—*just a little*—here below,
But took that *little*—STRONG!

He was a meek and humble man and read in everything
Some words of truth!
His gig—which he had painted *green*—with its bemudded spring,
Reminded him of youth!
He thought of Death whene'er the birds would blithsome carols sing,
Because the *angels* sang forsooth!

But now he's gone—good Father Page! the soul of his sweet face,
Is with the just!
He had a host of Virtues—had the follies of his race—
Had faults—as others must—
But Charity will hide all sins, wherever she may trace,
The Savior's footsteps in the dust!

PHILOSOPHY.

A spirit of inquiry is one of the first and strongest motives which operate in the mind of man. And placed, as man is, in a habitation of such wondrous beauty and formation, it is not strange, but natural that his first emotions should be those of curiosity and surprise. Above him are the heavens with their sun and moon and myriads of beautiful stars, spread out so magnificently. Around him is a world that is ever changing, yet always beautiful and often sublime; with its regular succession of day and night; its perfect change of seasons; its grand chemical laboratory, in which it sustains the lives of its inhabitants, gives the beautiful and varied tinges to the minutest flower, the gorgeous hues to the sunset and rainbow and the livid blackness to the awful tempest; in which electricity in its sublimity makes its wild sport of our feeble work, and the mighty combination of almost boundless gases and the terrible struggles of the molten matter pent up in this monstrous earthen retort, shakes creation to its very centre; with its magnificent museum, in which are collections from the humble yet incomprehensible spear of grass, to the lofty kings of the forests, from the tiny grain of sand, to the glittering diamond, from an atom of eath, to the grandest mountain, from the smallest animalcule, to the mighty Mastodon, from the most insignificant inhabitant of the waters, to the huge Leviathan, and from the faint shooting star, to the flashing meteor or the mysterious comet. Surrounded by all this beauty and glory of the natural Universe, and finding himself fearfully and wonderfully made; a problem too difficult for him to comprehend, it is not surprising that his first emotions should be those of inquiry, and that he should try to solve the many mysteries which meet him at every step through life. It is natural that he should search all nature through to gratify his desire, pluck from her her every mystery, pry into her manifold arcana, try to discover their hidden properties and uses, disembowel the earth and subject its contents to the retort and crucible, rise to the heavens and there compute and scan the glory and the beauty of God's handiwork, then turn from these and endeavor to comprehend the noblest work of creation—*himself.*

But the spirit of inquiry is not content with this. It must know and understand all. And ever since the dawn of creation, down through the varied ages of the world's existence to the present moment, it has been the source of many sublime revolutions, some of which have moved the entire world, aye! the whole Universe, even the throne of Omnipotence itself. It has been the mighty source of evil, and when our first parents were created, while they stood "much wondering where and whence they were," its pernicious influence, their first and strongest emotion spread over their minds; and though they were possessed of all the blessings of Eden, save one, and only one,—

——————" rather than leave
That one unknown, lost all the rest."

It compels man to endeavor to fathom his own mystery, and influences him to leave himself, with whom he is bewildered and confused, disregard the things by which he is surrounded, and with an eager desire to know who and what he is, and what is the nature of that which he sees and feels, rise higher and search out a great First Cause, an Author and Creator of all.

This uncontrollable desire to fathom the mysterious, this love for wisdom, is the real basis of Philosophy. True Philosophy, the manifestation of nobler being, the proof of immortality, exists in the breast of every true man, and though it may not be composed of metaphysical subtleties and disputations, and consist of long drawn arguments, but be merely an humble desire to comprehend the nature and the Author of surrounding circumstances, it is nevertheless as true Philosophy as the most elaborate essay ever made to understand the Essence of the Absolute. And the simple peasant perusing the revelation made him by his Creator, is as true a Philosopher, as he whose every waking hour is spent in poring over the musty lore of antiquity, conning huge volumes of metaphysics, speculating on the mystery of his existence and the nature of the Infinite. True Philosophy is the source of evidence and fact. It does not consist in "airy schemes or idle speculation," but is the rule and conduct of social life, the grand spring of all our good and our comfort in adversity. It is the soul of Science and Literature. It is the impulse which has prompted the Historian to bless posterity with the deeds of men and nations, and the stream from which the Poet drinks his inspirations. It is so natural in its origin, so grand in its action, so sublime in its results. And whether beheld in the calm spirit of the educated Christian who consecrates Genius to the cause of Virtue, and whose powerful intellect pierces far into the boundless domain of the mysterious, or in the peasant in the lowliest walks of life, who can barely read the message which assures him of immortality, it still bears the mark of its high origin, the proof of the divine in man.

Is it to be imagined that this heaven-sent spirit at the heart's altar can be used as an instrument to promote the most horrid object the world ever witnessed? Alas! so it is. This principle, written by the hand of the Eternal, inwrought into the very being, appealing to the deepest feelings, so splendid in its strength, is capable of being terribly perverted; how terrible that perversion. Blind devotees of Reason bow down before the altar of their idol and present it as their offering. Here it loses its title of TRUE, and becomes mere metaphysical speculation; and though founded on the same principle, the inborn spirit of inquiry, it is as the deadly Upas, which scatters ruin and desolation on all around.

It is then the Spirit of the False. How wide her reign! How absolute her despotism! At her mandate the revelation of the Infinite is thrown aside, a sealed book. Her word dulls the ear to the voice of the Eternal, and to the charms of His creation. And though all nature may chant a ceaseless symphony of gratitude and praise to its glorious Designer, the senses formed to act in unison with it perceive not its grandeur and harmony. Under her baneful influence, mind becomes a wreck, and Superstition and Ambition rear their huge temples on its ruins. With her no seraph tones bid the fever of the brain cease to burn; no celestial music in the soul the despairing heart to hope. All is dark—a cheerless, gloomy labyrinth, in which no rays of heavenly light penetrate to point a way of escape. No future—no destiny—no hope.

Thou dreadful Tyrant of the Mind, when shalt thou cease to reign? When shalt thy syren tones no more be heard? Thou art clothed in all beauty as a being of light, but thy glittering veil hides the features of a demon and the passions of a fiend.

But thou, Spirit of the True, welcome! Do thou take full possession of the mind, and by thy pure and holy influence teach the real object of existence. Bend the soul low to thy feet, and teach it the lesson of the TRUE. Show that "it is not all of life to live," and inspire the thought that—

> "Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,
> All times, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
> As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
> By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
> Quiver with joy,—and as the sounds of earth
> Grow cold and distant, wake the passing soul
> To mingle in the heavenly harmony."

M.

◆

THE STUDY OF POLITICS.

Different forms of government afford very different spheres of action for mankind, varying from the most widely extended to the most contracted. In a Monarchy, where the government is a thing independent of the people, as the number of those who, after passing through long lines of officers and attendants, can obtain an audience from the Royal Sovereign, is very limited, so the number of those who are at liberty to enter the learned professions, or to engage in any of the vocations pertaining to the higher walks of life, is small. But in a Republic, as in this country for example, the levee of the Chief Magistrate is open to all, the sole requisite for admission being that of possessing the outward appearance of Caucasian humanity. The belles, who pass through the crowded rooms with a smile as lofty as if the purest of Castilian blood coursed through their veins, albeit their grandfathers or even more immediate ancestors were mechanics, who had found the way to wealth, may be followed by their chamber-maids or house-servants; and yet the order, simplicity and dignity of the proceedings are such as to leave no room for contempt or derision. No foreign ambassador ever yet sneered openly at one of our President's receptions. Analagous to the freedom here witnessed is our untrammeled choice in the matter of a vocation in life and the equality upon which all contestants for public favors are compelled to stand. Merit, not birth, is the standard of success among us. As the poorest parvenues that run our streets may enter into competition at school or college with the sons of the wealthiest or "best-blooded" in the land—aye, and beat them too, if of sufficient mental calibre, so the strife may be continued in the world, and the petted child of affluence may live to see his poor fellow-student, his Mayor, Governor or President. Such complete liberty of action combined with such judicious restraint as may be seen in this land, is a rare spectacle. Foreigners see and appreciate it. We fail to notice it as we should, simply on account of never having lived under any other system.

It is, however, in political matters, that the difference between the two systems of government is most apparent. On the one side, we see a press, shackled with police regulations, a ministry subservient to the slightest wishes of the monarch, and a people whose utterances are watched and reported by hired emissaries and spies—on the other, a press totally unrestricted in the expression of its opinions, a cabinet whose members are advisers, not parasites, and a people trained to what a native of a country governed by the former system would call "perfect license" in speech. On the one hand, the criticisms of State affairs is a dangerous, a hazardous experiment; a thing done secretly and cautiously and rewarded, if discovered, by the dungeon—on the other, in every drawing-room, village store and bar-room, the daily paper's report of affairs at the National or State Capitol is well discussed. In the country, where newspapers are not very freely circulated, this is especially the case, and many of our most famed orators acquired the rudiments of their marvellous oratorical powers, by nightly giving vent to their opinions to the party collected to discuss the "news."

Nor is this manifested interest strange, when we consider how directly almost every American is concerned in the proper administration of the government. Pennsylvania alone has more property holders than the whole of England, and each one feels that Congress is legislating for him. Thus he is drawn into a lively interest in political affairs, and often becomes so much engrossed in them as to engage in them exclusively. Right in principle, he is at fault in practice. It may seem strange to speak of any one engaging in politics as a vocation, but it is frequently done. The curse of this country has been professional politicians. Men in office have become corrupt through love of power, and those out of it with the desire of authority. Devouring eagerness to acquire it has led them to false professions, to bribery, to all kinds of chicanery until they have lost all the respect of others, and have made their names a "thing of reproach."

Viewing politics as represented by these men, it is not strange that disrepute has fallen upon any who engage even remotely in them. But why cannot a man be an honest, an upright, a pure politician? Is there any necessary incongruity in the terms? Countries must have governments, governments must be administered by men, and why cannot these men be *men*, and not mere tools of party? We see no reason why persons of character should not worthily seek public station. It is a laudable ambition—one to be encouraged. If a man has the ability, the sagacity, the requirements for taking charge of any part of the nation's affairs, he is criminal to persistently remain in private life. No one has a right to live merely for himself. He has duties to humanity and to its interests, which should not be overlooked. Our nations only hope for the future is in having pure, lofty-minded patriots to take charge of the helm of State, and these we cannot have unless politics is elevated from its professional position into a science, an art equal in reputation and scope to any other. The page of history which our country has been writing in characters of blood during the last year shows clearly the evils attendant upon resigning the control of government into the hands of designing knaves or selfish aspirants after power. And as the sons of freedom instinctively roused to the rescue as the echoes of the first gun fired at Sumter went rolling over our land, and showed to the astonished world their inherent loyalty to the spirit of the institutions transmitted to them by their fathers; so must we, if we would have our country once more assume her place among the nations, rise and hurl demagogues from their positions, replacing them by men of sterling worth. To do this the science of Politics must be studied, and then will its scope, its power, its beauty be understood. Then, and not till then, will *statesman* and *politician* be synonyms, and chicanery be no longer used as a term fitly subjoined to politics. Washington was a politician, so was Jefferson, Hamilton, Adams, Franklin, and yet they were patriots, lofty-minded specimens of nature's noblemen. Is it impossible for them to live again in worthy descendants?

Having thus seen the importance of politics in its bearings on the welfare of our country, it becomes a pertinent inquiry, "Should not its study be cultivated?" Should not our attention be called more forcibly to its value and our minds indoctrinated with its principles? Should we not make ourselves acquainted with its details and familiarize ourselves with the idea of some day taking a share in the labor of carrying on the great system of government? An educated people, a nation familiar with its constitution and laws, must necessarily be the freest, most independent people on earth, for, watching as each one will with jealous eyes the fabric of authority, they will detect readily the first inroads upon their rights, and indignantly hurl the designing innovator from his position. There is intelligence and morality enough in any country to make and keep it respectable and independent, and there is enough rascality and incapacity to ruin it if "private worth persistently keeps its light hid under a bushel."

A new epoch in our country's history is about drawing upon us. The different sections of our land are about to be placed in new and embarrassing relations to each other—those of conquerors and conquered, and wisdom and sagacity will be imperatively demanded to carry matters to a successful issue. Our position among the nations of the earth must be regained, our commerce again sent forth, our flag caused to be respected, our authority and integrity as a nation demonstrated, and to do all this political education in our public men will be necessary. Let then every one, mechanic and farmer, clerk and merchant, lawyer and judge, the tired son of toil and the idle child of luxury, none too high and none too low, sit at the feet of Political Wisdom and learn her doctrines. The time has come when they will be requisite and demanded. Duties and responsibilities are to be incurred which cannot be fulfilled without them. Our country says, "study them!" and nature and instinct re-echo the command. Our minds must be turned to their consideration, not, of course, to the exclusion of other pursuits, but in connection with them. A man need not and should not make politics his means of livelihood. He would make himself a one-sided development by that course, besides endangering his pecuniary interests, for the “οἱ πολλοί” who have the selection of our rulers, are fickle and like novelty. But a healthy combination of politics with other professions, giving us a readiness and ability to put our shoulders to the wheel of government when the road becomes heavy, is certainly desirable. Too long have we instinctively united the ideas of roguery, trickery, bribery and chicanery with the word under discussion, and just as long have we been the victims of tyranny and oppression. It is time we look into the matter and see if we have not been committing a grave fault.

A truly educated man is one whose qualities and powers have all been harmoniously developed, and the study of public affairs is the element long wanted in American men. True success in life is the result of the union of “right knowing with right doing.” If, therefore, we do not *know*, to *do* is impossible, and success a chimera. May it be the boast of the rising generation that it has succeeded in developing to perfection that great desideratum, a CITIZEN, a man educated alike in scholastic learning and in Politics, a man concerned alike in his own and his family's interests, and in the welfare of his country.

H.

Editor's Table.

An Editorship has a near relation to life in the moon. It is a “very pretty thing to talk about,’ desirable enough on the bright side, but the balance of favor all on the dark. Only tremendous mountains, deep craters and no atmosphere to inflate one's lungs. It would, therefore, be interesting to debate (and we propose it to the Peripatetic societies) whether making a noise isn't for us a physical impossibility, and yet could we reach the conclusion with *a priori* certainty, we'd be willing to rejoice over the transfer of another 'Mag.' from our care to yours, and would desire the hundred hands of Briareus to return the friendly greetings that any one of you, with the experience of Editor, would think due, when delivered from the sounds that have continually tormented for three long weeks—such as, "How soon will the 'Mag.' be out? What's the matter with the printers? Has their *devil* been too sick to attend them or too troublesome to permit them a kind disposition?" Yes, the joy with which a Sophomore, with his merry horn, (*tin horn*, of course,) makes good an escape when the hoarse owl sings his dirges, isn't a circumstance to what an Editor's should be when his labor is ended, and you seize the 'Mag.' to turn your faces Table-ward. For thither you'll turn them just as surely as you'd look for a book-preface. Both are expected, even by those who expect nothing from them. But how our dishes will suit your tastes, since we must cater for so many, will depend very much upon whether you were born Homœopathists or not. If you were, it's a matter that you'll regret through all your life that you didn't exercise the choice of the Irishman who might have been born in Cork had he chosen, and been born believers in Allopathy, for then you would have come into the world not expecting *similia similibus curantur* and prepared for something else than only *sugar-coated*, *infinitesimal*, *palate-tickling* regimen. The novice, too, among our contributors, as well as some other people, would have been more comfortable because delivered from the grasp of the mighty ones he had long before learned to fear, and whom he imagined to have just claims to the sobriquet of *emunctis naribus Princtoniæ.* This is a complex class, some of whom (not through pecuniary inability) always read a borrowed 'Mag.,' others who think no man should ever get an idea unsubmissive to their respective hobbies, and still others who are unable to write, and seek to be heard from at the expense of others. We would not be understood, however, to complain of our pecuniary interests. Though willing to receive any "*legal tenders*," we rejoice to say that our 'Mag.' in the twenty-second year of her age, is stronger than ever in the "sinews of war." Many of our exchanges lament the scarcity of funds, and some have even suspended. This may account, by the way, for the total failure of our April exchanges—they may be too, and we hope are, on the way. Here we are reminded that our March editor desires to make another bow in acknowledgment of the Union College Magazine, Yale Literary, and Williams' Quarterly, all received after his number was issued.

While the robes of office have been upon us, Old Saturnus has bequeathed his last white mantle, and with chattering teeth and cloud-wrapped forehead has turned his face to the Septentrional regions; Reviving Spring has paid us her annual visit, and with the genial influence of the gentle zephers on which she is borne out are going the coal fires; thousands of minstrels are chanting their carols in every grove, and the old batrachian croakers have given their opening chorus in the marshes; the waters of the rainy season have dried from off the face of the earth, and the hand-ball once more bounds over the alley; the tender grass is revesting the campus, and the steps at the gate are again thronged; the peeping buds herald their long expected marrying time, and we are reminded of a new life for the class of '62.

Another, All-Fools Day, has come and gone, and though in our little college-world we have the anomaly of no children, the *sells* were around to their usual extent, and perhaps cheaper than ever. Wrath and indignation were laid by in respect to the occasion, but we overhead a soliloquy that we must repeat at the risk of losing our best friend. "Verily I believe the fools are not all dead yet." (The soliloquist is noted for originality.) "Do they mean to be fools all the year round, to live fools and die fools, or will they suddenly become wise men when they are let loose upon the wide-wide-world."

With the present month, too, has come the anniversary of the Lexington of '61. Instead of contesting the passage of national troops over her soil, Maryland, emulating the virtues of our revolutionary sires, is joined hand and heart with redeemed Missouri, New Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and the free patriots of every State, in perpetuating

"Our country, our whole country, and our country ever one."

The body of the monster Secession is severed and the parts fast dying. A nation eminent in peace, when even shorn of no mean strength, has become renowned in war. Genius and bravery and legal emancipation reveal a star of hope, and though the Merrimac continues a thorn in the flesh, a kind Providence is manifestly beneath us. While He teaches our hands to war, may His Spirit cause our hearts to love till we be one people in His service!

The collegians and citizens of Princeton were recently treated to an able lecture on the Civilization of Africa, delivered by Rev. Alex. Crumwell, of Liberia, a graduate of Queen's College, Cambridge, and minister in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Two years ago, a black man lecturing to the learned dignitaries of this place would have been the occasion of effigies and rows; now, anomalous as it is, it must be marked by the observant world as a step in our college history, to see on the speaker's left the eloquent pastor of the church, Rev. Mr. Mann, and on his right our worthy, philanthropic President. The speaker, though of a sable hue, was prepossessing in his appearance, the arrangement of his discourse masterly, his style energetic and elegant, and his delivery remarkably graceful. So rich an intellectual treat is rarely served us, and had it not, to many, lost much from the force of prejudice, would have beggared the admiration of all.

Turning to the class of '62, we find it is already beginning to scatter. Three have just gone out from us, and several more will follow in a few days. Our best wishes go with them, as we commend them to the guidance and protection of our Heavenly Father.

Mr. Edward S. Moffatt, of the class of '63, and son of our late Professor of Greek, has received, in the offer of a captaincy, the honor which exalts the true hero. We are sorry he declined, that he might remain with his friends, though in so doing he spake with an eloquence and devotion that tells of a tender heart and virtuous politics.

Howard Reeder, of the same class, has arrived among the wounded from Port Royal. He is at home, and we are pleased to learn rapidly convalescent. In rank he was valiant in treading down the standards of the foe, and we trust he may soon again unsheath the patriot-sword.

The autograph fever is raging to a fearful extent. Our contributor has done justice to the uses and abuses of the system, and has left for us to recommend to the Faculty for the catalogue of Senior Studies (we suggest the department of the Fine Arts) another accomplishment expected of every graduate. The study of Aristotle's Poetics, Quintillian, and Constitutional Law, is not to be compared to the healthful exercise of writing autographic farewells, either as a means to intellectual culture, or as to the influence they respectively exert upon mankind.

Our reporter, "on the spot," sends us the result of a game of base-ball, played on the 19th inst. between the first nine of the Nassau (College) Club and an extemporized nine from the Seminary. We are unable to insert it in full—the result, after six innings, was as follows: Seminary Club, 13 runs; Nassau Club, 45 runs. We have also been informed the "Seminoles" were beaten. April 29th is fixed for another game; but we expect rain on that day, inasmuch as no provision was made (as we'd expect from the parties) for unsettled weather.

Lastly, in the record of college events, we rejoice in being permitted to report favorably of our religious condition. The entry and noon prayer-meetings recently established, are still continued. Very many have been born again—and the concern of the people of God now is, who is yet left, and may not this state be *permanent*, that when we have departed from our Alma Mater and penetrated far into the wilderness of life, future generations in the college may here learn to worship our Father and our God, and in thankfulness lift up their hands for a blessing on us. No more pleasing record could we ever receive of our present usefulness.

And now the call of the printer, and perhaps yours too, comes for us to lay aside the honor of public life, and make way for our successor. Cheerfully (with thanks to our class-mates) is he welcomed to preside at the Table by your friend,

THE EDITOR.

The Nassau Literary Magazine,

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THE

Nassau Literary Magazine.

W. S. NICHOLS, EDITOR.

VOL. XXIII. SEPTEMBER, 1862. No. 1.

MACAULAY *vs.* GLADSTONE.

THE STATE IN ITS RELATIONS WITH THE CHURCH. By W. E. GLADSTONE, Esq. London, 1839.

CHURCH AND STATE. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Edinburgh Review, April, 1839.

When the Pharisees "took counsel how they might entangle him [Jesus] in his talk," we learn that they decided upon the question of paying tribute to Cæsar as the most perplexing that could be presented to the Great Teacher. From that day to this, the important duty of rendering "unto Cæsar, the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God, the things that are God's," has been the source of continued agitation and dispute: a subject regarding which all shades of opinion have been advanced, and the most novel theories entertained. It has absorbed the attention of many of the greatest minds of the age in which they lived, whilst the positions they have assumed are as numerous and varied as the interests involved. These positions are, in the main, reducible to one of the three following classes:

1. That which advocates the supreme control of the ecclesiastical over the civil and political—the Church over the State.

2. That which renders the Church, to a greater or less degree, dependent upon the State.

3. That which denies all connection or relation between them; regarding them, on the other hand, as distinct and independent powers.

The work by Mr. Gladstone, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, is an able and elaborate defence of the principles involved in the second division of our analysis. His object is to prove that the propagation of religious truth is one of the great ends of government, and that, to the attainment of this end, it should recognize and sustain a religion.

The essay of Lord Macaulay, as is well known to our readers, appeared a few months later in the *Edinburgh Review*, in refutation of the theory of Mr. Gladstone; assuming, at the same time, the extreme ground of an entire separation of Church and State, as having no interests or aims in common with each other.

We propose in the present essay—*First*, alluding briefly to the prominent points at issue, to show that the positions assumed by Mr. Gladstone have not been finally refuted by his reviewer; and, *Secondly*, to state the conclusions, to which the measure of truth in either of the opposing theories seems conclusively to lead.

I. The fundamental proposition, upon which the theory of Mr. Gladstone rests, is, that government, being established for the highest welfare of the governed, and their highest welfare not being attainable without a regard to the demands of their spiritual nature, must recognize some form of religion. In other words, "that the propagation of religious truth is one of the principal ends of government, as government." Macaulay proceeds to the refutation of this theory by comparing government to a piano-forte maker. At first sight this may appear plausible, and Mr. Gladstone exceedingly ridiculous in holding that every maker of pianos must be a baker of bread. The comparison loses its force, however, when we bear in mind that the whole welfare of man, with which, upon the theory of Mr. Gladstone, government has to do, includes necessarily his spiritual well-being, whilst piano-forte making does not the preparation of bread.

It is then objected that the questions concerning matters of religion are "questions respecting which there exists the widest diversity of opinions;" and, since men differ so widely upon the subject, there should be no religion. Adopting this principle as correct, let us see how it applies in other cases. There is a great diversity of opinion as to what diet a man should follow, for the attainment of the highest degree of health. Some recommend a hearty, some a frugal one; some advise three, some two, meals per diem; some consider the use of meats essential, others are of the vegetarian school. Here is a great difference of opinion, and, to obviate the difficulty, we should cease to eat. So with regard to our mental diet, there exists considerable diversity of opinion as to what books we should read. Those considered suitable by one may be most deleterious in the eyes of another; some prescribe a course in History, others a sprinkling of Romance. Inasmuch, then, as this vast difference of opinion exists, we must likewise cease to read. But the theory leads to still more disastrous results, and whilst it would pull down the pillars of the temple of Gladstone, it would bury its opponent in the ruins. There is a vast incongruity of sentiment as to what kind of government is the most stable; in what manner certain laws should be enforced; upon what principles agriculture, commerce and manufactures should be regulated, &c., &c., and therefore *we should have no government*, not even of the household, for the children might disagree as to what mode of punishment would be most agreeable to all parties concerned.

We now come to the celebrated comparison of the "stage coach company." Having quoted from Gladstone, where he reasons that *government* should have applied to it a religion, Macaulay mispresents him as asserting that every *association*, every combination of human beings, should be treated likewise. A "stage coach company" differs widely from a government, and *it is only by omitting the vital distinction between them* that the least plausibility is given to the comparison. Upon the theory of Mr. Gladstone, as has been said in a previous connection, a government is established for the spiritual as well as temporal welfare of the governed; and the principles arising therefrom, however evident they may be, may, at the same time, be most inapplicable to a stage coach company, which is connected only with the pecuniary emolument of the members. It was incumbent upon the reviewer to refute this fundamental proposition of Mr. Gladstone, and, having succeeded in this, his dependent illustrations would have carried with them no insignificant degree of validity. This, however, has nowhere been attempted in the essay before us. Moreover, were "a stage coach company" to enter upon their vocation in some barbarous locality, where God was not worshipped, nor the truths of the Bible known, we should conceive it as their duty "to have their articles and their public worship." These latter being established by a higher tribunal, and one to which they would be amenable, at once precludes the necessity. The same remarks apply to his illustration from the "London and Birmingham Railway Company," and from "banks, insurance offices, dock companies, canal companies, hospitals, &c., &c."

The question is then propounded: "whether a government proposing to itself the propagation of religious truth, as one of its principal ends, is more likely to lead the people right than to lead them wrong?" We reply that it is more easy to devolve truth from error than from confusion. Better far to be led wrong by some religion than to remain without one; since, on the former hypothesis, the moral element of a community is awakened, and will ultimately be conducted in the right paths.

Macaulay then alludes to the subject of persecution, and endeavors to lead Mr. Gladstone into its vindication in the face of such a clear and explicit statement on the part of the latter as the following: "To solicit and persuade one another are privileges which belong to us all; and the wiser and better man is bound to advise the less wise and good; but he is not only not bound, he is not allowed, speaking generally, to coerce him. It is untrue, then, that the same considerations which bind the government to submit a religion to the free choice of the people, would therefore justify their enforcing its adoption." The definition of government itself, as accepted by Mr. Gladstone, precludes persecution. Seeking the welfare of the governed, it will use far milder means than "burning at the stake" those who repudiate its blessings. If Macaulay's assertion, that "nothing can be clearer than that if you punish at all, you ought to punish enough," has any significance in this connection, it means that you must not punish unless you kill —you must not reprove unless you subject to the guillotine;— theories the most remote from those of the reviewed. The punishment recommended by Mr. Gladstone we regard, on the other hand, as of the most suitable and profitable character. He advises that such "be denied the support of the government," "that they be frowned upon by an intelligent and Christian people, and be refused their support." Thus no physical injury is inflicted upon the unbeliever, and, whilst he is debarred the entrance upon public life, he is aware that the way will be opened before him the moment he accepts those terms which, elevating him in the minds of the people, are at the same time conducive to his own eternal welfare. The analogy drawn from the parental relation is perfect. A father would not burn his son to the stake if he disobeyed him, neither would he slay him for the first wrong act; yet, on the other hand, would he prefer to confer his favors upon the child that obeyed his commands and exercised toward him a true and filial affection, rather than upon the truant and disobedient of his household.

In the remarks upon India, Macaulay carries the opinions of his opponent to the most unwarranted extremes. From the fact that Mr. Gladstone does not advocate the immediate enforcement of the Christian religion, which he finds an impossibility, he is represented as opposing its introduction upon any conditions or any terms. As well might you deny the good intentions of him who wishes to confer a favor upon a friend, but refuses to break open his house by night to do so. Mr. Gladstone most clearly saw that "it would be absurd to attempt to bring home to the door of every subject in India at once the ministrations of a new and totally unknown religion," and, therefore he preferred to linger until the darkness of Pagan night should have passed away and the dawn of brighter days appear, when India would open wide her doors to receive the gospel message. In pursuing this conservative and liberal policy, he is none the less zealous in his efforts; whilst to his zeal and paramount desire for the propagation of the true religion are added the wisdom and discretion of the diplomatist.

We now pass to the concluding pages of the review, where we are introduced to the theory proposed to be erected upon the ruins of Mr. Gladstone's, in the following words: "We consider the primary end of government as a purely temporal end—the protection of the persons and property of men." He thus strips the idea of government of its moral element, upon the incorporation of which his opponent most strenuously insists. That government should seek the highest welfare of the governed both admit. The difference between the opposing theories reduces itself to this. Men, the subjects of government, and whose highest weal it seeks, are regarded by Mr. Gladstone as moral and responsible agents; as beings whose spiritual and eternal are their highest interests, and such as must, in nowise, be overlooked by the government under which they are placed. By Macaulay they are regarded, as far as their relation to the State is concerned, as beings without a soul, or possessed of one whose interests are relatively infinitesimal in comparison with their temporal welfare:—a theory which to us seems most repulsive, and, in no regard, an improvement upon that advanced by the former. In passing we would not fail to give the reviewer the credit of receding in a measure from the position assumed in the above extract. He afterward very generously informs us that if, in the midst of manifold other and *more important* duties, the government can devote a portion of its time to the advancement of education among its subjects, he will have no objection to its mingling a little religion therewith.

II. Having directed the attention of our readers to some of the more prominent points at issue in the argument before us, we propose, in the second place, to state briefly the conclusions at which, upon a careful perusal of the respective merits and demerits of the opposing theories, we have arrived. The course which we have been led to pursue is a mean between the two extremes represented respectively by Mr. Gladstone and Lord Macaulay. We cannot, with the former, adopt the abstract principle that a government should have a religion of some form or other, whether Christian, Mohammedan or Pagan; neither can we, with the latter, admit that man, in his collective capacity, and religion, are entirely separate and distinct ideas.

We view the question before us as Christians; as firm believers in the doctrine that "Blessed is that nation whose God is the Lord." And, although we would not rest our creed upon the abstract principle of Mr. Gladstone, still we believe that the time has come when the religion of the humble Nazarene *should assert itself in our national and governmental acts.* Whilst we repudiate the doctrine of the control of the Church over the State, on the one hand, and that of the State over the Church, on the other, we hold that the two imposing powers, man in his social, and man in his moral, capacity, are to go hand in hand in the great work of human progress. Instead of struggling for sole jurisdiction, the one over the other, we maintain that, under a perfect form of government, the Church and the State are mutually "to lighten each other's burdens." The State is to render assistance to the Church by laboring for its advancement and extension; whilst the Church, by inculcating principles of rectitude and piety in the hearts of the people, and thus rendering them peaceable and loyal citizens, offers the highest and most indispensable assistance to the State.

They are not two opposing powers, between which a barrier is to be erected to restrain them from continued conflict, but essential complements, the one of the other; two great sources of human power, the streams that emanate from which are to unite their waters and flow calmly and harmoniously on.

Such being the position we assume, the respective duties which they owe to one another are clear and distinct.

Those of the Church toward the State, as we have said above, in making better citizens; in inculcating obedience to "the powers that be," as well as respect for those "whom God hath appointed to rule over them." In fine, in elevating more and more the moral tone of the community, and thus causing them to inherit that promise of exaltation which righteousness imparts to a nation.

The duties of the State toward the Church may be distinguished into three classes.

1. The recognition of the God of nations as He, from whom alone it receives its authority, and, at the same time, a firm determination to promote the great and paramount interests of

Christianity. Whilst abstaining from the enforcement of particular forms, concerning which all Christians are at variance, it is the duty of the State to take active measures in regard to those objects upon which Protestant Christianity is agreed. Such is the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath; *such, the evangelization of those parts of the land where the Church may not hitherto have posessed the adequate means separately to sustain itself;* and such, the desire to have the Word of God the text-book, so to speak, of the nation—the basis of national education. A regard to the thousands of a State's best citizens, who are daily offering their supplications to a throne of Heavenly Grace for the consummation of these important ends, requires its cöoperation.

2. It is the duty of the State to suppress whatever tends to subvert the power or influence of the Church, whether as respects matters (1.) of opinion, or (2.) of practice.

(1.) Freedom of speech and of the press is a priceless heritage, purchased by the blood of our fathers, but when that freedom is used as a cloak, under which the silent thrusts of a timid and secret foe are offered to our religion, the welfare of the people requires that it should be restrained.

(2.) In like manner, there are customs and practices which, from a lax state of morals, creep into, and at length become prevalent in a community.

Such is the system of society now existing in the territory of Utah in our own Republic. Such, too, are blasphemy, an unlimited indulgence in the use of intoxicating liquors, and many other crimes, of which propriety forbids the mention in these pages. Whilst the State, in such instances as the above, is exercising its restrictive power in obedience to the demands of the Church, it is, at the same time, promoting its own best interests and advancing its own highest welfare.

3. Finally, the laws of the State should recommend to office and to the suffrages of the people, not only able, but able *and*

pious men. Men who, to their talents and statesmanship, add the nobler qualities of the heart, and who possess, if not an ardent devotion, at least, a respect for religion and religious things.

By this we would not be understood to maintain that members of Evangelical Churches alone should hold the reins of government. We would not shut our eyes to the fact that that there have been in all ages and times many of the most illustrious men—the intellectual bulwarks of the circle in which they moved—who have made no public profession of their faith. We should be recreant to the memory of many of the most disinterested patriots and statesmen of our own Republic, were we to overlook this truth; and the nation that repudiates the services of such as these, proves faithless to its trusts. At the same time we are confident that that which gave to them their power was the abiding conviction in the hearts of the people that they, too, were good and honest men. Had the private character of a Webster or a Clay, for example, been familiar to the audiences they addressed, those words which made the blood run cold, which stirred their hearers to action, would have lost their magic power and have fallen like seed by the wayside, never to bring forth fruit.

We conclude, then, that it is the duty of the State to labor for the political promotion of its professedly moral men—men who with the people sustain the reputation of unflinching adherence to the principles of rectitude and truth.

Avowed atheistical or infidel tendencies are, upon our theory, an adequate disqualification to political preferment. We assume this position from the conviction of the solemn responsibility which rests upon those who are appointed of God to rule over us and make our laws. Our interests and welfare are, in a great measure, in their hands. They are moulding the character of our political, social and religious systems and institutions, and the impress which they stamp upon them can never be effaced. And to them the lower and inferior classes look for an example, which, be it praiseworthy or reprehensible, will remain the index of the character of the millions of national imitators. Upon such grounds as these, we unhesitatingly pronounce it the imperative duty of the State, one which it owes no less to itself than to the Church, to recommend to the favor of the people those who, at all times and upon all occasions, will adhere to the immutable principles of right—who, in short, "add to their [political] faith, virtue."

In conclusion, we would remind our readers of the individual responsibility which rests upon them in the solution of this great problem. The theory we have advanced belongs especially to our own Republic, and to the age in which we live. A century ago it would, perhaps, have been impracticable. In many nations of the Eastern Continent, we have reason to fear that it is so at the present day. But we are convinced that He "who holds in his hands the destinies of nations" will eventually pave for them the way of its application. As Americans; as members of a commonwealth, whose corner-stone rests upon the immutable foundation of the prayers of our pious ancestors, we believe that the way is already opened before us; and that upon ourselves devolves the solemn responsibility of proclaiming by our actions to the world, that the Church and the State are no longer two conflicting and opposing powers, but essential counterparts, the one of the other, in the promotion of human weal, and the dissemination of justice and of truth amid the nations of the earth.

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CHRISTIAN FORTITUDE.

When wrestling in the furnace hot,
Should dire affliction be our lot,
One thing must never be forgot,
'Tis Christian fortitude.

Our souls are clouded and depressed,
Our bodies sore by grief oppressed,
One thing will lead to peace and rest,
'Tis Christian fortitude.

Should worldly ills beset our path,
And shake the pillar of our faith,
A sure defence the sufferer hath,
In Christian fortitude.

Should e'er Jehovah hide his face,
And seem to stop the fount of grace,
One thing will he return to bless,
'Tis Christian fortitude.

He'll turn our darknsss into light,
And shield us by His power and might,
If we press on to gain the fight,
In Christian fortitude.

And when the battle's fought and won,
We'll praise Him in our heavenly home,
Preserved as trophies round His throne,
Of Christian fortitude.

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NATIONAL DEBT.

It has always been the custom of nations to vary their policy, acccording to circumstances. Very often, the measures which are considered both right and necessary in great emergencies, cannot be justified in the ordinary state of affairs. Such a course has been adopted by our own government. Finding the ordinary revenues insufficient for sustaining our cause in the present war, the authorities at Washington have issued national bonds for large amounts. A present strength is thus obtained which it would be impossible to supply by the ordinary method of taxation. Yet the interest and principal of this debt must be paid hereafter, by taxation which will continue many years after the great rebellion has become a "tale of my grandfather," working out its effects, both for evil and good.

Men are always ready to object to extraordinary measures, and to point out their evil results; in fact, this occurs even in the advance movements of civilization. Accordingly the attack on the national debt, and on the administration which is responsible for it, is already begun. It becomes necessary, therefore, to consider whether there are not advantages which may be set over against the acknowledged, though exaggerated, evils of heavy taxation. We think it can be shown that national debt will become a source of national strength, and an element of national progress in the United States.

The American people had greatly degenerated, in some respects, when the present war began. It is true that many of these deficiencies have since been removed; yet, if the circumstances of the case were not changed, the return of peace would bring us quickly back to our former condition. The people had lost their first interest in national affairs. In their prosperity and liberty they had almost forgotten their responsibilities as citizens. Political privileges and duties came to be lightly valued. The lower classes of the population were under the control of demagogues, and many others were ruled by hereditary prejudices. Partly on account of these things and partly from a false pride, men of talents, cultivation, and high social worth, disdained to enter the political arena. In such a state of affairs, it could only happen that the offices in the gift of the people should be bestowed on men of corrupt principles—who knew no moral degradation in seeking a lucrative end—without education or social responsibility. But now, a new influence is brought to bear. The taxes, which were before a mere bagatelle, suddenly become a burden. Henceforth men will be compelled to think of their connection with a government, and forced to interest themselves in its administration. Moneyed men who have made investments in the national loans, will be doubly interested in sustaining the national credit. People of all classes will be led to think for themselves in regard to public affairs, and men of ability and worth will be sent to the chambers of legislation, in order that, if possible, the evil may be ameliorated. The outcrying extravagance and fraud in government expenditures will no longer be tolerated by the constituency; and thus one of the deepest disgraces of the United States will be removed.

In this connection, a single result of this call for economy merits our consideration. When our civil wars are ended, military discipline will have made us a nation of soldiers. Our immense armies will be unfitted for the peaceful pursuits of life, and everything will incline us to a foreign war, perhaps to reek out an old grudge against England. In such a mood we know of nothing to stand between the nations except their debts. It is said that the English people will never engage voluntarily in another war. This may be truth exaggerated, still it is truth. It is natural to suppose that the effect will be the same upon us; and in such a case it is not probable that either party will seek a pretext for opening the contest.

As we have seen, the subject of national debt must remain constantly before the public mind; and if we do not greatly err, projects for sinking it and for other and better methods of raising the necessary revenues, will become the absorbing political questions. Party spirit will vent itself here, and that sectional tendency who has so long characterized American politics will be, in some degree, lessened.

But, looking at the question from other positions we shall find other advantages. In obtaining the required revenue, it has already been necessary to impose duties on certain articles of importation. As labor is more expensive here than in other countries, such a protection is necessary to encourage home manufactures. So that, these duties on commerce will accomplish a double end, not only assisting in payment of revenues, but also stimulating home industry. Of course, as this second end is promoted, the original purpose will be proportionately hindered. Yet, when our manufactures are advanced to an equality with those of the most advanced nations, this, itself, will be a source of wealth, and one which may be traced directly to the national debt.

We find still another advantage growing out of our relations to other countries. Not only was America the freest country in the world; but it also was the least burdened by debt. Attracted by these inducements, the poor and oppressed of Europe crowded to our shores. We gloried in it, and we were right. The citizenship of the United States was a splendid gift to these afflicted ones. Yet when we consider it, we must conclude that the excess, to which it had been carried, was injurious to the nation. The immense vitality of American institutions has not proved sufficient to assimilate such an amount of external material. Hence, distinctions came to be drawn between Irishmen, Dutchmen, and Americans. We were becoming rather a vast aggregation of races, rather than a distinct people. Foreigners seemed to hold their nationality; to be with us, though not of us. Henceforth, this will be a land of civil freedom, but not free from taxation. Thus, the tide of immigration will be somewhat checked, and the assimilation, to continue the analogy, will be more perfectly performed.

Looking back at the ground over which we have passed, we find among the results of national debt, that it will check excessive immigration, that it will protect home industry, that a harmless subject for political discussion will be thrown before the people; that foreign war, inordinate extravagance, and government frauds will be restrained, and that a new interest in public affairs will be excited among the people. We may say further, the interest thus inspired will be toward the central government. The burdens will fall equally on all the States. It will serve as a constant reminder that above the the allegiance to State, there is a higher allegiance to the United States. It will counteract that fearful disease, secession. It will become a new bond of union for our shattered Republic. And, though demagogues may rant at it, and though statesmen call it a mortal disease, in the end it will prove a source of national strength—an element of national progress.

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A DREAM OF DUTY.

While leisurely reposing from the toils
That weigh so heavily on College life,
And drawing in the breath of idleness,
Strange troops of thought, and still more strangely joined,
Came marching in review before my mind.
I saw the trials of the Land I love,
Her struggles and endeavors to throw off
The accursed viper that with poisonous fang
Aims at the life-blood of our liberties.
I saw how first, with nobleness of mind,
We could but think it momentary madness;
That speedily the sober second thought
Would pacify and cool; with kindness then,
Entreaties too, and all consistent offers,
Did we at first treat with a serpent vile,
That meanwhile fed upon its ire
And armed itself for desperate endeavor.
But when vile treason was in full conceived,
And the first gun on Sumpter made it known
That in a portion of our native land
The monster called Secession had been born;

Throughout the whole grand North, "To arms!" was heard,
While fife and drum and the loud trumpet call,
And the determined look and measured tread
Of freemen—volunteers—told to the world
A story such as ne'er was heard before.
But as we see from every walk in life
Men coming to the classic halls of College—
So were my thoughts from themes as strange as these,
Transported to old Nassau's shady walks.
Then my mind ran on and visited in turn
The honored members of the Faculty,
And all the studies of the approaching term,
And many resolutions too were made,
To lose no moment of the precious time
Given for one's improvement.
And as in thought I sauntered down the path
Which leads one from the play-ground; lo! the woods
Which formerly were there had disappeared,
And in their stead I saw a battle-field;
The forces of my land were in array,
And stern resolve and consciousness of right
Banished all craven fear and spoke success.
McClellan and the other chiefs were there
Engaged in direful combat with the foe.
I saw the charge of infantry, and then
A peal of musketry rose clear and loud ;
The artillery roared ; high unto heaven
Soared the dense cloud of smoke and dust,
As if to escape the sight of dying men ;
Truly 'twas terrible, and as I gazed,
I saw there mingling in the deadly fray,
Some in pursuit, some trampled o'er by friends,
Those I had known and played with years before,
No longer boys, but men! God bless the band!
Come life, come death, they're fighting for their land.
Strong impulse bade me go and join the host,
But as I looked a long farewell to College,
Where hopes of future usefulness were centred,
And then turned off to go—'twas but a step

Unto the battle-field, my course was checked,
And lo! an angel's voice said with command:
"This is not all of time—a future comes,
When the necessity will be as great;
Go to the Halls of Learning,—when there, work;
Lose not an instant, but possess yourself
Of all her stores; and then in the due time,
With mind well stored, by wisdom duly dressed,
With God's approval, you'll serve your country best." L.

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CHARACTER.

"Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."
IDYLLS OF THE KING.

The formation of character where there is thought is an inevitable necessity. No one can live and exercise the faculties of his mind without producing thought, and thought in the aggregate makes what we call character. There is a wide distinction, however, to be observed between character and reputation; the one is a reality, the other a semblance, the one is what we truly are, the other what we seem to be. "As a man thinks in his heart so is he," whatever may be his social condition, or whatever the relation he may hold towards his fellow men, be he sovereign, or subject, it matters not. He may possess, with their most aristocratic belongings, the "Blood, Breeding, Brains and Bullion" of society, and yet be at heart the greatest rascal in the nation. Character lies back of all the external accidents of life, and has an existence as separate and distinct from them as that of the soul from the body. Reputation is the estimate men make of us, and may be immeasurably at variance with the truth,

"Meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

Reputation is for time, character is for eternity; the one is changeable, the other immutable, and exerts an influence which is measureless and eternal.

We purpose in this essay to advance no new or strikingly original theory, nor do we aim at any philosophical profundity upon a subject which has engaged the intellects and the pens of some of the greatest and most earnest thinkers of the age. But if we can succeed in an exposition of some of the means by which the formation of sound character should be attained, and in showing forth some of the traits which result from symmetrical training, and are in themselves evidence of a proportionate and disciplined character, our object will be accomplished.

We consider first, then, some of the principles and laws which should govern us in the use of our faculties for the formation of character. And here we maintain that to build up a good character requires system combined with efforts. It is not a spontaneous growth but a cultivated result, and is the effect of a process of careful training. It is impossible for a human being to exist and not possess an individual character of some kind or other, and this will be precisely what he himself shall make it, "For man is man, and master of his fate." Even though he has never heard of the intellect and the heart, and is altogether ignorant of his origin, nature and destiny, yet from the time when he first began to think until the present moment he has been forming it day by day. But the building up of true character requires more than a mere passive existence. Strength of principle, love of right, and reverence for truth, are traits which come not of themselves to gladden humanity and make us better, but they are the grand results of long endeavor where fixedness of purpose is united with habitual aspiration after holiness. A garden left to itself will show a rank growth of noxious and unsightly vegetation, but cultivated and cared for, it will produce life-sustaining plants, or sweet smelling and beautiful flowers; thus it is with our character. System and effort then as they are the grand secrets of success in every undertaking of this uncertain and perplexing life, are in this special application not only invaluable aids, but are absolute requisites to high success. Every great triumph of the spiritual over the material is achieved only by patient and painful toil. Faith struggles and death loses its sting and the grave its victory. It is only when the "great tribulations" have been passed, that the innumerable multitude of conquerors are in their white robes, at rest, by the living fountains. The gradual restoration of our human family from the pitiful depths of sin into which it plunged with such rapidity after the lamentable fall, has been but one long struggle. This imperial manhood of the race is the priceless product of immeasurable sacrifice, suffering and toil. We read in geology that rocks are formed by layers of sand being placed one upon another, and these by mechanical action become hardened into durable stone. Character is stratified thought, every action of the mind adds another atom to the collected result, and that in turn being followed by another, day by day as the mechanical process goes on each new atom is hardened and assimilated into the unchanging nature of its fellows; thus every day's thoughts make a new layer of atoms, not one idea is ever lost, but remains forever with an influence as imperishable as the spirit which gave it birth. Thought is eternal, and the Lethean waters exist but in the classic fable—

> "The deeds we do, the words we say—
> Into still air they seem to fleet;
> We count them ever past—
> But they shall last—
> In the dread judgment they
> And we shall meet."

Since then thought is such an important element in the making of characters, it is evident if we wish it to exert a high formative influence, we must systemize and control it with unceasing vigilance; thus governed it is regulative and fixed in its influence; but if subjected to no positive direction, and permitted to guide itself wherever the inclinations may prompt, it tends to destroy stability and self-control, and make us like a weather vane, ready to be turned just as the veering impulses and passions may blow us.

The gift of thought is universal; a human being without the ability to think is an impossibility, for the existence of a spirit implies the attributes of spiritual life, just as the existence of a body implies form, and with the universal possession of thought comes the universal obligation to regulate and control it for the formation of character. Its application to all matters of practical life should be considered a duty. We should subject every word and every deed to the inward judgment, and the conscientious approval of our spiritual natures before it comes out in our external life. As our thoughts tend to things good or evil, in just that proportion will they elevate or deprave our characters. Lord Bacon,—and he is sustained by many eminent philosophers,—asserts that no thought to which the mind gives birth is ever entirely lost, but that there always remains a "latent mental representation" of it in the mind, which needs only some subsequent experience or association to call it into remembrance, and present it again in almost its original vividness to the understanding. Thus the habits of thought which we permit our minds to acquire, have not only a present influence, but the thoughts themselves remain forever shut up in some secret drawer of the brain, to which in the future a jarring experience will touch the spring, and they will pour forth at the bidding of memory, to renew upon our character their influence either for good or evil. The truthfulness of this assertion has often been verified by the testimony of persons who were saved from sudden death. They assert that during the moment succeeding their apprehension of their danger, and until their safety was assured, that in this brief second of time the accumulated thoughts of all their past lives would come thronging into their minds with a thrilling distinctness. Here then is evident the importance of cultivating habits of elevated thought; for not only do they work for our present good, but their after influence upon our lives, through the medium of memory, is thus made doubly happy. But thought in itself is a mere abstraction, and unless accompanied by an act of the imagination and affection, has no positive, practical power. The imagination is instrumental in realizing thought, and presents it to the affections as a possible reality; while the affections, by an act of choice, make it a part of ourselves, and give it power and permanence in our character. And as a man's ability for investigating the truth or falsity of a principle, and the privilege which he has of accepting or rejecting an opinion, make him responsible for his principles and opinions, so his ability to control the imagination makes him morally responsible for the influence which it has in the formation of character. Properly controlled by reason and religion, the ideal world is a place for exalted enjoyment; a sort of mental Elysium through which Hope leads the enchanted spirit, and where amidst charmed music and beautiful flowers, it forgets, for a season of exquisite trance, the throbbing pains and the bitter struggles which sometimes make life weary, and the hour of its release one of triumph and gladness.

But dusty and tough as are the every day realities of life, and sweet and captivating as are the pleasure of the imagination, its lurking beguilements are full of danger, and we must watch with ceaseless vigilance lest we are entangled in their silken embrace, and the strong muscles of manhood bound down as with bands of steel. It must not be permitted to tamper with, and distort the thoughts which it is to convey to the affections, for the images which it habitually presents, imperceptibly grow into favor, and the feelings soon become assimilated to their good or evil tendency. And here we mention in the third place the parts taken by the affections in the formation of character. There must be an act of choice before anything becomes really ours, a thought before it has been presented to the affections, is for all practical influence powerless; but as soon as we love it or hate it, it is definitely fixed for good or evil upon our character. Hence the importance of training our affections to love truth and reject error, for what we love we rarely refuse, and what we hate we rarely long to possess.

Thought, Imagination and Affection harmoniously and properly exercised go to make up a true character; and nobility of soul, where it really exists, will invariably manifest itself in the external life. Language, manners and habits all show forth the spiritual man, the peculiar and distinguishing traits of a person are the exponents of his inner self; and in considering this second division of our theme, we mention, first, as one of the most valuable possessions of manhood, the trait of *Self-Control*,—the power to govern self, and keep under restraint the passions and impulses which often overrule the dictates of cooler and better judgments. Long discipline and continued effort will alone insure the attainment of this most inestimable trait; but its happy influence upon external life amply repays for any effort which the process of acquirement may render necessary. It often restrains when every other influence would be powerless, and prevents a word or a deed for which years of bitter and unavailing regret would never atone. It often maintains a successful opposition to temptations, which otherwise would be ungovernable and resistless. It gives a sound, regulative balance to thought and action, and often adds a dignity and tone to the physical deportment, which contribute in no mean measure to the charms of consistent manhood. Writers upon the character of Washington often refer to his admirable power of self-government. During the whole of his public career he never lost his temper. Always, in the presence of the most perilous possibilities, he maintained the same indescribable serenity ; the distress of defeat and the exultation of victory were alike powerless to destroy his invincible presence of mind.

We name, as a second trait worthy to be ranked among the exponents of superior manhood, that of *Stability*. There is no better evidence of the strength of a good character than the permanence of its good qualities. If they are simply the elegant suit of our spiritual body, to be used upon show occasions, and are carefully taken off when the incitement for display is absent, they are ours in a sense which is altogether unworthy and false. We resemble a professional blackleg, when dressed with gentlemanly taste and elegance; both are the same polished swindle, and a few moments handling of either is sufficient to render evident the tawdry deception. Our lovable qualities should be in us, and of us, and identical with us; our politeness should be the genuine courtesy of the heart, and our sympathy and benevolence should be catholic, generous and not "to be seen of men."

Still another trait, is the *Love of Duty*—this in its turn implies a desire to know what is duty, and this again necessitates a careful consideration and a conscientious discrimination as to matter of human doctrine and practice, and herein lies the secret of that high consistency between theory and practice, which is one of the rare and beautiful evidences of symmetrical development. When a certain course of conduct is once recognized and believed to be right, he in whose mind the love of duty is a living and regulative principle, will be loyal to his obligations, whatever may be the consequence; the convictions of conscience will exert an influence which public opinion will be powerless to annul. Independence in thought and action will rise above the sphere of human praise or blame. Truth will be the only standard of judgment, and its immutable laws the only guides of action, while this careful searching for truth, which the desire of it will prompt, will tend greatly to dissipate from the mind those errors in mental or moral philosophy, which a too liberal acceptation of the opinions and theories of others might beget. Much of the tendency to fanaticism and intellectual deformity would thus be overruled by the invigorating influence of personal and unbiased research, a comprehensiveness and liberality is given to thought, and a spirit of humanity induced, which is directly opposed to free-thinking with its train of kindred follies and absurdities.

We mention, as a fourth evidence of spiritual discipline, the trait of *Courage*, both physical and moral. The consciousness of right always gives a fearlessness and decision which in other circumstances could never be attained; when one feels that he is contending for the truth, he possesses a dignity of determination and a resoluteness of purpose, which nothing short of absolute triumph will satisfy. There is a sounding appropriate ness which harmonizes well with this grandeur of spirit in the beautiful lines of the poet—

> "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
> The eternal years of God are hers;
> But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
> And dies among his worshippers."

This unflinching devotion to the right, be it through good report or evil report, in spite of the dark threats or the "laughings to scorn" of the enemies of truth, is the result of high moral courage. No physical danger can extinguish it; no cowardly show of brute superiority can overcome it. The consciousness of vice is the unfailing accompaniment of cowardice. "Conscience," says Shakespere, "makes cowards of us all." The criminal will start at the prospect of dissolution, and his miserable spirit will draw back with terror from any exposure of his precious existence, even to save the life of a fellow being, if it by any means imperil his own. Such men live only for themselves, and are blind and deaf to any appeal from suffering humanity when it interferes with their own selfish interests, for such appeals are effective only when they are made to manliness, virtue and courage.

Let us make then the formation of character a goal and an aspiration. Let us labor to attain that high degree of excellence which makes us in truth a little lower than the angels, and heirs and joint heirs to the incorruptible inheritance. Nothing is so entirely and so unqualifiedly ours, as our character, and upon no one else does it exert such a measureless and eternal influence. Whatever then conduces to its goodness and purity promotes the highest interest of our being. Let us remember that we make it not for time, but for the great eternity, into which, through the clouds and sunshine of our allotted years, we are all so rapidly hastening; that we make it not for man, but for the great God who searcheth the hearts of the children of men, and let us remember, too, that we only can decide whether or not, in that solemn hereafter, "this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality."

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EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

When buoyant with hope in the morning of life,
We enter with zeal on its turmoil and strife,
Some comrade will often be found in our course,
Toward whom we are drawn with mysterious force.

We thrill with delight if in such we should find
A warm loving heart, speaking peace to our mind;
A link to our souls that shall draw them so near,
No semblance of coldness can ever appear.

Well may we rejoice if in youth we should make
These strong ties of friendship; they seldom will break,
Though long storms of trouble sweep over the soul,
And evils attend them beyond our control.

The memory will picture before us when old
The scenes of our youth, and its ardor grown cold
The heart will rekindle, and make to appear
The image of one whom we then hold so dear.

The reverie will furnish a source of delight
That joys of the present can never excite;
The spirit urged upward and outward from sense,
Will wander awhile far from present events.

Then something will come that will break off the spell;
The mind will refuse any longer to dwell
On scenes of the past that are glim'ring and gone,
While so much before it still waits to be done.

Though pleasant our duties and ably fulfilled,
These feelings within us refuse to be stilled;
The friends of our youth will be sought by us yet,
The scenes of our youth we can never forget.

Then blest be our God who has given this feeling,
With power for pain, but with power for healing;
Thrice blest be our God if these bonds be so riven
To him, that at last they shall bind us in Heaven.

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INFLUENCE.

It needs no elaborate argument or admirably constructed chain of evidence to prove that there is an influence exercised by man toward his fellow-man. The evidences of its existence are too clear and ample to be gainsayed, and no one, who has studied human nature with any degree of thoughtful attention, can deny them without having adequate grounds for fear that the seeds of error have already been sown in his heart. Notwithstanding this overwhelming force of proof, when we attempt to scrutinize the actions of men, have we not frequently abundant evidence that they do not practically apply this principle in their daily lives? Strange as it may seem, it is a notorious fact that in this, as in numerous other instances, ideas, preposterous in themselves, and confessed to be such, are, for some reason or other, made the rule of action. To account for the existence of this strange phenomenon is beyond our power. Like many other facts in the world of matter and thought, we can only state its existence, without giving with any degree of certainty the why or wherefere. We conjecture that it may possibly arise from an imperfect knowledge of the degree of the power in question, or from that carelessness which is so apt to dethrone reason in our hearts, and thus prove our woe—our bane. Surely, could the finite mind once comprehend in all its fullness and completeness the terrible responsibility which is thus imposed upon man, it would shudder at its own senseless stupidity. It is of serious moment, then, that every one should know and judge for himself in this matter. To aid in the accomplishment of this end, we propose to consider—*first*, some evidences of its existence; and *secondly*, intimate some of its more particular features, together with some means by which it may be directed in the proper channel, and tend to promote the ends for which it was designed.

Out of the thousand and one evidences which are near at hand, we have thought best to select two, which appear to be at once the most patent and forcible, and which we will briefly state. We can appeal both to our consciousness, and to our actual experience, as witnesses of the truth of what we assert. Who is not conscious of a something in himself and his neighbor so subtilely connected as to be possessed of a force constantly acting and reacting? Whose heart does not swell with honest pride at the thought that he holds his fellow in a mysterious thrall, and that he is able to mould him at his will, like clay in the hands of the potter? Is not this the very object of ambition, and, when attained, the very acme of its happiness? From what we know of the constitution of the human mind, this very principle is implied, and we cannot conceive of a rational being without influence. Since man has been fashioned after the image and likeness of his Creator, we naturally infer that he is endowed with those qualities of mind and heart which constituted the essential nature of the Eternal Spirit. His nature is therefore a social one, and every one feels that he is not complete in his own happiness, and endeavors to supply the deficiency in that of another Hence this principle is the basis upon which the whole grand superstructure of the social system is reared. Our highest conception of society is of members bound together in a common interest—that of promoting their best happiness. Were we to go no further, this evidence of itself would be sufficient, but our belief is still more strengthened and confirmed by our daily experience. In studying the book of nature, we perceive the same law operating in the material universe as in the moral dominion. Every atom of matter is so constituted that it acts upon every other atom either inversely or otherwise. The whole of the material universe, from the tiny blade of grass at our feet, to the most distant star in the beautiful firmament above us, is under this influence. Every part of the machinery of the world is adjusted with the most scrupulous nicety, and has its own specific part to perform. Is it not reasonable to suppose the same arrangement to exist in the world of thought? Besides, one of the most striking illustrations of the workings of this law is found in the relation existing between parent and child. The child is introduced into the world perfectly helpless and dependent upon its parent to provide for it the means of developing those innate and potentially existing faculties of mind and heart with which it has been endowed. It is hardly conscious of its own existence, and excites pity for its weakness. As its physical nature is nourished and developed by the wholesome food provided by maternal care, so its mental capacities are enlarged and invigorated by the simple instructions of a gentle and loving parent. Soon the well-put query, and the ray of intelligence beaming from the countenance all radiant with the bliss of newly acquired knowledge, discovers to the mind of the delighted parent the operation of this secret but wonder-working power. Nor is it altogether on one side; for many a parent has learned from the innocent prattle of childhood lessons of wisdom never to be forgotten. Thousands of like instances might be adduced; but, as its operation is nearly the same in all cases, we pass on to the discussion of our second head.

Of its character we must necessarily know but little, since it has to do with the spiritual part of our being. It is therefore spiritual in its own nature, comprehended by the Divine Mind, and to be revealed to mortals only in the light of eternity. We may conceive it to be that subtile medium over which the electric current passes, with its message from soul to soul, with lightning-like rapidity. It is more properly classed with those simple ideas, which reason is unable to define only so far as it can describe their effects. We can only assign to it certain qualities, which, upon examination, we perceive it to possess. A few of these we will mention. In the first place, we must conceive it to be constant and universal in its operation. It can never be confined to certain times, places, or individuals. It is the common possession of all humanity, and to a greater or less degree is acting at all times and in all places. If it is constant, we would naturally infer that it acts independently of the exercise of the human will; which is true. Had men the power of making their words and actions influential or otherwise, as they chose, how gladly would they avail themselves of it. But infinite wisdom has ordained that it should be otherwise, and no wish of ours can alter the inevitable decree. Its importance is immensely great, but some conception may be formed from the fact that it is the motive power of the wheel of fate, by whose mysterious rotation man is assigned his sphere of action, not only for the present life, but in an unending eternity. The youth, during the years of his childish innocence and dependence, may be said, in a certain sense, to be a passive recipient of instruction. A time comes when he must think and act for himself, and this is a crisis in which influence is brought prominently into view. It is this influence which will make his voyage in life prosperous, and bring it to a happy termination in the haven of the blest, or consign him and his frail bark, tempest-tossed and shipwrecked, to a grave in the ocean of eternal misery and despair. His immortal soul will either shine as a gem in the starry crown of the Eternal King, or be forever and hopelessly lost in the fires of implacable wrath. While man has no power wholly to stop the action of this influence, he can, by his choice for right or wrong, turn it to a good or bad account. Hence we will mention some means by which this object may be attained.

Since this influence proceeds from the heart, our first care should be to cleanse its fountain-head from all impurity. By this we do not mean that it should be made immaculate, for this state, although highly desirable, can never be attained by a creature of imperfection. Yet there are many evils which may be removed by constant effort, with divine help, and we are inexcusable if we allow the weeds of passion to spring up and choke out all the better feelings of our nature. The nourishment of the mind and spirit enters through the senses—the gateways of the human soul—and it behooves us to be very careful lest this aliment be tainted with the poison of skepticism and error. This can only be done by the exercise of punctilious veracity; by cherishing a sincere and fervent love for the truth, and that alone; and by the assumption of humility, candor, and earnestness, in our search for it. Another thing is also to be noticed. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and if it be evil, our influence will not be beneficial. Another important means then is to institute an unceasing watch over our affections and passions, by which we communicate this influence to others. They should not usurp the throne of reason, but, curbed with the reins of prudence and common sense, should be raised from the condition of sensual qualities, to a standard compatible with the high dignity of a rational and immortal nature.

We have thus considered this wonderful power, as to its evidences, and essential nature. We have seen it to be one of the most valuable gifts with which man has been endowed by his Creator; and yet, one with which he seems to be the least acquainted. Is it, then, worthy of the "noblest work of God" to be thus blind to and neglectful of his own capacities? Shall he, narrow-minded, absorb the whole world in his own little self, or shall he share the noble magnanimity of the man, who, in his sympathetic mind, exults in all the good of all mankind? This is fame truly glorious, and well worthy of the most laborious efforts to attain to. Especially at such a time as the present, are men needed, who can bravely buffet the surging waves of popular opinion, fearless of danger; men who, while most men's hearts quail within them, can stand unawed; men, whose

> "Judgment like the heavenly moon doth show,
> Tempering that mighty sea below,"

and who shall stand forth to all coming generations a perfect type of true manhood. Thus, and thus only, can one be proved the benefactor of his race, and completely fulfill the noble end of his existence.

OUR NATIONAL RELIGION.

Governments have from the nature of things always been an attendant upon the existence of communities of men. Varied as have been their characters and capabilities for answering the end proposed, they have served to show that the idea of the necessity of a controlling power is innate and recognized. Man's natural inference from his feelings on this subject, has been the necessity of an all-powerful something to pervade and govern the universe. Hence everywhere religion, or, in other words, some mode of worship has been, and is found, for the idea of the regulative power, chance, is a refinement which was reserved for the enlightened and civilized men of our day. Founded in the heart of man, the religious principle is of course interwoven into all his motives and actions, and hence an intimate connection between the affairs of Church and State has always been found to exist. Experiments innumerable have been made to the practicability of combining the two, or of allowing them to exist separately—relative to the utility of religion at all in the State, and to the influences of various forms of belief, and from them all the conclusion forced upon even the most unwilling observer, is that sterling fact, that no nation can long maintain its integrity unless based upon the conservative principles of Christianity. A nation's hope is its code of morality, and religious belief and experience have demonstrated that Christianity alone furnishes a firm foundation whereon to build a nation. This we fondly hope to be the rock upon which our national edifice has been reared, and from this fact we would hopefully augur a bright and enduring future.

And here we would notice that a proper and sharp distinction should be drawn between a national religion and a national church. We are apt to associate the two ideas and discountenance the former, on account of reasonable objections to the latter. A national *church* is an injury to our country, a door for persecution, a check on liberty of conscience; while a national *religion* is conservative, benevolent, tolerant.

A Government may establish a national church, and yet those who sit in high places have no more idea of religion or morality than had Henry VIII. Under its baleful influence bigotry will flourish, ridicule be brought upon sacred things, and the thermometer of individual piety and morality fall low in the scale.

What then is meant by a National Religion? It is one in which moral principles and great truths are recognized by the laws of the land. It consists with the utmost liberty of conscience, bridles no man's belief, is tolerant of differences of opinions, but invariable in the recognition of the great principles inculcated in Holy Writ, and firm in the tempering of justice and mercy. Its tendencies are soothing, elevating, beneficial; its result a happy, educated, good-hearted people, who love justice and truth for their own sakes, and submit freely, because intelligently, to the control of lawfully constituted authority.

The Pilgrims, when landing on our shores, brought with them Christianity, and though their code was severe, and their practice cruel, we have need to thank God for their unflinching integrity, unwavering faith and persevering labors in behalf of religion. Modified, modernized, humanized, as their sentiments and beliefs may now be, they still exist, and exert an influence for good. The "Fathers" may have been bigots, but had their principles not been so thoroughly inculcated while our Government was undergoing the formative process, it would never have been established on so firm a basis, that it is now hardly shaken in the storm which assails it, but is able to resist, with a promise of success, the combined attacks of fraud, treason, and armed sedition. That it was intended that a religious sentiment should pervade, both the judicial and legislative departments of our government, is shown clearly by the character of our ancestors, and the circumstances under which they left their native land. "Freedom to worship God" was the assigned cause of their self-expatriation, and this liberty was meant to be the corner-stone of their edifice in the new world. That Christianity was the form in which the principles of the settlers of this country were held, appears from the laws both of the General Government and of the States. The language of the Declaration of Independence implies a belief in the existence of God, and the adoption of the principles of revealed religion. The signers distinctly mention their trust in the rectitude of their motives, and in the assistance of the Supreme Being, and implored His protection. The laws of our States assume Christianity to be the legal religion, and in many of them an observance of the Sabbath is required. The religious feeling is universal in this land. True, our beliefs may be diverse, and many of them incorrect, crude and undeveloped, yet still we all recognize the utility, the necessity of some religion, and by precept and practice proclaim our reliance upon Christianity for our nation's support.

Many, and to some extent plausible, objections have been brought forward by the opponents of a national religion. It is argued that civil government is only intended to regulate the temporal affairs of the country, and that its spiritual interests constitute an entirely distinct province. To this we answer, that the general object of government is undoubtedly intended to be regulative and administrative; but as the highest aim of society should unquestionably be, to promote the moral and social condition of its members, the government, which is the representative of society, should bend its energies in that direction. In doing so, it may certainly avail itself of the best means to the end desired. Now what is the best plan which it can adopt? All history, all experience distinctly answers, a recognition and enforcement of the general principles of morality and religion. Not an interference with abstract theories of belief or individual preferences, but a general moral supervision. No one will, we think, be disposed to deny this.

Admitting the force of these remarks, the opponents then argue, that while the recognition of general principles may be advantageous, the recognition of Christianity interferes with many in the enjoyment of their religious opinions, and that the Constitution guarantees to every man the right to worship God as he pleases. The fact, however, of a Government granting religious toleration, does not preclude it from recognizing that system of religion which is embraced by the majority of its citizens as the true one. Mormonism, Judaism, and like creeds, are held but by few, and one of the first principles of a Republic is submission to the will of the majority, as well in ecclesiastical as in civil matters. If then, as in this country, nominal Christians are in the preponderance, Christianity is of right entitled to be the National Religion, and individual preferences must yield to the public demand. That we have not misrepresented public opinion in this matter, is proved by our life and social condition. The introduction of the Bible and its doctrines into any country is followed by invariable well-known results, and these are distinctly marked in America. No where else are the benefits of education more widely diffused, the minds of the people more enlightened, or the masses better qualified and practically able to provide abundantly for themselves. The inhabitants of this, as of other "Bible Lands," are proverbially free, happy, intelligent and prosperous.

Woman, too, here finds her true level. In the twelfth century her enfranchisement commenced, and since then, in our own and similarly blessed lands, woman, recognized in the Middle Ages by the State under the degrading title of the weaker vessel (*vas infirmior*), and cursed in the eleventh century by the church, has proven herself the equal of man—equal as a whole, compensating for lack of energy and strength by superior devotedness, patient endurance and love. Truly to Christianity she owes her position, her very life. So also does our nation. Christianity is its life. Let patriots remember this, and while clamoring for our Constitution not forget our National Religion, remembering that the former is valueless, unless based on and supported by the latter. H.

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ALL THINGS MUST PASS AWAY.

The earth—how grand and picturesque!
  Her valleys and her hills,
Her glittering emerald lakes at rest,
  Her ever murmuring rills,
Her wide and fertile plains in view,
  How gracefully they lie!
Yet all these charms, now fresh and new,
  Must pass away and die.

Though mountains raise their lofty heads
  To the etherial sky,
And valleys in their shady beds
  Repose so tranquilly;
Though restless oceans fiercely roll
  Their argent waves on high,
And span the earth from pole to pole,
  Yet all must sink and die.

The sun—although he now doth stand
  The stately king of light;
With moon and stars—'neath his command,
  To rule and govern night;
Yet he is also doomed to fall
  Down from his throne on high,
And be enveloped in the pall,
  Like all ordained to die.

Not only nature's beauteous face,
  Whose smiles are ever dear
To us, but every comely grace
  Shall fade and disappear;
Yea, e'en th' uncompromising laws
  By which she now is ruled,
Shall all by Him—their great first Cause—
  Be abolished or repealed.

Whatever be the form or time,
  Or the essential part,
Of high degree or rank sublime,
  Be durance long or short;
All things beholden, fleeting are,
  And prone to pass away,
The mark they on their foreheads bear
  Of instability.

NEMO.

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HUMAN AND BRUTE INTELLIGENCE.

In pointing out the most characteristic difference between the rational endowments of the human mind and those of the inferior order of animals, we cannot claim that the latter are governed solely by instinct, in distinction from reason, which is the characteristic of man. For while certain brute actions are prompted by instinct, others we cannot explain, allowing this the exclusive sway. For, according to the accepted definition of instinct, on the supposition that these lower orders possess no reason, we must deny their capacity of receiving instruction, of profiting by experience, and of acting for the attainment of a desired end. But the simple fact that a horse has been taught to obey the rein, and that he uses means for the supply of his wants, proclaims the folly of such an hypothesis, by revealing its "insufficiency to account for the phenomena." And, moreover, the same animal, being accustomed to turn a certain corner daily, will soon do so independently of the command of his driver. That is, from the same repeated expression of the will of his master, he infers a sameness in the will upon every recurrence of similar circumstances. In other words, from a general fact, he deduces an inference; which act, according to the accepted definition of the word, is an act of reason. Where, then, shall we draw the line of demarkation between the two intelligences? Facts, we think, will indicate that in the lower orders, instinct is the main guide of action, and that which impels them to seek the necessaries of existence, while in the higher orders a small degree of reason modifies and guides its dictates. In man however, the facts stand reversed. Reason is the principal ingredient, while instinct exercises but feeble influence. He does little instructively, and his knowledge is limited by his rational acquirements.

But, perhaps, the most characteristic difference between the two orders is, that the lower is deprived of the power of invention, and its immediate consequents, self-improvement and advancement. Thus, the Prairie Dog exhibits a sagacity truly surprising, not only in the building of his hut, or the formation of his society, but in what may seem a miniature system of politics; but we have nothing to show that his primitive ancestors did not possess as much knowledge of the science of government as the present patriarchs of the tribe. So, the artifice of many animals may seem to be very elaborate and skillful, yet we have every reason to believe that the first representative of each species wrought with as much perfection and skill. But with man it is different. The rude shelter and the supplies of nature may have once been sufficient for his every want; but with an inventive genius, and an inward call to advance, he has left his ancient landmarks, and by the aid of civilization, the germs of which are within his own brain, has progressed to a nobler stage of existence. In the first case, instinct may suggest, and reason modify and suit that suggestion to the mere wants of the animal; but, in the other, reason offers the suggestion, and invention not only supplies the want, but, by making man acquainted with a more extensive scope of knowledge, brings him nearer to his Creator. The interdict of God, "thus far shalt thou go," seems to have been placed upon brutes alone; while man is not only left to free advancement, but is aided thereto by faculties unknown to inferior beings. But, although degrees of reason are possessed both by men and brutes, there is still a vast difference as to the mere amount of their rational endowments. As the ingenuity displayed by the beaver in building his dam is almost infinite when compared with that of the snail dragging out his sluggish existence; so the reason displayed by man, both in the supply of his wants, and in his steady advancement to new regions of thought and fields of action, is incomparably above that exercised by the most rational of animals, even in their most ingenious actions.

We have intimated that the brute creation often attain to a certain degree of knowledge, drawn from actual experience, and brought into exercise by actual necessity; but we cannot thence assume that they have intuitive perception of truth. It is often argued that "the comb of the honey bee, being found, by the application of the calculus, to solve practically the problem of the maximum of content combined with the minimum of material, prove an intuitive perception of the mathematical properties of lines, spaces and contents." But did the bee have this perception which such a formation of his comb would seem to indicate, we might expect to see this element of his nature developed and applied to other things, if not to a more perfect supply of his wants. But such is not the case. His comb is formed at first in perfection, and consequently, during the long period this species has existed, no improvement has been added, nor has he applied this wonderful intuition to any other work. This would indicate that the perception of the truth is not in the insect, but in the Creator, who guides its every action, who endows it with instinct, through the promptings of which it acts for its own highest good, but without knowing the principle upon which the action depends. Were it otherwise, and did we allow the bee this intuitive perception, we could with as much justice cede to all brutes an intuitive knowledge of physiological laws, because they procure and eat the food that sustains them. But there is no need of such a supposition. The little child, long before his reason has enabled him to infer effect from cause, derives its nourishment and promotes its existence, by obeying certain innate impulses or instructive commands. The same is true with animals. Were it otherwise, we should have to grant them an intuitive knowledge, and a reasoning power for the application of that knowledge, superior to that which distinguishes man, and thus would twist the chain of being and subvert those "gradations just" which God has instituted.

But, perhaps the most humiliating circumstances connected with the endowment of brutes, is their want of a rudimentary, moral and æsthetic faculty. It is a debated point whether there is such a rudimentary faculty in man, or, in other words, whether his conscience is not an acquirement. But granting that his conscience is innate, we can yet discern a marked difference in the causes of action in the two orders. Thus, a child may be taught to distinguish between right and wrong, and to regulate its conduct by its moral obligations. Did the brute possess this power of discrimination between right and wrong, we should expect to see him show his approval of some actions and rejection of others, merely on the ground of their moral characters. They have indeed been taught to engage in one thing and to avoid another; to accept even of the good, and to refuse the bad, but only in individual actions, and not because either good or bad. The hope of reward, the fear of punishment, or even attachment to an object may lead them to do certain things; but while they are prompted by these external and objective inducements, they show no evidence of having that internal admonition which we regard as emanating only from a moral source. Thus the affection and fidelity of the dog can be accounted for, on the ground that all animals are attracted by kind treatment and repelled by harsh; but we cannot assume that in his attachment and fidelity, he is influenced by any moral consideration, or by anything higher than present external inducement.

The existence too, of a rudimentary, æsthetic faculty is often urged from the "song, and even articulate utterances of mocking bird." But these utterances can be accounted for on supposition of a mere imitative power; and the fact that the song of this bird is indiscriminately either melodious or discordant, would prove that he has not the taste for the beautiful in sound; while his uttering of articulate words and sentences which convey no meaning, with as much apparent delight as those which contain volumes of thought, tells plainly that his intellect never grasps them, and that they are the results of a mere instinctive imitation. We think, therefore, that there is tenable ground for believing that the song of every bird is merely an instinctive utterance, and is not the result of an exercise of taste. Thus, we conclude, that the robin perceives no more beauty in the delicate notes which gladden the grove, than the raven or the owl in the shrieks that pierce the noontide air, or render night hideous.

We then are compelled to make the most characteristic difference between the rational endowments of the human mind and that of the inferior orders of animals, to consist in the proportionate degree and function of reason. We must deny to the latter all intuitive perception of truth, and declare them to be destitute of a rudimentary, moral and æsthetic faculty.

Editor's Table.

—o—

Emerson has written that "our best thoughts are often spontaneous," and that "our most brilliant witticisms come without effort," they are often flashed off like the red-hot sparks from the blacksmith's hand, before even we ourselves can feel their hidden fire. The sentence upon which we spent most labor is sometimes the most common place, while our studied wit is seldom else than the poorest.

This truth no one can better appreciate than the toiling Editor of the Lit. His loftiest thoughts *will* seem labored, his most elaborate sentences somehow or other *won't* fit in, his most beautiful ideals dwindle into the tamest of verbal realities, while he discovers that what seemed to him to be in the rough a most glittering witticism, loses altogether its expected glitter, while he finds the point itself in the process of preparation has been entirely polished out of being.

He finds himself the most difficult of all to please, and knows that his own satisfaction will be no exponent of the sentiments of others. He has a profound regard for precedents, and feels therefore that it should be the burden of his introduction to picture himself and his study, not as they are, but as they are supposed to be. Quotations from celebrated authors, beautiful and appropriate in their original connection, must there be culled without reference to their practical bearing, and be neatly framed by well-fitting ties of his own composition. Nor must he neglect the indispensable puns, for the "Table," no matter how great its substantial merits, would be a "fizzle" without them.

The Freshmen will think them extemporaneous and splendid, whereas they require no inconsiderable labor, and if closely scrutinized are too honest to conceal it.

Many of our readers may be disappointed to learn that we have given no place for puns and editorial small talk. Consistency to the circumstances with which we are surrounded seems to demand that sobriety rather than humor should characterize our pages.

A plain record of facts which are of interest to us as students and classmates, will be all that will be attempted. Digressions, although universally indulged in here with a license for the violation of unity granted in no other connection, are not by any means universally successful. The Editor's Table too often presents the appearance of "confusion worse confounded."

To combine a collection of dissimilar and disconnected thoughts into a harmonious and readable whole, requires a display of genius possessed by but few; unless the mind can pass freely from thought to thought, and naturally from sentence to sentence, the intended vivacity and brilliancy of the composition must seem only abruptness and excess. To strive within the range of our own abilities, is a principle which finds in the literary world its truest and most appropriate exemplification.

Blessings brighten, and curses darken as they take their flight. We had almost thought in this practical and business-like nineteenth century of ours, that the wonderful old tales of martial prowess and chivalrous daring would always remain the same strange, wild romances of warlike days. But we are assured that when the smoke and din of this dark "Battle Autumn of Sixty-two" shall have passed, and when the nation once more shall be at peace, that the history of this war will reveal to the generations of the twentieth century, a record of civilized chivalry and Christian courage unequaled in the history of man.

If the Alumni of former years look back with feelings of such cherished interest upon their college course when it was characterized by no extraordinary incidents, those of us who will live to see our present political drama passed into history, will live to remember the present as a period of absorbing interest and peculiar trial. Who has not a friend who has "gone to the wars?" Noble "Sixty-three" has already sent some of her best and truest men. The path of duty voluntarily pursued is to high minded men a far sweeter task than any compulsory circumstances could render it, thus our very exemption from military duty gave an impulse to those who entered the ranks and sent them forth more cheerfully.

Twelve classmates have gone to perform upon the battle field the highest duties of citizenship, three of them have been for some time engaged in the war, two enlisted during our last vacation, and since the beginning of the present session seven more have been added to the list. They have gone, perhaps forever, *we* shall miss them only for the brief remainder of our College course, but they have joined the ranks of the hundred thousands whose homes will miss them for life. How often are the words of the poet Longfellow, realized in all their sad truthfulness throughout this mourning nation.;

> "There is no fireside, howe'er defended,
> But has one vacant chair!"

It seems well fitting here to refer to the revival of last session, whose influence has been so widely and deeply felt. In view of subsequent events, and especially our present condition, its extended and powerful influence, not only in our own midst, but in many of our sister colleges, seems to have been designed to prepare our land for sorrow and our young men for death. It strengthened a number of those who left us for the conflict, and prepared very many of those who remained, to better fulfill the solemn duties which belong to every Christian citizen in this trying hour.

We take pleasure in referring here to the satisfactory manner in which the exercises of the last Commencement passed off. The address of Rev. T. L. Cuyler gave universal satisfaction, and the orations of our Junior orators merited the high commendation they received, while the literary efforts of the graduating class fully equaled the general expectation.

We are happy to announce that the degree of D. D. has been conferred by the University of Indiana upon Rev. John L. Duffield, our Professor of Mathematics.

We must apologize for the issue of our present number, but although we come late, we hope the welcome will be none the less hearty.

SEPTEMBER EDITOR.

College Record.

PRINCETON STUDENTS IN THE FEDERAL ARMY.

Class of 1863.

Rowland Cox, Private, Anderson Cavalry.

Montgomery Hamilton, Private, Anderson Cavalry.

Henry Holden, Private, 27th New Jersey.

H. W. Jackson, 2d Lieut., (Acting Adjutant) 4th New Jersey.

Clay McCauley, Sergeant, 126th Penn.

Algernon Marcellus, Sergeant, 59th New York.

Edward S. Moffat, 1st Lieut., 9th New Jersey, acting on Signal Corps.

William E. Potter, 2d Lieut., 12th New Jersey.

Howard Reeder, 2d Lieut., (resigned) 1st Reg. Infantry, Adjutant 132d Penn.

Edward P. Stanfield, Adjutant, 43d Ind.

McLeod Thomson, Private, 27th New Jersey.

Henry M. Williams. 2d Lieut., 11th Ind. Battery.

John M. Williams, Private, Anderson Cavalry.

Class of 1864.

Isaac K. Casey, Captain, Staff of Gen. Sturges.

Richard B. Dilworth, Private, 124th Penn.

Class of 1865.

Thomas Humphreys, Private, Anderson Cavalry.

William F. Wood, Private, 127th New York.

The Nassau Literary Magazine,

Is published by an Editorial Committee of the Senior Class ot the College of New Jersey, every month, during term time. Each number will contain forty-eight pages of original matter. Connected with it are four prizes for the best original essays. None but subscribers are permitted to compete for this prize. The comparative merit of the pieces handed in for the prize will be decided by a Committee selected from the Faculty.

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EXCHANGES.—The following Exchanges have been received: Harvard Magazine for May and June; Yale Literary; Wabash Magazine; Williams' Quarterly; Advocate of Peace; The Printer; Hall's Journal of Health; Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society; Patent Office (Agricultural) Report.

THE

Nassau Literary Magazine.

ROBERT S. VAN CLEVE, EDITOR.

VOL. XXIII. OCTOBER, 1862. NO. 2.

ART IN POETRY.

Among the literary superficialities of the age, none, perhaps, are more pernicious than the dogmas of poetry. Our quarterly critics and unfledged authors—devotees alike to letters and indolence—have conceived the notion that poetry must be wholly born in the poet; and have so corrupted the orthodoxy of the expression of the Latin bard, as to render it almost totally invalid. They have metamorphosed it into the doctrine that poetry must spring from and be consummated in the innate genius of the poet.

This unwarranted dogma, were it prevalent among our able literary minds, must oppose all advancement in this branch of literature. Were it valid, the same fluctuations which have characterized the history of poetry, must re-occur. To-day we should have the elevating and profound imagery of Milton,—to-morrow, Byron's most lascivious fantasies. To-day, a Paradise Lost—to-morrow, a Don Juan; to-day, truth—to-morrow, error.

But as we have above intimated, our abler critics have repudiated the fallacy; and while they do all homage to native genius, can yet doubly admire a Tennyson, whose brilliant and profound imagination can combine genius and art in one master-piece; who, while they do not essay by means of art to create a poet, would yet so regulate his heart and mind, that his pen should do his will, and produce only what virtue and morality can always commend.

That the expression, "Poeta nascitur, non fit," is absolutely false, no one will for a moment contend; but, if taken in its strictest sense, that it admits of much qualification before it can stand a logical test, is no less certain. It shall be our object to evince the same, and to show that, while genius must be born, art is required to develope it; that while "the music of the soul" must be emplanted in it, it requires a trained and cultivated ear to tune each chord and strike it so, that the harmony shall be complete and perfect. In fine, that it is of the utmost importance to the creation of poetry proper.

By art we mean that which is ulterior to nature,—which although in a measure to be found in nature, is still separate from it, and as a general rule foreign to it. It is that which can be acquired,—which the mind of man has discovered or invented,—of which a distinguished logician has said "scimus ut producamus." And while we look upon it as by no means native, we must bear in mind that the *faculty* by which it is acquired, is native; and that this faculty is not possessed in the same measure by every individual. Art may be obtained, therefore, in the most diverse manners. Certainly Shakspeare, when he paced the boards of the theatre, when his youthful genius first displayed itself, and marked each face and figure, was as truly art as the learned Coleridge in his study surrounded by all the appliances which his profound talent could suggest. Both were alike learning that they might produce; and this is Art.

Let us next consider what constitutes poetry proper. Poe, the boldest and probably the justest of American critics, has styled it the "rhythmatical creation of beauty." This definition we conceive to be the fullest and most terse with which we are acquainted. It gives the whole conception. It implies that there must be genius and art coupled together; that the power to create and the power to improve the creation are combined: that the diamond must be there, but it must be shapen and ground before its glories can be fully appreciated, and it shall sparkle and shine a perfect gem. Poetry is, therefore the creation of beauty by means of words; by the expression and with it the emotion which it must occasion. As in perusing the celebrated line of Tennyson—

> "Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,"

our attention is directed no less to the wonderful arrangement of the words than our feelings are touched by the coldness and worldliness of the lovely Maud. Both are so inseparably combined that the one produces the other. The mind and heart are touched by the same magic spell, and both, for the moment, are in spirit with it. Such is poetry proper. It must gush as it were from the warm soul of genius like a crystal fountain. But the mouth must be shapen, the impediment removed lest the water become impure and the stream uncouth. Nature must give the element—Art must direct it.

The two great essentials of poetry, therefore, are the creative and constructive powers Let us first consider in what the former of these is affected by Art.

I. It enables the poet to select those beings or objects for contemplation which are best adapted to awaken the deepest emotion. Nothing can be more essential to the creation of sublime poetry than the subject. For from the fact, now universally conceded, that works of the imagination are in every way superior to those of fancy; it must follow that those subjects which afford the finest exercise of the same are best adapted to the creation of "imaginative poetry." That this point has been demonstrated cannot be doubted. It is one of the lessons of the Past. The grandest profane creations of which we know have for their subjects the most awful and glorious truths. Milton's immortal Paradise Lost, Coleridge's Chamouny, Tennyson's In Memoriam, each, incomparable in its perfection, looks beyond the sphere of Man; and raise his mind above the dust, of which he is made. Truly nothing is more to be admired than the unchanging study that taught each giant intellect the true source of grandeur.

We have, too, an instance in Byron. His Childe Harold, although inferior to the above, has yet gained the applause of the world; while his Don Juan, or Vision of Judgment, have been treated as contemptible by all who were capable of pronouncing judgment upon them. A handful of sensualists or youthful readers admire them; but cultivated minds are disgusted. Instances are indeed innumerable in which true genius has failed in that it did not recognize the importance of this principle. It is the province of art to evince what subjects are best adapted to this end. By its instrumentality the genius of the poet has full play, and his productions are gifted with new life and power. Through it he learns that the true source of the most profound and elevating emotions pertains to the Almighty Creator of beauty, and His glorious works. That in order to the creation of the grandest poetry he must address other than the carnal lusts and appetites of the flesh. He must raise the mind above them to things of a better nature.

II. And this brings us to consider what constitutes the realest poetry; and how Art evinces what it is. As above stated, it is now universally conceded by the literary world that imaginative works are incomparably superior to those of another nature.

It is the imagination alone which the poet can call to follow him beyond the sphere of earth. It is the tablet upon which he must execute his grandest works. It is the source and consummation of his most earnest efforts. The one great instrument he must employ, and the one great faculty he must address.

Now, while we by no means claim any absolute standard in poetry, we are fearless in asserting that there is in a measure a negative test, which if not a standard proper, is at least a guide in poetry. By this we mean there is a standard of faults and errors; a system of criticisms which points out the great mistakes of the past, and by what means they are to be avoided. By a study of these theories and treatises, the natural imperfections of genius may be modified, if not entirely obliterated. Many names conspicuous in history as men of undoubted poetic ability have achieved only a limited success from neglecting a proper consideration in this direction. They have endeavored to emulate some school, superficial and lacking in many essentials, and the result has been failure. Such a one was Pope. In his earlier life he devoted himself almost wholly to the study of the French school of poets; his works, therefore, have partaken of their faults. They are without true morality, fickle and fanciful. Yet an occasional passage convinces the reader that had he avoided, instead of adopted, their defects, he might have accomplished much, and left his name a legacy to the world.

III. Art enables the poet to cultivate his genius. It is not our purpose to fully demonstrate this point. As we have intimated above, imagination is a vital element in genius; and the culture of the imagination is the culture of genius. The teachings of philosophy leave no room for doubt upon this question. "Every faculty," says a noted metaphysician, "admits of practical education. To deny this is suicidal."

We cannot deny, then, that the imagination admits of "practical education." And this having been established, our conclusion is, in every sense, valid. How this is to be effected we leave Philosophy to determine. We might mention here another great source of improvement—the study of Models.

But we leave this to another part of our essay. Its utility, in every branch of science and art is never too often urged.

We come next to the consideration of the second division of our discourse—the Rhythm. Although, perhaps, of inferior importance in poetry, it has engrossed the attention of the most profound minds for years; and this in its narrowest sense. It is said that Gray, during his prolonged study over his greatest work, the "Elegy in a Church-Yard," devoted days to the arrangement of two words. He could not determine which arrangement, "alike await," or "await alike the inevitable hour," was more harmonious.

This perhaps is an exaggeration, and may be condemned by many as absurd; but it is an illustration of an important principle. It reveals the history of the whole great masterpiece. In this connection we claim—

I. That from its nature the Rhythm admits of amelioration by means of art. Inasmuch as it is the mere arrangement of the words after the idea has been suggested. It follows that the construction may be altered entirely, without impairing its beauty or strength. The crude expression when it springs forth, if it be all in all, art will not change it; if it be wanting in anything, it will, again and again, till the soul of the poet is satisfied. "Who can picture a Shakspeare," some one will say, "racking his brain over such a line as,

> 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,'"

yet who will assert that every word was not weighed a thousand times ere he felt it what it is?

Study, unwavering and (we had almost said) unending, can never do aught but good. Neglect never aught but evil.

II. By means of mental discipline, and the study of models.

From the dawn of literature down to the present age the utility of application in everything great and small has been advocated in story, song and legend. It is the one mighty reformer in every branch of civilization. Its universality cannot be abridged. In the field of poetry its power is the same. But we would not dwell upon it, in its broader signification. It is enough to notice one of its most effective branches—the study of models. It is with much diffidence we approach this point. The concurrent authority of the greatest rhetoricians of all ages is a sufficient reason why its power should not be questioned. The pithy objections which have been made at times have been overruled by the advancement of literature; and now it is admitted by all, who labor to encourage art, to be as useful as powerful. It has truly been said, "If the mind can be educated by models, how much more must the style;" and the style is indeed the essential part of versification or rhythm. By the study of models the poet learns to write according to the grammar of a Shakspeare; to rhyme according to the lexicon of a Spencer; to tune his harp according to the key-note of all that is glorious, lovely and sublime. It is one of Art's most potent instruments. It pre-eminently directs, enlarges and educates. Coleridge, Keats, Wordsworth, Goethe, and a host of others, live as undying examples to stimulate and encourage the child of Art.

We might lay the stress of our whole argument upon this one point. Nothing can benefit more the composition of the writer of prose, as well as of poetry, than attention to this great principle. Its strength has been tested, and not to make use of it is the sheerest folly. And, indeed, we have no stronger proof of the utility of Art in general than the success of all who have embraced it as a means to culture of any description.

From the above discussion we conclude that Art may be instrumental in the amelioration of the creative and constructive capacities of the poet. The former, the soul of poetry, is enlarged and cultivated; the latter, the body, is developed and grows strong in equal measure. The true, the beautiful, the sublime ever before him, the poet sees and feels to what he must attain. The way and means at hand, he embraces them as his greatest privilege. Gifted with new life, his productions grow deeper and finer; and though he finds that "Art is wondrous long," no less does he discover that—"to the wise her path is ever fair;" till his labor is crowned with success and the fullness of poetry is consummated.

Directed by Art, poetry shall be not only beneficial as moulding the character of a people, advancing literature, improving taste; but it shall become an engine most powerful in the advancement of religion and morality. It shall engraft itself into the nature of nationalities and bind them to the right. It shall make the world to chant the worth of science, to sing the songs of freedom and justice; and to hymn the praises of the "only living God;" to embrace and sustain the principles of Truth in all their force and beauty. When poetry shall reach this climax, we shall all exclaim with one of America's most gifted authors:

> "Immortal Art! where'er the rounded sky
> Bends o'er the cradle where thy children lie—
> Their home is earth—their herald every tongue!"

◆ ◆ ◆

A PLEA FOR MAN.

The deified principle to which the Greeks paid their warmest devotions was Wisdom. The heart of every Roman citizen beat allegiance to that great divinity, Power, but in the nineteenth century, and among us Americans, the sceptre is borne by neither of these classic gods, but by *Woman.* Every arrangement of society, every suggestion of improvement, every institution of etiquette is made with a view to woman's increased importance or comfort. The great desire of the age is to enlarge the sphere of her action and diminish the possibility of her suffering; and when any new invention is offered to the public, the cry is not, "How much labor will it save?" but "How many women will it throw out of employment?" Who ever bought a sewing-machine without a sigh for the seamstresses, and a twinge of conscience at "The Song of the Shirt?"

What too do we see in these latter days? Society after society arises to pass resolution after resolution claiming for women the freedom of the ballot-box, and Lucy Stone has embroidered on her banner quite as defiantly as Franklin had on his, "No taxation without representation." Nor is the community indignant; halls are opened and lecturers, headed by Curtis and Whittier, urge upon the people that the female is fully equal to the male, that their spheres of duties are identical, that their privileges should be the same, or that if either should have the preponderance, perhaps it had better be the *woman.* And so our legislators think, for every session is filled with "bills for the relief of" females, as if the female was a chronic sore requiring perpetual legislative aid. So the cry runs through society always with "Woman, woman," for its burden, and "Alms, Alms," for its petition.

But who ever speaks for MAN?—that is what I ask. Who ever has a word to say for the larger and, as we used to think, better half of creation? Why is all the incense of the poet offered at the shrine of Woman? Why do novels so often have a heroine for their subject, so rarely a hero? Is all love for dignity, courage, and talent so lost to society that its devotion is only bestowed on a sex seldom possessing either? Not that I am a woman-hater, but I wish to protest against that modern usage of the world which exalts the woman to an eminence as absurd as it is unnatural. Now it is one glory of civilized nations that among them, women are forever free from cruel and burdensome tasks, are admitted as companions to men, and always treated with courtesy and respect. This is as it should be. But if barbarous nations have erred in using females as inferiors or slaves, surely the Christian world at the present day does no less injustice by inverting the relationship and making man the slave of woman. Why is every gentleman to be ignominiously removed from his seat in a full passenger car if a lady enters it? Are limbs unknown among females? If not, are they not as able to stand as we? Is the kindness of the community to be abused and a whole car load inconvenienced by the advent of one who *must* have seen it to be full? Or again; why does every inveterate smoker invariably "ask permission" of the ladies on a steamboat deck, but never think that his odious weed may be disagreeable to me? Are my nostrils less sensitively constituted than theirs? If not, why should their comfort be assiduously regarded and mine totally neglected? (Here let me tell you a secret; I have found at least ten women who "enjoyed the smell of a good cigar" to every one non-smoking man who did not. Explain this, ye women worshippers!)

Why is every female expected to scream or faint at the sight of a worm or a toad? Why is every encouragement given to them to be weak, silly, and vapid? Why are railroad cars and other public conveyances luxuriously padded for them, but indifferently so for men, and why are "front seats reserved for ladies" in concert rooms? As paying an equal amount I claim equal privileges. But do I get them? Never! By common consent all women are weak-backed, weaker-kneed, spavined, placid-muscled, helpless creatures, who are always to be considered as invalids and treated so. If so, heaven deliver me from a wife! Now whence does this error arise? In two ways; by unduly elevating and unduly depressing the other sex. Elevating, by imagining their comfort or convenience to be always paramount to man's; depressing, by considering them unfit for labor, and unworthy of high education or literary training. In short, making them at one moment invalids, at the next poodle-dogs, in neither the *companion* of men.

What then is the proper system to pursue, and what is the real relation of woman to man? The answer to the latter will explain the former. From the constitution of her body, the order of her mind, and the appointment of Providence, woman will always be *inferior* to man. Made after man, she is intended as a "*help* meet for him," help implying assistance and hence secondary position. So indeed St. Paul assures us, "for," says he, "the man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man; neither was the man created for the woman, but the woman for the man." What relation he conceived she sustained to man, and how much her comforts were to be regarded in preference to his is thus very easily seen. Read and practice ye Chesterfields and Brummels! If this is so, then eminent literary or heroic women are the exceptions. Speak not of Elizabeth, what would she have been without her Burleigh; or of Joan of Arc, whose great motive power was her Father Confessor. It must always be the case that the female mind falls under the stronger influences which the vigor and force of man cannot but exert; even when united with a more than ordinary amount of talent, there is a delicacy, a *softness*, so to speak, which is ever open to impressions from a harder substance.

It appears then that women should always be treated with kindness and respect. Regard should be had to those finer feelings which we naturally expect in the female character and no allusions of a coarse or ungentlemanly kind permitted in their presence. But they should *not* expect or experience attentions which are never said from man to man, and which are not necessitated by the relations between the sexes. Then, too, they should be brought up to cultivate an independent spirit, one which should make them at home in railroad cars, stages, boats, and the like, and remove that disagreeable feeling which most ladies now experience when traveling without male company. This also would relieve the latter of the many onerous duties which female inefficiency lays upon them, and enable them to travel, visit, and most of all, MARRY, without the consciousness of the necessity of an accompanying burden ever pressing and galling. How many husbands, fathers, brothers, lovers, friends would rejoice if society should by common consent restore woman to her natural place as companion, not mistress, of man, and enable him to associate with her without undergoing a perpetual servitude unworthy of the nobler half of creation. Hapless Benedicts, to our remarks let each respond Amen!

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LORD BACON.

It is with a due sense of the extent of the subject, and the ability necessary to the full and proper treatment of it, that we confine ourselves to a few remarks upon the character of Bacon as a statesman, and his worth as a philosopher. I. Bacon was almost among the first of English statesmen. Though centuries before him Macaulay tell us the public affairs of England were administered by warriors or priests—"warriors whose rude courage was neither guided by science nor softened by humanity; priests whose learning was habitually devoted to the defence of tyranny and imposture." It would be natural to expect a great deal of imperfection among those who carried out the principles of this reform, so great and so radical, but we find here some of the ablest men of their time, and indeed of any succeeding age. Men whose names shall be remembered as long as politics and science shall demand the attention of mankind.

The political tact and adaptation of Burghley will not suffer from comparison; nor can a shadow be cast upon the abilities of Bacon by placing him side by side with any who have succeeded him. His early political life was marked by a series of struggles often crowned by most disheartening defeat which he bore with stoical fortitude, and whose only effect was to nerve him to greater effort. Powerful rivals who feared and hated him for his great attainments, exerted all their influence to retard his progress. But it was only that the light of his genius might shine more brightly from beneath the dark covering out of which it issued. Having surmounted his early difficulties, his great power of discrimination enabled him to discern who was about to be the successful aspirant to court favor, and his wonderful address and fascinating manners soon drew toward him as friends. Thus with them he rose to power, and as his influence increased, in a like degree did his desire for more honor and still greater advancement, until like the avarice of a miser growing with a rapidity proportionate to his success, it became at last a ruling passion, leading him on until it accomplished his destruction, until stooping from the loftiest pinnacle of legal power and honor, he became the hireling of him who should most highly value his depravity. As a Judge he well knew the majesty of the law, and the sacredness of the trust committed to him of administering it with unwavering justice. But whilst preparing the most able treatise upon English law that has ever enlightened a judge or terrified a criminal, he was engaged in a practical violation of the most fundamental principles of justice. Sordid ambition led him to disobey the dictates of reason and conscience, and plunge into an abyss of crime made more deep by the loftiness of the pinnacle from which he fell, and more dark by contrast with the splendor of his former glory.

II. We now come to consider his worth as a Philosopher, and we find it a subject worthy of all the respect and admiration which we are able to feel towards it. Although in other relations we see reason to regard him as selfish, ungrateful, and controlled by unworthy ambition, here he can but look on him with the reverence and esteem which is due to one of the greatest benefactors of our race. The philosophy of Bacon is second only in value to the true religion, for the source of knowledge most reliable and valuable, after that of revelation, is the study of the power and goodness of the Creator as manifested in nature, and it is the peculiar province of Bacon to guide our steps, and enlighten us in the search after truth as it is stored up for us in nature. We are told that the world through wisdom knew not God, and we see that the pride and self-sufficiency of men has been their greatest barriers to permanent advancement. For we find that the great truths which have enlightened mankind have been learned when man consented to seek them with an humble spirit. This has nor been more true in religion than in philosophy. The pride of intellect which was so hurtful in religion was equally so in the search after all truths which tend to enlighten and improve the condition of man, temporarily as well as spiritually It was not until Bacon tempered wisdom with humility that philosophy became practical and useful. He has been called the great Restorer of Philosophy, and although the title is an exalted one, it does not seem extravagant, nor even sufficient to express the greatness of the work which he wrought. All the wisdom of the ancients was to him a useless legacy, for he started anew to construct an edifice more sure in its foundation, and destined to a more rapid progress and lasting endurance than any which the old world ever beheld. If we cast the eye back upon ancient philosophy we find it a vast cloud of speculation, gloomy and uncertain, often on subjects where only interest lies in their obscurity. It was at best but speculation, and although great intellectual power was displayed no useful end was attained. The civilization of the old world is the index of its efficiency. Many centuries passed with no great progress in science and the world was not much better that its founder and supporters had ever lived. How different have been the fruits of the Baconian Philosophy; a few centuries have rolled on, and what a change has taken place; a steady and rapid progress succeeds the lethargic ages of the past, and Discovery and Invention are the legacies handed down from generation to generation, only to be improved upon in their descent. Enjoying as we are the innumerable blessings of this advanced state of science; our thoughts revert to the great fountain head from which they flowed, and whilst we contemplate his almost super-human power of thought, we are struck with the declaration of holy writ that man was created but a little lower than the angels. But when we turn to his moral character and see the great weakness and depravity there manifested, we assent to the sad truth that he has made himself a worm of the dust. Bacon was eminent as a statesman, but incomparably non-illustrious as a philosopher. And all who esteem him can but regret that the latter was not the only capacity in which history has handed him down to us. As a statesman he applied all his talents to advance personal interest, and to gain his ends he disregarded all the nobler attributes of his nature, and all the requirements of friendship —even the strong and disinterested friendship of his greatest benefactor. But as a Philosopher, his name is the admiration of all, and his fame is without a rival. Had his morality been in character with the power and purity of his thought, his name would have been transmitted to posterity as one of the greatest combinations of moral and intellectual excellence that has ever adorned our fallen state, and the admiration which his genius commands, would have scarce known a limit, when it beheld the beautiful symmetry which would have been the result.

But as time rolls on the evil of his life is gradually fading from the memory of man, until at last it may fall into utter forgetfulness. But the revolution which he accomplished in philosophy. The new direction in which he pointed inquiry, the new truths which he himself discovered, shall but increase the depth of grateful remembrance in which he shall ever be held by the race.

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MOONLIGHT MUSINGS.

When the moon in silent beauty
Swept the crystal shining dome,
Where the starry sentinels watching,
Looked upon my happy home;
As I on my couch reclining
Wooed the god of blissful sleep,
Hoping he with spirit potent
Soon my senses fast would steep,
Steep in fond and full oblivion
From the world's hard work and strife,
Bringing rest, the balm of labor,
And the harbinger of life—
Then instead, my senses weary,
Seemed to quicken and review,
And my eyes, though tired with watching,
Wakeful, still more wakeful grew,
'Till the moonbeams round my pillow
Like to silver cords did seem,
Binding me to fancy's chariot,
Dreamland's fair enchanting queen,
Then through picture galleries bore me,
Painted by some fairy hand;
Scenes that in the past were buried;
Buried in the golden sand.
Here were sketches of my childhood,

And the haunts which once I trod,
Musing all alone with nature,
Guided, watched by nature's God.
There before me ran the brooklet,
Onward laughing to the sea;
Murmuring still the same soft music
That it once had played for me;
Then the willows waving near it,
Drooping down their tresses wild,
Like some kind and joyous mother,
Fondling with her little child;
And the cattle grazing near it,
With their lowings seemed to say,
Come back truant! come back wanderer!
Come, once more to romp and play.
Then before me stood the school house,
With its master kind and true;
While upon the form beside me
Sat the lass with eyes of blue—
Little elf, she first to win me,
First to steal my heart away,
Leaving for her smile of favor
All my boyish sport and play,
And alone with her to wander
Through the fields and flowers rare;
Plucking all the fairest roses
For her wavy, auburn hair,
Was a joy that ne'er shall leave me,
But shall always mine remain
Until I perchance in heaven
See that fairy form again;
For she died in youth and beauty,
Like a flower plucked in spring;
And though dead, she grows no older
In the bosom of her king.
Other portraits, too, went flitting
Through my heated, weary brain;
Faces that have gone forever,
Ne'er on earth to meet again,

Broken toys of joyous childhood,
Faded hopes of early years.
Pictures done in rainbow colors,
Pictures set in frames of tears;
Yet my fancy loved to linger
Where those fairy visions play,
Reveling in their infant gladness,
Happy as a summer day,
Where the cottage by the hillside,
And the roses round the door
Seem to offer rest and welcome,
As they did in days of yore.

SIGMA.

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THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

Among the many and various kinds of literary works which grace the libraries, and claim the attention of mankind, the perusal of no one affords the reader so much general information as that of History; and it is really a matter of wonder that a subject of such great importance is so fearfully neglected, while productions of a lighter and less important nature engross so much of men's attention.

Philosophy and other works of a scientific nature have their full share of admirers; poetry has its many enthusiastic devotees; Belle-Lettres is vigorously studied, and fiction, too, has its hordes of fond and ardent readers; but it is the few that give their time and attention to that study which exhibits in a great degree *all* of those just mentioned, and than which no other possesses more real interest, and none is so instructive.

It is our present purpose to exhibit and illustrate the truth of the statements just made (1) by showing the advantage obtained by being acquainted with the facts and events which History records; (2) by proving that a knowledge of History helps us very much in the accomplishment of intended projects; and (3) by proving that a careful contemplation of the varied panorama which the unfolding of its pages presents, conduces to a correct view of the nature of mankind.

The primary and universal object of the study of History—that which each and all have in their perusal of it—is to become acquainted with the events there recorded. For a knowledge of these is not only interesting, but highly important to any one making any pretensions to scholarship.

Let us, therefore, inquire what is obtained by a thorough study of History. In the first place, we obtain a knowledge of the origin of affairs; we commence, as it were, at the very root and birth of events. Penetrating far back into the past, we discover under what circumstances certain primary results happened, and what were the causes which contributed to render the state of affairs thus. With a knowledge of the foundation of events, it leads one through the changes which are constantly occurring, and the variations of fortune which are being experienced. If, for instance, the theme in History be a nation, we will be shown how the growth and prosperity and general welfare was promoted, it may be, by an influx of foreign immigration, or by the circumstance of having a just, wise and benign ruler, by the discovery of some invention or the development of some great truth. On the other hand, we may have exhibited the influences which have retarded progress and caused degeneracy—the black and gloomy side may be exposed to view, with all the miseries of anarchy, civil strife and woe upon a nation's heart. We may be shown a nation, once first among the kingdoms of the earth in learning and intelligence, now sunk low in the depths of ignorance and depravity—her desires completely changed, her appetite burning for a different sort of food from that which was once so palatable. The once proud head now drooping in shame, all her material interests in a state of ruin, and the glory of her once untarnished name all blackened and sullied. Thus is it that History goes on to tell the simple record of events as time makes them; and although the record is simply and only the truth, still what a tale—nay, what a series of tales does it present for our instruction!

History deals in facts wonderful and mysterious; it tells tales full of events of a "gloomy and peculiar" nature. The records of History are so diversified that they may be compared to the natural surface of the earth. As we stray over a fertile and beautiful plain, we are reminded of the peaceful and prosperous times of a nation—of those palmy days when peace and plenty reign, and there are no harsh sounds of war and contention to break in upon the general prosperity. Then a mountain, lying off in the distance with all the surroundings of grand and majestic scenery, calls to mind some great era in a nation's life, which, viewed through a long line of years, and made the more brilliant "by the romance which time sheds upon History," presents to our mind's eye a picture grand and sublime.

The illustration may be extended, but enough has been said to explain our meaning. The advantage then of such information is the first object gained in the study of History.

Growing out of, and flowing directly from this first advantage, is another which we shall now discuss, and which forms the second division of our subject, viz: The assistance which we receive from History in the formation of future plans and the accomplishment of intended projects. Experience is universally admitted to be the best teacher, and hence it is fair to infer that a knowledge of past events—of the operations of certain causes in producing certain effects—of results which certain lines of policy have brought about, and of the circumstances under which these things have occurred, conduces very much to assisting us not only to form and mould our plans, but to carry to successful completion the objects which we have in view.

The imitation of other countries, which have been successful in their governmental affairs, is by no means rare. The constitution and laws of one country have, on account of their successful workings, been adopted by another. Codes of religion to which experience has given approval in one country have extended to others; and systems of political and social affairs resulting in untold benefits to one, have spread their wholesome influences over many others. But perhaps the most vivid illustration of the teachings of experience is perceptible in the rejection of the follies and evil systems which have been prevalent, and the adoption of more wise policies and such as are suited to the wants and requirements of the times. History points out these defects and follies and heresies, and their careful study, resulting in good judgment, adopt better and more advantageous ones.

A knowledge of mankind, obtained from a contemplation of the various characters which History presents to our consideration, constitutes the third division of our theme, and oh! where can a more expansive and varied field for such contemplation be found! It is nothing less than an exhibition of the various characters which man has been playing throughout the world in long by-gone ages—nothing less than a panorama of the world spread out in bold relief, with all the changes of fortune to which man in all ages and all countries has been subjected; and as the picture passes before us what changes do we observe so constantly occurring! How the scenes do vary! and how forcibly are our minds impressed with the character of these moving pictures!

Here we may observe man in all the nobility of his nature, acting on the side of virtue, honor and truth, performing the labors of a Hercules for the accomplishment of some noble project, sacrificing self for another's welfare, and becoming a martyr for a holy principle. *There* we may see talents and education prostituted to vile and degrading purposes, selfishness the ruling passion in the human breast, and man, influenced by his baser passions, descending to all sorts of infamy.

History presents to our view man in almost every imaginable aspect; it subjects him to every conceivable condition of fortune. The characters of kings and princes, military chieftains and warriors, scientific men and philosophers, poets and orators, pass by in grand array. Then, too, there are scenes less imposing—scenes where no pomp, no magnificence and no grandeur appear, but where misery and wretchedness and squalid poverty are the elements which contribute to form the picture; where, instead of palaces and sculptured domes, there are guarded prisons, fearful castles and oppressive dungeons. There are, too, scenes full of the most awful guilt—crimes, cruel, bloody and beyond description; murders and butcheries, conflagrations and desolations, rapines and plunders.

Such is the simple and truthful tale of man's actions—such the exhibition of the diversified constituents of his nature, as presented in History. It embraces the noble and the ignoble, the sublime and the low—the virtuous, the elevated and the good, with the degraded, the base and the mean.

This very imperfect portrayal of the third division of our theme concludes our discussion of the advantages gained by the study of History—advantages important and such as should not be disregarded. Our attention should, therefore, be given to this study—not simply as a matter of education, but also because, as we have gained experience from and followed the good example of others, so will "those whom we shall never see look to us as models, as counsellors," and it behooves us, therefore, to leave examples, worthy of imitation and emulation, for posterity. BETA.

COLLEGE SONGS.

If we look at the moving springs of men's actions, it will be found that music holds no mean position, refining, as it does, the mind, clearing off the rude coating of the heart, and disclosing the purely good feelings which nestle there, hidden from the sight even of their possessor. It is the mediator between the external sensual world, with its hardening influences, and the spiritual life within. No other art so reveals the sublime and tender emotions of the soul, and no other the glad, joyous utterings of merriment. It is not the issue of the cold conceptions of the intellect, but it gushes, warm and pure, from the heart. Hence its influence is always humanizing, kindly, consoling, cheering, and universal. It animates the soldier marching to the deadly strife, and cheers the fire-side made lonesome by his absence.

Says Thackeray, "Music is irresistible. I have seen great whiskered Frenchmen warbling the 'bonne Vieille,' the 'Soldats au pas, au pas,' with tears rolling down their moustaches. At a Burns' festival I have seen Scotchmen singing Burns, while the drops trickled on their furrowed cheeks." Indeed, a man without the love of music in his soul, is an anomaly. Shakspeare's lines are as true as terse:

> "The man that hath no music in himself,
> That is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, strategems and spoils;
> The motions of his spirits are dull as night,
> And his affections dark as Erebus."

Seeing then its universality, it need not be thought strange that College communities should manifest their love for it in songs of a distinctive character. Indeed, one of the first movements in a new college is to introduce a college song. In Princeton, as early as 1763, a class poem was composed and sung, and from that date they have rapidly increased, and many a time and oft have these old walls rung with the merry chorus and echoed the soul-inspiring mirth of music. Our college days are on all sides represented to be the sweetest in our lives—how doubly dear must they be when connected with the thought of the time when "music ruled the hour."

But the practice of singing is passing rapidly away in our institution, and it is against this we wish to utter a few remonstrances. In former years, day and night some one might have been heard warbling a chorus or solo, and glee clubs were numerous. Now, a song well sung is a rarity, and we, who have arrived at the dignity of Seniors, are too much disposed to frown down a singing party as Freshmanic. If we lose ground in the next four years as we have lost in the past, the good old tunes of yore will be forgotten, and "Cocachelunk," "Upidee," "Lauriger," "Gaudeamus," with kindred songs, will be among the things that were. "Brethren, this ought not so to be." Surely all will admit the utility of music, and no one will assert that an hour spent in practising it would be unprofitable in its results. Why then this disposition to do away with it? At other institutions similar to ours glee clubs abound, and the poetic talent of the undergraduates is constantly taxed for new productions. Singing has in many instances a place on the programme on Commencement occasions. The students seem to enter into music with heart and soul, while we listlessly allow it to die out; consequently, while they publish annually pieces and even books, and have classes and clubs, we have not one college song book worthy of the name, nor one class or glee club. For the same reasons there are few, if any, *Princeton* songs. Harvard, Yale, Brown and others have songs known distinctly by their names. What ones have we? None. The few choruses in which the name of Nassau enters are adaptations. But few original pieces at all are to be found in our collection, and these are never used. Let this state of things be mended, if possible. Music is certainly one of the greatest auxiliaries to pleasure in life. Then, *dum vivimus vivamus*, and let the chorus be as glad and loud as of yore.

> "Ring! oh, ring the joyous notes,
> Far away the music floats,
> Echo from its hundred throats,
> Swelling the strain!"

Written, as it has been, in the press of examination week, this hasty piece may not present the case as strongly as could be desired, but if it but calls attention to the matter, and induces those who read it to join when opportunity offers in the College refrain, or if it prompts any one to turn his talent into the channel of song-composition, the object of the writer will be more than answered.

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ESSAYS AND ESSAYISTS.

Nothing, perhaps, is more evident to the mind of the observer of modern progress than the rapid increase of periodical literature. Our magazines, quarterly and monthly, draw to their assistance the brightest intellects and deepest thinkers of the age. If we look back to the England of a century ago, and peruse the catalogue of its yearly issues, how short is the record! The *Spectator*, the *Tattler*, the *Rambler*, and a few of like character, are all that represent the essayists of Queen Anne; and if we cast our glance further back, we see but a few bright names, making the darkness around them blacker by contrast, as the exponents of the lighter form of composition; and even in these, the distinction between treatise and essay was almost lost. Writing with no hope of presenting their views to the generality of their countrymen—with no necessity for compressing their thoughts to the limits of a magazine article, or for striving to render them attractive to the bulk of readers—their prosy and often tedious dissertations have little in them akin to the vigorous concentration and terse exhibition of thought, characteristic of modern essay writing.

Almost the sole exception to this generality are the shorter compositions of Bacon, which contain within their narrow limits so much food for thought that one must read but little at a time, if he desires to escape mental indigestion. They are like pemmican—nutriment compressed within the smallest compass possible; and cannot be with impunity devoured, like the trifles and syllabubs which the wits of the London coffee-houses served up to the delicate appetites of the critics in the days of Pope and Addison. Yet, with all their intellectual vigor, there lacked in Bacon's disquisitions an important element of what is now considered good essay writing. There is no effort to interest and amuse the reader, at the same time that he instructs him—no attempt to cast a pleasant glamour over the sometimes dull realities of his subject by the fascinating assistance of style; but a collection of facts and theories, interesting indeed and suggestive to a mind practiced in philosophy, but devoid of any of the charms with which a skillful writer of the present day invests a theme written, in a great measure, for those whose eyes must be caught by the beauty of the casket, and ere they can appreciate the value of the gem within. Men will not dive for pearls now-a-days; the oyster must lie on the beach, and wide agape, too. Nevertheless Bacon's essays must ever be considered as a model for directness and vigor of thought, purity and simplicity of diction. Though not attractive, his style was well adapted for the gravity of his topics, and the stately march of his reasoning; and if he erred in not calling to his aid the factitious glories of rhetoric, it was a nobler fault than the subjugation of the matter to the manner, so often found in the literature of a later day. His views on the subject of our article will be best shown by an extract from his works:

"To write just treatises requireth time in the writer and leisure in the reader; which is the cause which hath made me choose to write certain brief notes set down rather significantly than curiously, which I have called *essays:* the word is late, but the thing is ancient."

You will see for what he intended his essays, and how fully they answered the purpose. He asserts the antiquity of the method of composition, but no author before his time ever approached his excellence. Many unknown minstrels sang before Homer; yet Homer is the father of Greek poetry; many unknown authors discoursed before Bacon; yet Bacon is the father of the English essay.

The Elizabethan era passed away, and with it all that band of mighty ones whose genius has rendered the reign of the Virgin Queen illustrious to all after generations. An intellectual calm succeeded—the lull before the hurricane of the civil war. In *that* stern time, men had little leisure for composition, and so time passed on, and England had no rest from strife till the days of Queen Anne. And then, as if by a recoil from the sternness of the period preceding, the nation plunged into gaiety and feasting. The court became the centre of power, and court favor was the prize contended for by the wits and poets of the day. Corruption entered deep into the heart of the people; politics indeed ran high, but men changed their party for a title or a bribe, and thought no wrong. A prurient drama held possession of the stage, and Shakespeare was banished for Congreve and Wycherley. It was at this juncture, when the attention of the whole nation was concentrated for want of worthier objects, upon the coterie of wits and courtiers that buzzed about the *cafés* and gambling-houses of London, that the first great periodical was issued, under the auspices of the most refined and polished literary men of the capital. Such a novel and promising enterprise enlisted at once the curiosity and admiration of the idle world of fashion, craving for amusement and excitement. The new magazine was greeted upon its issue with unanimous applause and favor. It was speedily followed by others edited for the most part by the best writers and thinkers of the time; and we have the result before us in the pages of the Spectator, the Rambler, and a mass of contemporaneous literature, in which the essay was the prominent feature. These issues represented the purest morality and keenest satire of the age. The style in which they were composed is unequalled for force and clearness; yet in comparison either with the productions of an earlier date, the works of Bacon and Montaigne, or with the productions of the present day, how mean and trivial do they appear! They satirized the fashions and affectations of city beaux and belles. Their horizon was bounded by the smoke of London; and if they ever got into the fields and had a glimpse of nature, it was only to wonder with a covert sneer at the taste which could find anything worth living for out of the drawing-rooms or coffee-houses of the capital. Here is the verdict of a writer who could appreciate what was admirable in them—their polish, sarcasm and vigor:

"Their satire is conventional; it concerns itself with the circumference of a lady's hoop, or the air with which a coxcomb carries his laced hat under his arm. They did not deal with crimes, but with foibles; they did not recognize passions in that fashionable world; they did not reverence woman, but took off their hats and uttered sparkling compliments to the 'fair.' Theirs was a well-dressed world, and they liked it best when seen by candle-light."

These words are at once an epigram and a judgment: nothing harsher can be said of the age of Pope and Dryden, than that these essays represented the best part of its literature.

But such a state of national degradation did not, fortunately for the character of the people, long continue. Cowper was the herald of a new era—an epoch of religious, political, and intellectual earnestness—of great thoughts and great deeds. The French Revolution swept before it the last remnants of the old spirit of careless levity; the wars that followed aroused the whole dormant power of England, physical and intellectual. And the change was deeper than appeared on the surface. From recognizing the hand of the Deity in the affairs of mortals, men began to recognize his presence in Nature. Mountains and woods, sunlight and color, recovered their influence upon the mind and the heart; an influence which never since has waned—which in an age of bustling material activity, has interpenetrated our entire literature. Ruskin could never have written, nor Turner painted, in any other age than our own.

The history of Essay writing before 1800 is comparatively simple of narration. The writers of the Elizabethan era confined their shorter dissertations almost entirely to didactic subjects, philosophy and morality. They form a school which can be criticised *en masse*, as possessing a great uniformity of feeling and style. The same may be said of the literary men of the eighteenth century, at least as to their magazines and prose compositions. They were annalists of social life, and especially of fashionable life, and may therefore be regarded from a single stand-point. But after the beginning of the present century, the essay took a range as wide as human experience or observation. The sooty tears of a chimney sweep and the gorgeous dreams of an opium eater—the humble modesty of a dairy and the glory of an Alpine sunrise, alike find a record and a chronicler—alike, to writer and reader, become sources of thought and enjoyment. Their style, of course, varies with their theme; and each allows his idiosyncracies of characters to embody themselves in his works far more freely than of yore, when under the sceptre of a literary dictator, of the controlling influence of a clique, men sought to subordinate all individuality to an arbitrary standard of taste and propriety. Hence they can no longer be treated of as a school with particular bias or limit; but each must be mentioned in view of his own productions. With this brief general remark we will ask the reader to glance for a moment at the most celebrated essayists of modern times, and strive to apprehend those broad characteristics of each which such a casual survey can enable us to detect.

The prominent essayists of the early part of this century are Hunt and Lamb. The works of these authors are the introduction to a new character of composition. Both gave free play to fancy: both delighted in tracing the analogies and resemblances between the material world and the intellectual. Of the two, we confess a preference for the latter. Like the satirists of the Spectator, his thoughts and wishes seldom wandered beyond the city pavements; but unlike them, his chosen themes were far from fashionable life, among the garrets and tenement houses of the poor. His style is involute and un-English; and every now and then comes a touch of simple pathos, that goes to the heart more deeply because of its contrast to the quiet playfulness of the general tone. The *Essays of Elia* are unique in conception and execution—unapproached in that dreamy, tender, suggestive thought which causes the reader to lay down a rambling talk on *Old Hats*, with tears in his eyes and a glow of human tenderness about his heart.

The French republic and the empire of Napoleon alike passed away, and quiet was again restored to Europe. The poets in whose strains was voiced the burning passion of those stirring times had ceased to entrance the English heart, and none arose to fill the vacant place till the days of Tennyson. But in the department of the Essay, the case was far different. The cessation of those stormy scenes gave more power and more disposition for analysis and penetrative thought, while the intellectual activity which they had evoked continued in full vigor. Carlyle and Macaulay represent a period in essay writing unequalled in discernment of individual and national character. If "the noblest study of mankind is man," to the former must be awarded the palm as greatest of all; for never were the very secrets of man's soul laid bare as by his wonderful biographies. Macaulay dealt with men in masses; he cared more for public history than private character. His figures are in groups; as Carlyle painted a man, he painted a party or an era. Each had talents peculiarly adapted for his work; each commanded and obtained success.

Of the essayists of the present day, our space forbids us to speak. That they have not degenerated from the reputation of their predecessors, will need no proof to any who have perused the periodical literature of the last ten years, especially those volumes of reprints from the magazines, which show that the author has met with favor and appreciation. The greatest minds of the age have made the essay their chosen mode of intellectual action. Alike in breadth of thought and variety of style, its scope is infinite as the mind itself. It has become a vital characteristic of English literature; and we think we may say that it will only expire when that literature becomes extinct.

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THE GRAND IN MAN.

When from a stand-point of impartial observation, we view the mass of our common humanity as they are swayed by ignoble motives and engaged in base endeavor; when we see, as it were, a world prostrate at the feet of mammon, the assertion that man's most natural and pleasing sensations are of a sublime character, would seem unsupportable. Like Bunyan's pilgrim, we seem to see our whole brotherhood busily engaged in raking together the trash of earth, scraping it with all eagerness from the four quarters of the globe, utterly unconscious of the crown of higher and purer enjoyments which the good angels hold invitingly over their heads.

But we believe that such is not man's normal condition; that naturally his greatest pleasure is in things of beauty; that from youth to age, grandeur is the object of his most exalted feelings. A child with native fondness, had oft entreated its mother to tell to it the bewitching tales of fairy days. In good natured compliance, the mother had exhausted all the stock of such, which invention and memory afforded, and as a last resort she told to the eager ears the story of the Creation; and when the grandly simple narrative of Moses had been ended, the child with delight exclaimed, "oh, mother, tell me another story like that, it was the very best story of all." The child of mature years makes Nature in her grandeur his dearest study and companion; unrestricted by lot or circumstance he revels in the contemplation of her wonders; while viewing the grandeur of her mountain heights and chasms, he realizes the immensity of his own soul's depths; his nobler feelings seem expanded as the broad surfaces of her plains and rivers; oftentimes he holds pleasing discourse with her shining orbs, while his entire being sounds in sweet harmony with the music of her spheres. Far and wide, in countless variety, has the Creator placed such objects of sublime contemplation, and what son of Adam, while viewing, can fail to appreciate them, or fetter the flight of his higher emotions in their ascendancy from nature unto nature's God?

Again, the operation of this principle may be seen in the student of history, as in fancy he traverses the well trodden pathways of by-gone ages. Extended on every side is this boundless desert of time; here the tracks are fresh and new, while near at hand are standing unfaded monuments of a recent glory; there, the sweeping winds have almost covered them with the dust of oblivion, while scattered stones remind us of departed splendor. With silent awe he treads among the almost forgotten footsteps, and as he steadily advances, with sad heart, he perceives the too sure proofs of ambition and cruelty. Blood, human blood, calls to him from the ground, the scattered heaps re-echo the cry, while the very air seems fraught with crime and stain. But, as burdened with sorrowful thoughts, he passes on through these mournful scenes, how does his aspect change, when haply he finds the traces of a deed whose fame has resounded in the ears of men for centuries! With rapture he gazes upon those marks which tell him how Greece fought and bled for liberty. As in dreams, he sees Leonidas with his three hundred, his eye dilates, his breast heaves, he thanks God that there have been men in the world to dare and do for freedom. We may ask the multitude of those who read history, the objects of their greatest reverence therein, and they will with one consent award the palm to nations, men and measures, which have accomplished the grand result of doing good to mankind.

There is in man's heart a chord which, when vibrating, affects his whole nature; not everything, however, is able to cause it to vibrate; gold here is powerless, command, reproof, punishment as fruitless; but there is a certain sympathetic chord which when touched will awake that in man, and cause it to tremble with its magic melody; the one is man's passion for and desire to imitate the grand, the other, the recital of the sublime. Show or tell something grand to the true heart, and at once, every high emotion, every noble impulse is excited as by a fairy's wand. Let the young be made intimate with the good and true of the world's history, and every where will the masters live again to bless mankind.

All grandeur is not limited to the heathenish ages of antiquity; America, young as she is in the family of nations, can boast her share; with the wonderful events and issues of her revolution still fresh in our memories, she may now also, even while harassed and distressed by disorders in her household, point with pride to the valiant uprising of her noblest sons to preserve pure and intact the Union and our starry flag, as to one of the grandest scenes in the drama of our world.

But while nature, history and a thousand things of art afford opportunity for the exercise of man's sublime emotions, it is in religion that this high nature finds its most congenial clime. There it may revel in an atmosphere for which it was formed, and in the contemplation of eternity's grand theme, find employment more than sufficient for its God-like powers. It must be confessed, however, that man's higher feelings are not always the mainsprings of his action; his real motives are too often avarice and fashion. Under the influence of the former, men have been base enough to desire to manufacture our fair heritage into one great spool of cotton, and sell it to the highest bidder. In many cases, intellect and talent have either starved to death or exerted their power to place king Bullion on a firmer throne, while modesty and worth have long since, with backward step, hurriedly bowed their way out upon the entrance of Messrs. Cash and Impudence. In the words of another, "the creed of the multitude is, life is the time to get rich; death is the winding up of a speculation; Heaven is a mart with golden streets; hell a debtor's prison for unsuccessful men; the chief aim of man is to glorify gold and enjoy it forever." Again, compelled by the tyrant Mrs. Grundy, men become the veriest slaves of fashion, and upon its altar sacrifice all nobler emotions. The tyrannical authority determines how, where, when and why they must eat, drink, sleep, take a walk or salute a friend; under her instructions they willingly undergo torture, turn night into day, alter the form which God gave to the body, rival the Chinese in pinching their feet and the hangman in compressing their necks, while the mind's whole attention is given to the laying of a hair, the effect of a neck tie, or the set of a pantaloon. O ye spirits of our patriotic sires, what motives for men, what nutriment upon which to feed sons of America! Where, think ye, would to-day have been Washington, our nation's capital, had the million of men who have sprung to arms been those whose strength of body and mind had been exhausted in nerveless ease or luxurious banquetting? Should Columbia have called upon such sons with an archangel's voice, when they had crawled from their downy couches to the field of strife, they would have had neither strength enough to point a musket nor spirit enough to pull the trigger. But, thank God, Columbia had thousands of true children who have perilled all for the support of the grandest idea of government the world has ever conceived. And when this rebellion shall have been crushed and the valiant hordes, by whose strong arm and stern resolve the monster has been met and choked, when these noble sons of freedom, who have not flinched in their glorious work of carrying our star-spangled banner to victory, aye, when these men shall return, where, oh where will be the dollar worshipping, fashion following effeminates of to-day! When these true hearts shall again be mingled with the loved ones at home, there will be such a leaven of sterling manliness diffused throughout our entire community, that the whole mass will be emphatically a nation of warriors. Then will the base motives which have too long actuated us, be as foreign to our natures as an atmosphere pregnant with death; while, inspirited with grand and noble motives, as with a purer and healthier ether, our mighty republic will march triumphantly on to fulfil her part in the destiny of nations, and Freedom will find her surest throne in the breasts of men truly free. L.

SHADOWS.

One day the clouds were drifting fast
Across the sky I gazed upon;
And now and then long shades were cast,
Whene'er they passed before the sun.

Now all was wrapt in gloom of night,
Oft as they hid the accustomed ray,
And then they passed and all was bright
As on the brightest summer's day.

How like is this to life, I thought,
This day of sunshine and of shade—
To life wherein our hopes are wrought,
To life wherein our hopes are laid.

For joy alternates here with grief,
And hope alternates with despair;
Now do we laugh, and now we weep,
As life is gloomful or is fair.

Now friends surround, and warm hearts glow
With buoyant thoughts, defying care;
Friend after friend is lost, and now
Cold graves those hearts—the dead are there.

'Tis ever so! in sunshine bright
Or shadows dark our souls we love;
The day is followed by the night;
Now earth is play-ground, now a grave.

'Twas thus I thought—then gazed once more
Upon the clouds that floated by.
A darker cloud than those before
Was slowly sailing up the sky.

It reached the sun, and faint, more faint
His brightness grew, then faded quite;
In tints so red it clothed the earth,
She looked as mourning for the light.

But still the cloud rolled on, and on,
And now once more the sun was past,
Free, full, clear, bright, he calmly shone—
The darkest shadow was the last!

Thus, too, is life! though light and shade
Alternate on our path is cast,
We find, as all things earthly fade,
The darkest shadow is the last.

Bluefellow.

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SOME REFLECTIONS ON ART.

It seems a strange time for thinking about art, or any other of the more peaceful pursuits, when gory Mars is driving his chariot full tilt across the land; and yet, it is well for us to turn for a moment, now and then, from such painful topics as are now crowding upon our minds, if only to correct the hardening tendency of long familiarity with the most fearful and even repulsive themes. The youth imbued with a dread of the very surroundings of vice, and acquainted only with those purer charms of companionship which bind him to the associations of a happy fire-side, may turn backward in dismay at beholding himself drawn unawares into a circle where the coarse jest, the engrossing play, and the heating cup vie with each other to banish every remembrance of the sacred quiet that reigns around the hearth-stone: and happy is he if the repulsive sight drives him back to those holy associations, never again to be parted from them. For if the first emotions of disgust be allowed to yield before the seductive influences which lie behind, the will can bring itself to perform no task requiring greater effort, than that of breaking the illusion. A kind provision of our nature,—without which, perhaps, man could never know a moment's joy or satisfaction in his present condition; that he shall become blind to surrounding deformity while he finds delight in that part which can afford it,—becomes a fetter that binds him to galling servitude when he fancies he is honored with the orders of liberty. Somewhat after this fashion, we, forced by our political condition to contemplate objects of horror, would become inured to them; and, gradually losing sight of their ugliness, would persuade ourselves that they possess some sort of attractiveness, unless the natural dread of them be kept alive, by frequently recurring to softer themes. This is our apology for writing about art in time of war.

Happening on one occasion to receive by the same mail, an American and an English illustrated newspaper, we fell to comparing them; and not very much to the advantage of our countrymen. For after duly allowing that a people, who are making history very rapidly, should reasonably demand a great many historical pictures; and that a people, whose energies are taxed with the concerns of the most barbarous of arts, should not be expected to show their usual proficiency in the most civilized; we were still left fully convinced of several things, none of which goes to prove that we are as yet qualified to stand as an artistic nation. The first is that in attempting to produce art we have not a happy knack of choosing subjects. Another, that if we chance upon a fine conception, it often turns out not to be of our own conceiving; that is, to be the property of some one else. A third, that, be the material of home growth, or "taken in the way of trade," we seldom manage to work it up as well as other people; and finally, when we have chanced upon a fine idea, entirely our own, and are resolved to spend all our appliances to give it finish, we almost always fail in what the limners would term *the grouping*. It may be objected that the quality of our art, as exemplified in the pictorial weeklies, is to be attributed to the publishers, or at least to the artists who execute the work; and that we are unjust in charging the community with dullness in appreciating artistic excellence from works which can be traced to a few individuals. There may be some truth in this; but then, the Muses, although in general deficient in commercial knowledge, have somehow, (probably when they went to sell their wares,) picked up one maxim that is very well known in the markets—that both in quality and quantity, the supply must bear some proportion to the demand. The immense editions of—not one, as in England,—but four or five, large weeklies attest, plainly, that among us the demand is considerable for quantity, but for quality—to our notion this feature of our papers is execrable.

We do not, however, base our remarks wholly on these indices of popular taste, fair as we take them to be. The close observer of the progress of art in this country will not fail to see many indications of the truth of these assertions in other departments. Nor are we ignorant that there is a class in America fully capable of discerning excellence in this, and who have created a supply suited to their requirements. But it is far too limited to give its own character to the mass of the people; so that the true art, which it has called into existence, is as nothing to the sea which slakes the popular thirst.

We object to the taste displayed in the choice of subjects. Whatever ulterior ends art may have in view, its immediate object is to please. By pleasing it endeavors to insinuate itself into our notice, and thence to effect its remoter purpose. Now, what is less calculated to please than sameness? Yet the American pictorials seem to be conducted as if there was no surer method of doing it than by banishing every trace of the spice of variety! A description of the contents of one of them will serve for a dozen. There are several portraits of eminent military officers, a large battle scene spread over two pages, several views of towns and other localities made noticeable by something connected with the war, a sketch of the horrors of army surgery, a gun-boat, a few trophies, &c., with the usual dose of wretched buffoonery at the end. If it seems to be necessary to deviate occasionally from the beaten track, care appears to be taken that the rule of sameness be violated as slightly as possible. It must be nothing further removed than an armory, a murder, or a prize fight.

It is not contended that either of these is not a good subject for a spirited picture. The blaze of glory, the field where a victory was won, or the house where a hero died—the very surroundings of horror, and even the exhibition of brute prowess, all address themselves to appropriate feelings, and in a certain sense confer pleasure. Nay, many a form clad in sombre hues would bend with sad, sad interest over the rudest sketch of the bridge where a husband or a brother met the whistling bullet and sank backward into the stream; or of the bank where the moonbeams fell upon him breathing his last after that fatal stand, which, 'tis said, was made by his regiment. Yet, surely, such subjects do not require all our attention. The Great Exhibition would seem to afford every possible variety of the most appropriate objects for artistic representation, yet the London journal, of which we spoke, avoids overdrawing from even so copious a source as this. Room is found for architecture, paintings, militia reviews, scenes from our own civil war, and occasional sketches of interesting localities on the continent or in the east.

Again, many of the best efforts which have come under our notice have been found to be borrowed—to write it more plainly, absolutely stolen. True, the next thing to creating art ourselves, is to procure it from others; but the verdict that stamps infamy upon the pages of the plagiarist, will surely pronounce it equally reprehensible to purloin a sketch without the least mark in acknowledgment of its source. We need not dwell upon the unpleasant but notorious fact that our weeklies frequently present as their own, bad copies of the finest cuts in foreign pictorials. The same has been noticed in other branches. Visiting a collection of paintings some years since, our attention was called to a large piece of considerable merit, representing one of the battles of the Mexican war. The artist had followed the army in that country, and stated that the materials for the picture had been collected by observation. Turning over some old prints shortly after, we chanced upon a wood-cut taken from an old newspaper which struck us as bearing a marked resemblance to the picture in question. Close comparison established the fact beyond a doubt in our mind, that the one was a clever copy of the other. The cut represented the Battle of the Pyramids; an angle of one of Napoleon's invincible "squares" occupied the foreground; on the left a group of officers, and at the right a few bold Mamelukes on their impetuous steeds. The painter had preserved the very expression of the wounded soldier as he fell in the ranks, and the sheer necessity, which transformed a French uniform to an American one, was utterly disregarded in changing an Arabian to a Mexican horseman. Can we wonder that the Muse deserts us when we desecrate her shrine with such offerings as this?

Thirdly, the style of execution of most of our popular art is bad. A moment's comparison of the two classes of journals already so often alluded to, establishes this at once. Not only is the detail poorly managed, but there is almost a total absence of the grace, the boldness, the propriety, which, in their appropriate places, would go far to redeem minor faults by the excellence of the more prominent features. If we can afford but a few scratches for rocks and herbage; our trees, at least, should be something better than mere scrawls; our buildings than bare geometry; our men and women—but to what shall we liken them!

Finally, our pictures, however well executed in other respects, show a lamentable want of all idea of combination for the sake of picturesque effect. They are too diffuse; there is no central object wrought out in high relief to bind the subordinate parts into a harmonious whole, and impress the beholder with some one chief idea. The fault is that the conception is almost always general; hence, modify the back-ground, and one of our battle scenes is as good as twenty. The eye contemplates such pictures and is unable to fasten itself upon a single feature to be retained when it turns away. In another set of examples the tendency is to run to the opposite extreme. The subject of the piece is set up in the middle of a broad expanse of nothing in particular, and left there, as forlorn as a poor child lost on a prairie. This fault is common in the photographic branch of art. A single upright figure stares at us from an area that would almost have sufficed a Rubens for the swarms of Pandemonium or the hosts of the New Jerusalem.

Such a state of things is to be ascribed mainly to the practical tendencies of the American mind, and to the rule that makes *cheapness* the test of popularity. These principles influence the public taste, and vie together in lowering it and confirming its debasement. A complete view of the subject, (which this essay pretends merely to touch upon) would consider the probable effect of better influences which have already begun to oppose these, by calling to our aid artistic skill and taste from regions where there is little beside to recommend. It would do justice to those Americans who have arisen to eminence among the painters, statuaries, and architects of the world. It would show that our growing discrimination in regard to rhetoric, poetry, and music, departments from their nature, much the most readily diffused among a democratic people; and our avidity for something, however poor, in imitation of the other types of art, are indicative of a latent capacity for appreciating, and perhaps for yielding, products of it in the highest degree of excellence.

C. B.

THE POETS.

God's ministers are they,
Between the Heaven and Earth alone they stand;
Here, souls are captive, held by bonds of clay,
There, stretching far and beautiful away,
Is the free spirit land.
And they unto the weary world shall bring
Glad tidings of deliverance, and sing
Of the dear Christ that suffered for its sake.
Woe, if they sleep while souls are left to die;
Woe, if they cease to sound that warning cry,
The Master comes, awake!

God's ministers are they,
Forever bringing hidden truths to light,
And sending brilliant gleamings of the day,
By white robed messengers in bright array,
Across the solemn night.
Theirs is the power by magic touch, to bear
Far from the earth its weary load of care,
Lest tender hearts should break;
And by their hands the fearful bolts are hurled,
And thunders roll—why sleepest thou old world,
The Master comes, awake!

God's ministers are they,
Catching the music from that distant shore
Far soothing—when earth's stricken children lay
The loved and beautiful in death away—
They whisper evermore;
Not of the pale, cold form, the lost, the dead,
But the bright glory of the spirit fled;
The burning thirst that living waters slack;
They tell of the archangel that will bring
To ears of clay the summons of the King,
The Master comes, awake!

C.

Editor's Table.

The popular aphorism, that "the Pen is mightier than the Sword," seems not to have been heeded by our friend "Mac," and doffing his editorial gown and bidding us all adieu, he suddenly steps into the dignity of a soldier's life, and is now prepared to draw the Rebel's, instead of his inkstand's blood. And while he is nobly pushing forward in that glorious struggle for the maintenance of all that is good and pure, and true in his country's cause, we are left behind to introduce to an expectant public the October number of the Nassau Lit. Respected Reader, let me beg you not to allow your expectations to overrun your judgment, and don't be ungenerous enough to expect too little. It is a very pleasant thought to know that we have the disposition to make ourselves agreeable even if we fail in our endeavors to do so, and we now congratulate you, dear reader, ourselves and every body else upon the appearance of our Lit, quite regardless of future consequences. We are all sympathy for those who are in trouble, and sincerely condole with the disappointed aspirants for high honors, who are probably just about this time indulging in a very depreciating view of their own abilities. "What's in a name," Shakspeare said, and we say—shades of Shakspeare forgive us—what's in a grade! But grades are something after all, and while we console our unfortunate friend with the suggestion, that some pretty low grades stand side by side with the names of some very great men, and that a certain distinguished novelist was turned out of College, still they had better poll up, and having translated (without a "trans") "*Perseverentia vincit omnia*," apply and improve upon its teachings. However, scholastic attainments are not the only characteristics of a well informed student. Our College course gives us an excellent opportunity to learn much, aside from what is required of us, that will materially aid our endeavors to prepare for the s ern realities of life. No man is just to himself who lives a selfishly cloistered life among his thumbed-out books. Let the student go in with all that is going on around him, and learn something of the way we have at Old Nassau. It will test him, and, if he is worth anything, purify, enlighten and make him a truer man than he ever was before. Parents sometimes hesitate about sending their sons to College, fearing a rapid degeneracy and a destruction of their moral economy. Such parents unconsciously acknowledge a decided weakness, or, what is oftener the case, the worthlessness of their offspring.

Too long is the roll of great and good and noble men who have gone out from our Alma Mater, presenting a glorious tribute to her usefulness, and manifesting the truthfulness of her teachings, for us to refuse to acknowledge, sustain, and contend for the regenerating and civilizing influences of Colleges. Who does not love to think about the talent, the learning and the greatness which have met their stars of destiny around this very spot? What a magnificent galaxy! And where is the institution whose walls have echoed to the merry laugh, the earnest praise and fervent prayers of men, such as Old Nassau Hall modestly suggests to any who dare to doubt her claims to her present exalted position among the colleges of our country.

Just at this time we mourn the premature decease of Professor Henry's only son, a graduate of the institution, and a young man giving strong promise of great usefulness and high distinction, his death has inflicted a sore trial upon his immediate family, and sheds a deep gloom over a large circle of admiring friends. A great many of Old Nassau's sons have passed away, but they have left behind them an enduring name, which tells to other generations the story of their fame. How soon the class of '63 will tread no more upon this hallowed ground, and how many happy recollections come rushing out before us as we approach our last, our happiest, and yet our saddest college days. But let's drop what is going to be, and talk about what is; as, for instance, the Nassau Cadets; what patriotism! eighty-nine cents apiece for a soldier hat, and a remarkable degree of proficiency in the drill; such a ready response to the President's call for troops commands our highest admiration and respect, and we regret that our space only permits us to give the more prominent officers. Capt. A. C. Fuller; First Lieutenant, J. B. Vredenburgh; Second Lieutenant, A. A. Strickler; High Private, R. S. Van Cleve. But the military are not the only objects of curiosity in our little college world. Champion Base Ball Clubs, Wonderful Gymnasts, Dignified Seniors, Queer Freshmen, and *a returned volunteer*, go to make up a pleasing group of curiosities, unexcelled, we are sure, by any other institution. The photographic excitement is somewhat abated, but there is occasionally to be seen the disappointed features of some unhappy individual who had fondly hoped that Mr. Warren wielded the implements to evoke order from chaos, light from darkness, and surround his agonizing phiz with what Nature had denied him. Remember, dear friend, that you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and heap not your angry anathemas upon the unfortunate photographer who fails only in doing what can never be accomplished.

While Mr. Warren's shanty was in due process of *illumination*, the ground immediately beyond it was the scene of a match game between "the Star" of New Brunswick and the "Nassau Base Ball Club;" the excitement upon that occasion was decidedly "*much*," and just as the last rays of the setting sun gilded the horizon a long, wild, uproarous cheer announced to the anxious spectators that Nassau—as usual—was ahead, and the game was ours. The "Star," however, moved off in very good *spirits*, consoling themselves with the hope that the next victory would be theirs, in which alas! they were soon destined to be disappointed. And now, in virtue of its final triumph over the champions of New Jersey, the Nassau Base Ball Club, like the Nassau Cadets, stand boldly forth, the admired of all admirers.

In speaking of the institutions within our institution, we would be grossly at fault, did no recollection of our lamented Α Σ Κ, rise up before us and demand our especial consideration. True, she is dead, and prematurely, alas! she has passed away in all probability never again to be revived. What was Α Σ Κ? Reader, you don't know, and the immutable laws upon which that glorious institution was founded forbid us to enlighten you. But we can tell you of her virtues, and from these judge ye what she was. Glorious was her career, and during the few months of her existence she sends forth to a grateful community THREE PROFESSORS, A STUDENT OF LAW, and THREE BRAVE DEFENDERS of that noble Constitution which vouchsafed to her the liberties she enjoyed. Alas, alas! that the only record now upon the pages of history should be, THE MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY *fuit.* Generally speaking *contentedness* seems to be a leading characteristic of a college student. The Freshman rejoices in his new-found independence, and thinks with joy of his rapid approach to the glorious freedom of a Sophomore. The Soph', though groaning under a heavy burden of numerous and neglected duties, pictures to himself a happy future, freed from morning recitations, and smacks his lips over the prospect of smoking breakfasts just after chapel. The Junior feels *his* dignity, and is proud to know that just one step more and he enters upon his last year in college; and the Senior—"the good old Senior"—lives happy in the consciousness of his terrible importance, and thinks and plans, and plans and thinks over his future advance upon the stage of world-life. He muses, too, over the now faded hours of the past, and many a hearty laugh, and many a silent tear reminds him of the reality of his college-life. He is conscious now of having almost passed the happiest period of his life, and the recollection of true friends and noble hearts linked in association with the brightest hours of his college course, reminds him too well of the joys that are fast fading from his view.

> "The sweetness that pleasure hath in it,
> Is always so slow to come forth,
> That seldom, alas, 'till the minute
> It dies, do we know half its worth."

Ours has been no ordinary college-course; we have lived it through, surrounded by wonderful and important changes When, as verdant Freshmen, we timidly strolled into morning chapel, and gazed with wondering eyes upon the noble class of '60, and during the greater part of our Freshmen year, peace and prosperity smiled upon our country, and all parts were represented in the college, a hundred Southerners, together with the usual number of Northern students, swelled our catalogue with over three hundred names, and every variety of sentiment, every grade of character, here harmoniously jogged along together. We entered upon our Sophomore year just at the opening of the Presidential campaign, and at the close of the year we were forcibly reminded that all the terrors of a civil war were just about to burst upon us. The Southerners soon turned their backs upon these classic shades, and '63 suffered with the rest; one after another has dropped off from our number, and now scarcely half its former size the class is passing through its Senior year. But—

> "Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
> Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
> Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
> And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
> Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
> Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd—
> You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Our editorial labors are over, and now resting upon our honors we sink back into oblivion. SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI!

THE EDITOR.

The Nassau Literary Magazine,

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THE

Nassau Literary Magazine.

AUGUSTUS ZABRISKIE, EDITOR.

Vol. XXIII. NOVEMBER, 1862. No. 3.

ENGLISH SURNAMES.

In the early state of society, *Abraham* and *Moses* among the Jews, *Achilles* and *Ulysses* among the Greeks, were known to their respective cotemporaries by the single names by which they were mentioned in the Holy Writ, and in the poetry of Homer.

A later and higher state of civilization was accompanied, both in Greece and Rome, by the use of surnames. Distinctive additions, patronymical or local, added to the single name, will be familiar to most of our readers. Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Thucydides son of Olorus, Socrates son of Sophroniscus, were such. Of the three which became usual for Romans to bear, the first or prænomen, corresponded to our baptismal name; the second indicated the *gens;* and the third or cognomen, may be considered as corresponding to our hereditary family name. *Marcus Tullius Cicero* makes it known by his name that he is a member of the *Cicero* family, and that that family belonged to the *gens Tullia.*

If we pass from the Roman world to that which arose on its ruins, we shall find the earlier practice restored. This simple practice prevailed generally throughout England during the whole of the Saxon period; and on the Continent under Charlemagne and many of those who followed him. In the present day the name of baptism is but seldom heard, except in conversation between persons who are extremely intimate, and on the celebration of ceremonies, such as those of baptism and marriage; whereas formerly persons were known entirely by their names of baptism, and even now in some parts of Europe persons are addressed only by their Christian names.

The importance of the origin and meaning of the names of persons is great, both in historical and antiquarian investigation. The origin of the greater part of our existing surnames is to be sought for in many distinct sources. Such surnames mainly consist of the following classes: 1st, Norman surnames dating from the conquest. 2d, Local English names. 3d, Names of occupation. 4th, Derivatives from the Christian names of father or mother. 5th, Names given on account of personal peculiarities. 6th, Names derived from the animal, mineral, or vegetable kingdoms. 7th, Irish, Scotch, French and other continental names.

I. The first and smallest class consists of the Norman names brought into England at the conquest. The Domesday Book is the only accurate and trustworthy authority, showing the names of those Norman, among whom the length and breadth of the land of England was divided. It is these names alone which became hereditary as early as the eleventh century. These ancient Norman names may be arranged under three heads. First, those which have *de* prefixed, and which are derived principally from places in Normandy. Second, those which, not being local, had *le* prefixed, as *Le Marshall*, *Le Mesurier*, *Le Bastard*, *Le Strange*. Third, those with which neither *de* nor *le* was used, and which were all probably significative; *Basset*, *Howard*, *Talbot*, *Bellew*, and many others belong to this third division. *Fitz* is a common prefix to Norman patronymics, just as *son* is the Saxon termination to express the same idea. *Fitzwilliam* is the Norman form, *Williamson* the Saxon. We shall again advert to the Norman names.

II. The second and most numerous division of English surnames comprehends all those which have a local English origin. A vast number of places in England have contributed to form this class of surnames, which may be looked at as consisting of two subdivisions. The first is that of generic names, such as *Bridge* and *Brook*, *Hill* and *Dale*, *Pitt* and *Hole*, *Hayes* and *Drake*, *Hide*, *Holme* and *Warren*, *Field* and *Croft*, *Holt* and *Hope*, &c. The second class consist of specific names of places, such as *Oxford*, Buckin*gham*, Wort*ley*, and Pres*ton*. The frequent adoption of such names of places as surnames gave rise to the old distich—

> " In*ford*, in*ham*, in*ley* and *tun*,
> The most of English surnames run."

A former Lord *Lyttelton* once contended that his family must be more ancient than that of the *Grenvilles*, since the little town had existed before the *grand ville.* At Venice a somewhat similar but more serious dispute arose between the houses of *Ponti* and *Carnali.* The former alleged that they, the Bridges, were above the Canals; the latter that they, the Canals, existed before the Bridges. The Senate was obliged to remind the rival houses that its authority could equally pull down Bridges and stop Canals, if they became a public nuisance.

Unlike names derived from occupations, these local English names are in themselves void of any signification with reference to the condition in life of those who first assumed them.

III. We now come to the great class of surnames derived from occupations. In this class comes the great family of *Smith;* the largest of all the English families.

> **" From whence came *Smith*, all be knight or squire,**
> **But from the Smith that forgeth at the fire?"**

The largeness of the family of *Smith* seems to be owing to this, that the *Smith* of the age when surnames first became hereditary, included in his mystery the work which *Wheeler*, *Cartwright* and other *Wrights* afterwards performed. It is probable that a small proportion only of these names, derived from occupations, were adopted in country places, and that the bulk of them arose in towns. In the country every little hamlet supplied, for adoption, not only its own name but *Squire*, *Franklin*, *Yoeman*, *Freeman*. The *Turners*, and *Taylors*, *Barbers*, and *Bakers*, *Cooks*, *Coopers*, and *Chapmans* would more exercise their crafts in town than in the country. The less numerous families of *Carters* and *Fielders*, of *Barkers* and *Tanners*, of *Fowlers* and *Forresters*, and *Woodmans*, of *Farmers* and *Shepherds*, of *Baileffs* and *Reeves*, would mainly arise in the country. Each of a large number of local names has names of occupation dependent upon it, many of which belong alone to the country. *Pitt* has its *Collier* and *Pitman*, *Bridge* its *Bridge* and *Bridgeman.*

It may at first appear a little remarkable that where the *Taylors* are so numerous, the members of an almost equally important craft, *Cordwainers* and *Shoemakers*, should be apparently wanting. If any such surnames exist, there can be very few of them.

Many of these names of employment survive, and remind us of crafts that have long ceased to exist. Among such names are *Archer*, *Arrowsmith*, *Fletcher*, *Bowman*, *Massinger*, *Falconer*, and probably *Hooker*. *Draper* and *Napier* deserve explanation. The former in its early use seems to have meant simply a cloth merchant; the latter's dealings were not with *drapery*, but with *napery* only. Napery denotes table linen, including the nappe or napkin used on washing hands before and after meals. The napier handed these napkins.

Some names which may be considered as names of occupation or office, are not so easily accounted for. Most of such names as *Pope*, *King*, *Prince*, *Lord*, *Earl*, *Bacon*, *Knight*, *Bishop*, *Priest*, *Monk*, *Chamberlain*, and others, must have been originally assumed and transmitted by persons who did not, in fact, hold the station indicated by the name. There is also much changing letters in names, and thus making them different names. With us the good old English *Smith* is corrupted into *Smythe*, *Smiythe*, and at last even into *Smithers*, just as *Simon*, the cobbler in '*Lucian*,' when he grew rich called himself *Simonides.* Such traits of human nature have frequently been observed from the time of Simon, the Greek cobbler, to that of John, the English Smith.

IV. We next arrive at names derived from the Christian name of father or mother. In very early times the addition to the child's name of that of the father was not unusual; and the surnames so formed was transmitted to the descendants when surnames became hereditary. In the principality of Wales a small number of surnames thus derived embrace the bulk of the whole population. *Jones*, *Johns*, *Evans*, severally correspond to our English *Johnsons* in their meaning. *Bethel*, *Bowen*, (ap Owen,) *Davis*, *Robert*, *Roberts*, *Pugh*, (ap Hugh,) *Hughes* and *Williams* are of like origin. It is a little remarkable that the Britons of Cornwall should have derived most of their surnames from local objects, while the Britons of Wales derive theirs almost wholly from patronymics. The twelve largest families of the existing English nation are those known under the names of *Smith*, *Jones*, *Williams*, *Taylor*, *Brown*, *Davies*, *Thomas*, *Evans*, *Roberts*, *Johnson*, *Robinson* and *Wilson*, all which, except three (*Smith*, *Taylor* and *Brown*,) are derived from patronymics. Each Christian name gives rise to a variety of surnames. Among those from *Henry*, are *Harrison*, *Harris*, *Halken*, *Hawes* and *Hawkins*, and probably *Hall.* *Ellis* produces *Ellison*, *Elkins*, *Elkinson*, *Ellis*, *Elliot*, and *Elliotson.* From *David* we have not only *Davies*, which we have just seen was a very numerous class, but also the several families of *Davidson*, *Davy*, *Dawes*, *Dawson* and *Dawkins.* From *Hugh* we have *Hughes*, *Hugget*, *Huggins*, *Hugginson*, *Hewitt*, *Hewson*, *Hewell*, and seemingly *Whewell.* From *Nicholas* we have *Nicholson*, *Nichols*, *Nixon*, *Cole*, *Collins*, and others.

Bastards appear, not unfrequently, to have taken as a surname, *Fitz*, prefixed to the name of either their mother or supposed father. In our own day, each of the children of William, Duke of Clarence, and Mrs. Jordan took the name of *Fitzclarence*, those of the Duke of Sussex and Lady Augusta Murray were *D'Esle.* Proceeding on in the derivation of names we have *Nelson* from *Nell*, *Nanson* from *Nan*, *Patterson* from *Patty*, *Thompson* from *Tom*, Jackson from *Jack*, Watson from *Wat;* from Gregory *Gregg* and *Greyson;* from Geoffry, *Jeff*, *Jephson* and *Jefferson;* from *Gabriel*, *Gabb;* from Gilbert, *Gibbs*, and *Gibson*, *Gibbens* and *Gibbon;* from Matthew *Matts* and *Mattson*, *Matthews* and *Mathers;* from Samuel, *Sams* and *Sampson;* from Simons, *Simms* and *Simpson;* from Richard, *Dick* and *Dixon.* Of this last numerous but obscure family, two younger branches, those of *Richardson* and *Dickens*, have been ennobled by literature; the former in the author of 'Claressa Harlowe,' and the latter in Charles Dickens. While speaking of patronymics, we may mention *Paul*, its diminutives, *Pollock* and *Polk*, and derivatives *Paulson*, *Pauson*, and, as seems probable, *Porson.* Enough for patronymics.

V. Our fifth class comprises descriptive names. Bodily peculiarities have given rise to the greater part of this class of surnames; but some which indicate mental qualities must also be noted. Among the latter are *Good*, and *Goodman*, and *Goodenough*, and *Goodfellow*, and *Best* and *Perfect*, *Sage* and *Wise*, *Meek* and *Moody*, *Gay* and *Joyce*, *Savage*, *Sly* and *Wild*, *Wake* and *Quick*. Of the names just mentioned, *Sage*, *Savage*, and *Wake*, and probably others, were used at the beginning of the 13th century. The surnames derived from bodily peculiarities are intelligible for the most part, even to the uneducated. Every one understands the meaning of *Bigge*, *Little*, and *Liddell*, *Long* and *Longman*, *Short* and *Straight* and *Crump*, *Armes* and *Armstrong*. We have now *Grant*, *Shanks*, *Hand*, *Legge* and *Back*, *Head* and *Foot*, *Greathead* and *Lightfoot*, *Side* and *Heaveside*. Surnames like these, taken from bodily peculiarity, were occasionally used among the Anglo-Saxons, some centuries before the Norman conquest, and long before surnames were hereditary in England. We thus, therefore, find our familiar modern surnames, *Black* and *White*, *Ironside* and *Mitchell* are about a thousand years old, and the name of *Brown* has antiquity some centuries higher than the reign of King John, and comes out of the very forest. Several of animals which figure in the old story of Reynard the Fox, bear names derived from their bodily peculiarities and appearance; and a very ancient and widely diffused name of the Bear is *Bruin*, *Braun*, *Brunus*, *Brunellus*, so that he stands at the very head of the *Bruin*, *Brown* and *Brunel* families. *Brown*, *Black* and *White* are the commonest names of this class. *Rous* and the diminutive *Russell* also belong to it, and like *Blunt*, indicated at first the color of the hair.

In other instances the name is specifically descriptive of the precise bodily peculiarity for which it was first bestowed; as in *Blackhead*, *Blacklock*, *Redhead*, *Whitehead*, *Siverlock*, *Silvertop*, *Fairhead*, *Fairfax*. Not only have we the compounds *Blacklock*, *Whitelock* and *Silverlock*, but the simple word *Locke* is a not uncommon surnames. Custom and armour also gave names. The names of Robert *Curthose* and Hugh *Capet* occur early. A great Earl of Anjou was called *Grisa-gonella*, or *Grey-gown*, from the garment which he wore. And *Long-espee*, *Strong-bow*, *Fortescue*, (strong-shield) surnames all well known in the English language, have a like origin. The *Pilgrim* who returned from Jerusalem, carrying a Palm-branch, was a Palmer. *Shakespeare*, *Breakspear*, *Winspear*, *Wagstaff*, *Bickerstaff*, and other similar names, must first have been bestowed on persons skilled in the use of the weapon mentioned.

VI. The sixth class consists of names derived from the animal, mineral and vegetable hingdoms. Some names from the animal kingdom indicate a state of society when the intercourse of man with wild beasts was much greater than it is now. The Saxons, while yet Pagans, would sometimes desire to have their children imitate such properties of courage as they observed to be in some kind of beasts, such as they esteemed to be beasts of battle, as is, among others, the bear. The names of such beasts, therefore, served to form names for the children of the Saxons. Such a proper name obtained from the bear is still preserved in *Bernard*, *Ursus* and *Urso* are are names of great antiquity. Some of the name, *Burns*, *Brudge*, *Berworth*, *Berney*, *Berenham*, *Beresford*, *Berford*, *Berwick*, *Baring*, *Bearcroft* and *Bearsley*, may be derived from the bear. Of the *Wolf* we have, in our ancient nomenclature, very ample traces. The religious light in which the animal was regarded, in consequence of his constant attendance on the conquering deity, Odin or Woden, may have had a share in causing the frequent adoption, in very ancient times, of names derived from the Wolf. In England, names of places, many centuries older than any hereditary surnames, have originally been derived from the Wolf: *Wolfham*, *Wolfhill*, Great *Wolford*, *Wolfpets*, *Wolfcote* and *Wolferlow*. The word *Woolley*, which is still the name of many places, probably always means *Wolfey*. The Fox, not having been exterminated among us, has given use, in comparatively modern times, to surnames in the families of *Fox*, *Tod* and *Todhunter*. But let us not leave unnoticed the Boar of the ancient forest; he has contributed more than the Wolfe, Fox or Bear to our modern family nomenclature. His best known descendants are the *Pigg* and *Hogg*, who trace their pedigree through *Porcus*, recorded under King John in the Fine Rolls, and who are accompanied by their attendant *Pigman*. The *Hogg* spreads into younger branches of *Hoggett* and *Hoggins*, with which *Piggins* and *Swinnock* may perhaps be reckoned, and the common fate of them all, is suggested by the formidable names of *Spic* and *Speckard*, *Hogflesh*, *Gammon* and *Bacon*, *Pigdon*, *Pignells*, *Pighles*, and seemingly *Pickles*, *Hogwood*, *Swinburn*, *Sowden*, *Sowerby*, and *Swinnerton*. The *Wildbores*, of course, claim a direct descent from the *Boar* of the primeval forest. There are also *Hawkes*, *Hares*, *Patridges*, *Crowes*, *Sparrows* and *Ravens*. The diminutive *Gosling* is common, and even *Goosey* is more frequently met with than *Goose*. The ancient *Cockerel* is still preserved, and may now be compared with *Duckerell*, which is not so common, and has not been made so illustrious as the name of *Drake*, *Ram* and *Tupp* are rare. *Sheep*, we believe, is not in use, but *Lamb* is very common. We have some *Bugs*, *Emmetts*, *Herons*, *Ferns* and *Reeds* still.

The minerals and vegetable kingdom furnish a considerable variety of names to the lords of creation. A few instances will suffice. To represent the mineral kingdom, we may nominate Bishop *Jewel*, Col. *Steele* and Senator *Salt*, backed by *Gold*, *Silver* and *Brass*, together with *Goldsmith* and *Brazier*.

The vegetable kingdom presents *Primrose*, *Maple*, *Ash-Poplar*, *Thorn*, *Cressey*, *Pine*, *Pepper* and *Peppercorn*.

VII. The above classes contain the bulk of the English surnames now in use; but there is one considerable class as yet unmentioned; it is that class of surnames introduced by foreigners. They were introduced at different periods of English history. They have introduced such surnames as *Almann*, *Almayne*, *Dalmaine*, *Janeway*, *Bret*, *Britain*, *Burgin*, *Burgoyne*, *Dane*, *Flanders*, *Fleming*, *Franceis*, *Gaskin*, *Hanway*, *Norman*, *Pickard*, *Lambert*, *Loring*, *Poilevin*, *Sterling*, *Wallis*, *Walsh*, *Scott*, *Baden*, *Schweitzer*, *Polack*, *Finn*, *Phinn*.

Of the above names a few occur in the Domesday Book, more are found under the princes of the house of Plantagenet, and some are of comparatively recent importation.

This short essay on surnames was written with especial reference to English surnames, that is, those in use now in England; it may at first sight look strange that we did not select our own country, but it must be evident to all that it would be impossible to give any one a clear idea of American surnames without you yourself understood almost every language on the Globe; for the surnames of America are names of recent importation from every quarter of the world. We need hardly apologise to our readers for inviting them, as we have done, to survey in some detail the varied sources of that English nomenclature, which is destined to spread over so large a part of the whole world.

THE GENIUS OF LITERATURE.

History is a record of character. It is the echo of the great voice of humanity speaking in perpetual praise or entreaty,—the great soul of our common Nature, hungering and thirsting after happiness and Truth. The Past is a monument of its struggles! All Heroism and Philanthropy, all Courage and Skill are the outbursts of the deep, chastened passion of sublime character. These are the themes which command the inspiration of the historian. Cowardice, Tyranny, Faint-heartedness and Ignorance exist only in contrast; for where there is light, shadows come too, and they also deepen the effect of the picture.

Truth is debtor to Antiquity—" both to the Greek and the

Barbarian." The vast resources of its intellect have fallen to our heirship, and exemplify the *ancient* power and excellence of undying principles. Their defeats and victories are enacted again in song and story, for warnings and encouragement. We, in sunny July, harvest the bending grain, which their sowers, in the dreary Springtime, committed to the unthawed earth.

"O Past!
Whatever of true life there was in thee,
Leaps in our Age's veins; * * *
To thee thy dross is clinging!
For us thy Martyrs die, thy Prophets see,
Thy Poets still are singing."

But this light shines not over the shadowy confines, for us to stare upon, until the gaunt shapes, and lovely apparition, which our fancy paints, gathering strange and hallowed drapery about them, seduce our hearts into Idolatry; but rather, to discern by its illumination, the magnitude and importance of those great interests which are connected with our destinies. Wherefore, living under a grander dispensation, it is chiefly

"When images of old Error fall,
Earth worshipped once as deathless,"

that we have sure evidence of our own progress. It is from an historical contemplation of representative men and their works, that the power and oneness of all intellectuality is felt. We see a spiritual creation, whose properties attract and edify us. Experience can trace some of its mysteries to their sources in our own nature. Beauty exerts an influence unfelt before, and in its power over us we have an intuitive sense of truth or reality. Cherishing the fleeting sense as a symbol of something actual and precious, we make it ours by patient thought. It becomes a motive; and our abstract thing, inspirited by some passionate energy, flies forth the property of the world. Like that ancient man, we received the bird through a window, and having retained the olive twig, dismissed the blessing upon another mission of love. We will not expect its return. This is genius—the art of representative manhood. One thus endowed is "isolated among his companions, by truth and by his art, but with this consolation in their pursuit, that they will draw all men, sooner or later. For all men live by truth, and stand in need of expression." His is a more perfect humanity than others, his types and emblems are fairer and clearer, and the heart must beat responsive to that ritual.

The genius of literature is a creative energy, which discerns, develops, and recreates the truth of Beauty. It is characterized, first, *by a spirit of necessity for expression, which it has*, and then, *by its power of creative production.* Creative energy is characterized by three elements, which originate representative stages in its development—(I.) *original spirit*, (II.) *creative faculty*, and (III.) *spiritual efficiency.*

I. Original spirit is the native faculty by which *truth* in beauty is detected, and separated from mere *fancy* and *fiction.* This is the germ and essential mark of genius. It yields now to a high law of development. The same principle first inspiring it with the keen instinct and piercing vision, nourishes those habits of life which protect and assist it unfolding powers according to their need. Permeating through every pore of the soul's organism, its own exquisite and immortal vigor enlarges and purifies those emotions and aspirations, which are peculiarly personal, until the expanding thought bursts forth into a creative deed, beautiful, and sensitive, yet prophetic of future mightiness. It is the earliest act, the first bloom of pregnant thought. Although the snow, and last Autumn's leaves encumber it, it heralds the dreamy sunshine. Education is still necessary to success. Thereby hidden resources are drawn forth, tried and adorned material prepared, and a healthy development of temperament and soul promoted. The necessity and direction of individual action is best learned by study and experience. In all the great "secret of genius, is to suffer no fiction to exist for us; to realize all that we know;

and first, last, midst, and without end, to honor every truth by use."

II. Faculty is the natural result of repeated and well-directed effort. By as much as any one prudently trusts to himself in little things, by just so much will he make himself worthy of confidence in all. With the discovery of this truth, manly character begins its development. Afterward the one necessary thing is activity. There is no substantiality in "that good which is *done for us*." The noble character and trained intellect are evolved, little by little, from the mass of vanities which envelope all our knowledge and daily life.

The faculty to which genius attains is creative and progressive. "The soul active sees absolute truth, and utters truth, or creates." In this act it is sound, educated, unconscious genius.

III. We have now reached that era in representative character, when Genius is active and powerful in creative production. The treasures of early thought are now recalled by the busy, skillful hand into moddled beauty and symmetry.

Physical beauty is a type and symbol of the spiritual, and higher loveliness. Genius, by the original and unconscious use of these living verities, is an interpreter of God, shining in Nature and man. What, in them, is often changing and obscure, it embodies in grand and glorious forms, which hides the earthly and perishable by skillfully arranged drapery of moral fairness. The nobler emotions spring forth spontaneously in the steadfast gaze; the baser passions recoil within the gloom. Genius is powerful in its sacred passion. In art or literature, it is the majesty of man's high ideal which fascinates and purifies us. It is moral beauty and truth which speaks. In universal literature, the human soul in every phase of its being speaks. Its petitions, reveries, joyousness, enthusiasm, all disclose some absolute or eternal truth, which mediates between a human and *the divine* intelligence. "In the lowest degree, as well as at the height of being, God is everywhere met, for God is truth, and truth is everywhere. Literature studies Nature, elevates us to the laws that govern it, and makes it as it were a living truth. It studies, above all, humanity; humanity is much greater than Nature, for it comes from God as well as Nature, and knows Him while Nature is ignorant of Him. Its especial mission is to inculcate the spirit of search and love for truth, and to refer it to that Immortal Being who is its source. The more we know of truth the more we know of God." That literature, therefore, which survives until now, "as a literature of power finished and unalterable among men," is a history of a progressive following after God. Ever since the primeval curse, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," the Nations groping by the dim light of Reason and Nature have chiefly wrought in bondage to Ignorance and Error. But truth, committed as a holy trust to men, has been still sustained and promoted. Voices in prophecy and song have spoken of Faith and Courage. Holy men have wrought in the silent studies of midnight, and amid the hum and cares of busy days. Utterances for freedom have everywhere at some time startled men, and aroused aspirations for nobler, holier life. By way-marks or mile-stones, we can trace all the way to that lonely inn at Bethlehem; and then, in the sunlight of revelation, we mark more joyfully the progress of "peace on earth and good will toward men," until now.

O language, thou art truly "the all-embracing art of man!" Bridging the stream which surges and roars on this side of the great domain of the Past, thou, assiduous both in fruitful and in scanty years, hast garnered the vast treasures of universal human thought, to pour them at our feet!

Amid the hourly recurring miracles of steam and electricity, we unravel from the great web of time, threads of the very same humanity, which now clothes us. It is plain, gay, brittle and elastic still!

When we travel through some strange land, or along an obscure and dangerous road, the voice of friendly greeting, or direction, is pleasant and refreshing as the summer shower to the parching plant. Sweetly fall those tones upon the ear, and the heart is reanimated with cheerfulness and courage! Shortly the journey is accomplished! in the coveted retreat which was sought, we are satisfied! So is it with they who seek the warning and encouragement of well-ordered genius. Its works are "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Men generally are petulant and headstrong. The bitter experience of life may sometimes teach wisdom, sometimes only prudence; but oftenest it is wholly wasted. Few indeed of the myriads who come and go become really courageous or truly self-reliant. Fewer still acquire the beautiful spirit of earnest humility. The world cherishes a false and hollow standard of education to an exclusion of the true and solid. But yet the earnestness of truth and love cannot wholly die. It must yet conquer. Here and there a soul whose better instincts some accident has developed and chastened, lives to write and sing those truths when men love to ponder upon. When such a man writes, or such a woman sings, Shallow-heartedness seeks a hiding-place. Stalking corruption cowers, trembling lest its flimsey veil should be torn off, and its haggard visage exposed to ridicule and contempt.

> "To *them* the smiling soul of man shall listen,
> Laying awhile its crown of thorns aside,
> And once again in every eye shall glisten
> The glory of a nature satisfied."

The greatest glory of literature is to speak to the common heart of humanity—the intellectual poor, the lame, the halt, the blind. Herein is its greatest power manifested, that the unconscious author speaks with a depth and pathos unfathomable by the most profound criticism ; and yet in kindred simplicity and love, tells of hope to the desponding, faith to the despairing, and rest to the weary, beyond the frequent shadows of these cold, storm-bound skies. It points far across the tide which swells and sighs at our feet, to the signal lights swinging to and fro in the distant city, where this pilgrimage shall end.

"It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century;
But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men;
To write some earnest word or line,
Which, *seeking not* the praise of Art,
Shall make a clearer faith and Manhood shine
In the untutored heart.
He that doth this in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye."

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MODERN SENTIMENTALISM—A SATIRE.

BY A. POOR PROSEWRITER, ESQ.

"Ætas parentum pejoravis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniorem vitiosiorem."

When Orpheus first attuned the living lyre,
And "woke to ecstasy" its mournful wire,
Obedient to its wild and varied strain,
Nature relaxed her "ancient, solitary reign;"
Meandering rivers ceased their onward way—
Resisting oaks bowed at the melting lay.
Not thus effective is the poetry
Which floats from Jersey's undulating lea;

Nor thus to storied ecstacy inclines,
The numbers born beneath her living pines.
But classic shades, where crowds ambitious throng,
Are fit retreats for architects of song;
And fit materials everywhere are found,
In sea and air and in the blue profound!
O! thou, Erato, bold and lustrous Maid,
Trust me, I pray, to Genius for my trade!
To Princeton bend thy sympathetic ear
And learn the cares which cause the human tear.,
Then give to song, Maid of amative arts,
The secret yearnings of corroding hearts!

A Roman poet, in the dusty road,
Of dull dry thought, drops this fresh episode:
"Old Pentheus by Gods to madness doomed,
Saw in yon heavens two mighty suns entombed;
Dire bands of furies haunt his constant way,
And Thebes seems doubled in the cloudless day."
It's probable this worthy swain indulged
(Though I'm not sure, the fact is not divulged,)
In stimuli like "Binninger" and "schnapps,"
Which oft had passed his ever ready chops,
Until his mind, by many applications,
Was dolefully inclined to abberrations.
Thus in our day, young men defaced with oil,
And robed by tailors in "a dem foine stoyle,"
Drink, smoke, play cards and chew, because it seems
That these are early Manhood's rising beams,
Starting athwart the gloomy path of youth.
How new and noble is this plea, forsooth!

Not cards alone, nor yet New England rum,
Are all the sources whence excesses come;
For the constituent elements of fools
Are wholly native,—not derived from schools.
"Whatever Nature hath in sense denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
Pride, when wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense."

I.

The point where sentimentalists commence,
Is where they leave the path of truth and sense.
The youth who gains, by many tears and yawns,
Good Cæsar's bridge—the asinorum pons—
Betakes himself with studious zeal to search,
Without the promptings of an Usher's birch,
For hair primeval on his hopeful face,
The store for broad cloth, and his form for grace.
Not yet are tails appended to his coat,
Nor has he ceased to learn his task by rote.
Romantic tales inflame his virgin soul!
Heroes and maids, whom adverse Fates control,
Draw from his heart the tribute of its sighs;
Tears sympathetic wet his boyish eyes:
And throwing by the yellow-covered book,
He seeks a lodge in some secluded nook.
On thought-fledged wing his soul its cage forsook,
And lost in brighter worlds realities of this.
Sweet thoughts of love, and dreams of bliss,
The fair-brow'd maiden, and th' impassioned kiss;
Th' rural cot, by flowers and foliage hid,
Of unromantic mercenaries rid;
O moonlight rambles, and cerulean sky,
Which smiles on hope, and bodes fruition nigh;
O gentle starlight! cast about thy charm,
And save such souls from unromantic harm!
An instance now is present to my mind,
Of morbid affectation of this kind.
A swain I knew who other swains surpassed,
Much as an Artist's first work does his last;
Who always took much credit to *himself*
For his good clothes, and for his Father's wealth.
Whom any one, morn, noon and night, might meet
Conning his task while passing down the street.
To some this course might imply wondrous zeal,
In storing knowledge for his future weal;
But they who *knew*,—they of the olden time
Knew this to be hypocrisy sublime.

For as he walked he gave the leaves sly twirls,
Meant to attract the attention of the girls.
And when at night he laid his books aside
Within his room, he missed the Fair, and sigh'd;
Altho' bow-legged, as some profanely said,—
(But I should say circumference-legg'd instead,)
Some hairs which grew upon his lateral face,
Were cherished as redeeming *lines* of grace,
For never till they had a place and name,
Said he, "with girls could I achieve a fame!"
So oft he stroked them with intensest joy,
And vowed they should some maid to love decoy.

May any doubt of his entire success,
Who impudently can the Fair address?
Since self-conceit, of all things in this age,
A woman's kindest sympathies engage;
And of all men, who has the fewest brains,
The highest favor with "the sex" maintains,
For everywhere "Birds of an equal feather,"
Are seen in airy journeyings together.

As fleshly ills some symptoms do afford,
So signs of love must always have occurred;
And to our Hero its advent divine,
Was presaged e'er he saw the maid; in fine,
Whether in school inclining o'er his slate,
Or in the church with holy joy elate,
Or stretched at ease where crystal streamlet purls,
In pining thought his soul adored the girls;
And when an object to those thoughts was given,
Her smiles were deemed an antetaste of Heaven.
Returning Night, whose dew-drops bribed the moon,
Beheld him haunting, till its shadowy Noon,
The enchanted dwelling where by Angels kept
The cherished object of his *first love* slept.
Often, 'tis said, he left his task for tropes,
To build by verse an airy house of hopes,
Grinding on scrannel-pipes lyric refuse,—
Th' convulsive efforts of Youth's morbid muse.

As faults to sins, and calves to kine increase,
And sheep once sheared still generate a fleece,
So in that soul, by Cupid stormed at last,
Sight through all grades to admiration passed
And admiration to heroic love.

What maid, indeed, can whiskers fail to move!

II.

As magnets do by Nature's law attract
When nicely placed by philosophic tact,
So boys and girls from apron-strings untied
In love heroic deem them glorified.
The gentle cats, in mind and body sick,
Know well the virtue of a heated brick!
The exhalations of primeval love,
As safety valves, for future comfort prove.
He scrawls her name in bold, laborious strokes,
And with his own her dear initials yokes,
As cutting them upon each smooth-barked tree
He wanders idly o'er the sunny lea,
Not all the power of verse melodious and full,
Which youthful Taste from Grecian Artists cull,
Nor precious vestiges of Her—imperial Rome—
Whose arts and arms have garnished many a tome,
Whose works of Genius to our Age has come—
All wealth of Thought in prospect, cannot coax
His soul from Sentiment's egregious hoax.
Unrestful slumbers and nocturnal tears,
The healthy bloom from virgin-faces bears
Pale Melancholy takes her gloomy seat,
And turns bright earth into a glorious cheat.
When the complaints which on their vitals prey,
Have eased a little near the close of day,
Perchance, "got up to kill," emitting perfumes sweet,
They exercise a *little* in the crowded street.
I, disinclined to flirt, do love to walk
Abroad and see the yearnings of such folk,
For *beaver hats* going by with fine young men,
Whose certain age is one score years less ten;

A kid glove, too, if 't grasps a faultless cane,
Will never plead at their heart's door in vain;
Nor would I pass *moustaches* idly by,
For they are potent in a maiden's eye.
Of all those maids whose present joys are brief,
Whose forms betray "the sear and yellow leaf,"
Oh! that stern fate by his relenting, would
Save one choice brand from ancient maidenhood!

Might we draw near and hear the soft discourse
Which maids and gallants mutually disburse,
We could not sketch with malice aforethought
The massive words in cumbrous phrases wrought;
Small thoughts peep out the ornamental dress,
Which "overload their very littleness."
Their common acts, (the dross of purest gold,)
To dizzy heights are mutually entolled;
And common thoughts from Earth's four quarters glean'd,
Come through their minds of all their virtue clean'd,
But trick'd in gaudy and redundant words,
And all the trappings which bad taste affords,
So sponges suck the water they're held o'er,
So by compression yield again their store;
'Tis water still—but dirtier than before!
Such affectations cling e'en unto men
Whose ages near the three score years and ten;
Bombast its crop of pride and mouthings brings;
Youth's strutting gait is Age's stately steppings;—
And Age will blast its chastened imagery
With withered blooms of Youth's hyperbole!
Just as the Boor when first transferred to town,
In walk at least essays to "cut" the clown;
But e'er he thinks, 'tis his peculiar fate,
He sees a plow, and strikes his rolling gait.

III.

Time journeys onward, and wise-acres say
That progress is the order of the day!
A fact, forsooth! which will not be denied,
Since her footsteps are seen on every side!

A courteous treatment in these days is due,
Not to yourself, but to your clothes—if new;
And warm politeness, by the latest rules
Denied to worth is lavished upon fools;
While he who high in public favor stands,
Our equal pity and contempt demands.
How to increase the mean empire of Pride,
And faster still to hasten time and tide,
Are the deep truths which tax the modern Sage,
And constitute the progress of the Age.
So 'tis not strange that affectations rise,
And Earth can boast more errant fools than wise!

Then if within your secret breast there glows
The energy of him whom Genius knows,
Seek not distinction in a doubtful way,
By wedding all the errors of the day;
But turn about and dare to face the worst—
By Truth and Reason men were never curs'd!
Dare to uplift the sad and drooping head,
Seem to despise, but never stoop to dread
The sneer of Mediocrity and Guile,
Meet chilling pride with its own scathing smile!
For these must cross your straight and narrow path,
And you will perish if you dread their wrath!

If you have yielded to love's pleasing dream,
And all around you Fancy casts her beam
Of borrowed light from stern reality;
While leisure hours and every evening see
You sitting blissful at the charmer's feet,
To blame the hours that they should pass so fleet—
Superior rise to cares which thus entomb
Your powers in sloth, and bind your soul to doom!
You are afraid to meet the wiles of men,
To work for wealth beyond your present ken,
A wealth of soul, a heritage of Truth,
The consummation of a well spent youth!
Why cower and tremble before little souls,
Grown rich in bonds, and brainless as to polls,

Forgetful that you have within yourself
Something superior to this yellow pelf,
If you'd knock off the cursed chains that bind
To sickly themes the genius of your mind!

Not thus who sees life in its nobler phrase,
And traces Truth through all her devious ways;
Who honors God, and with a willing hand
Assists His creatures as their cares demand;
Whose active soul pursues the Saviour's plan,
To smooth and grace our Being's narrow span;
And from his comprehensive duties spares
No idle hour for Love's heroic cares!
O, when on earth his glorious race is run,
And the descent through gloomy shades begun,
While thickening shadows press upon his brow,
His final accents uttered hard and low,
Attune the prelude of Seraphic strains,
Beginning then where Truth immortal reigns.
The ready wind of nobler, holier Love,
The guardian of his gloomy road shall prove,
And living fruitage by the crystal stream
Shall be his own, "*and Life beyond Life's dream.*"
For such the Poet's "mystic lyre is wreathed,"
For them the "spirit tones of music breathed;"
Their pulseless forms the Sculptor's skill has wrought
Into cold life, where life's great truths are taught;
And Time himself by a sublime decree,
Is guardian of their immortality.

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THE RECITATION ROOM.

There is philosophy in reciting a lesson, which is daily exemplified in the Class Room. Students are practical philosophers in this, as in many other respects; and the recitation room affords an ample field for the display of talents of this order. An exposition of some of the many expedients which are resorted to in order to maintain a respectable standing in class, may be of interest to those who do not particularly notice every-day college life.

Let us attend a recitation on Mental Philosophy. The first person called upon is a peculiarly knowing looking individual, who in a loud tone soon exonerates himself from any suspicion of stupidity. He evidently has talent, but renders himself obnoxious by his ill-conceited desire to display his knowledge. He is a fair specimen of the conceited class, and doubtless has one of the "honors" in view. His recitations indicate study, calculated more to produce an effect than to store his mind with useful information. Mr. Vainboaster attends recitations with commendable regularity, and never, upon any occasion, fails to take advantage of an opportunity to pass his decision upon any mooted question. In fact, the gentleman is inclined to be disputatious, and hesitates not to flatly contradict his preceptor. Neither are his classmates exempt from his effrontery; not only does he correct their statements, but takes the very words out of their mouths. Mr. Boaster is also a great Greek scholar. Alcestis is mere child's play to him, so that "trans" and interlineations are altogether unnecessary for him. He is remarkably officious in explaining complicated passages, and insists that his rendering is both elegant and correct. He enters into lengthy discussions upon Greek roots, oftentimes extracted from his fertile imagination, and his acquaintance with dusty tomes and ancient authors, of whom no one else has ever heard, is truly wonderful. But enough of Mr. Boaster, whom, we are happy to say, is not often to be met with in college. With a mere allusion t those who, on account of general debility, frequent attack of chills and fever, or other similar causes, attend recitations very seldom; but when they are present are orderly, and make perfect recitations; but let us glance at that class, who, in college parlance, cut recitations.

Mr. Indolent Sharp is not constant in his attendance at class; he possesses the peculiar faculty of always absenting himself when a difficult lesson is to be recited; the recitation room, however, is always honored by his presence during a lecture. Mr. Sharp is always prepared for the intricacies of conic sections. He comes into the room among the last, and his whole attention is wrapt up in his book. He takes a seat in a retired position as possible, endeavoring to attract as little attention as prudence admits. When called upon to demonstrate a problem, he takes his position at the "black board" with his back to the Professor. As he proceeds to work his example a careful observer might detect a small piece of paper in his hand, from which he transfers the figures to the board; or his rolled up coat sleeve might display, upon which is written the problem to be solved. Great care, of course, is necessary to prevent detection in this mode of procedure, but our friend has the bump of caution largely developed. Mr. Sharp goes upon the principle, that "there is a proud modesty in merit," and when asked whether he will demonstrate a problem, invariably replies, "I'll try, sir." In fact such a question never rouses his "virtuous indignation," and his extreme bashfulness prevents him from volunteering his services when not positively necessary. He is perfectly unobtrusive in a mathematical recitation, and perfect decorum always marks his conduct. Questions he never asks, and the explanations of the Professor are entirely satisfactory to him, nor does he ever venture to dispute his authority. Mr. Sharp, unlike Mr. Boaster, never engages in learned disquisitions upon Grecian Poetry and Antiquities; his knowledge is limited to the question in hand; and to this he gives his undivided attention. Neither does he scorn the use of a "trans," and his book present a very sorry appearance, English and Greek being so intermingled as to be scarely legible. His friends say that the interpolations have decidedly the preponderance, though he is careful not to let them meet the eye of the instructor. In the English studies he proves himself very different from Mr. Boaster. His book is constantly open beside him, into which he casts furtive glances, for his position generally being behind, or partially concealed by a classmate, renders it a comparatively easy matter to one so experienced. His absences from recitation are the result of indisposition or necessary detention, and are not so frequent as to excite suspicions as to his motives.

Resembling in some particulars the class above mentioned, is Mr. Witty Harum Scarum. This personage is not at all politic, very frequently absenting himself from class, and attending only when "the spirit moves him," never considering whether the lessons be difficult or easy. In logic his general information enables him to make a passable recitation. Familiar with all the devices of the sophists, he is never caught in "the horns of a dilemma," nor is he accustomed ordinarily to resort to the *petitio principii.* He manages very skillfully to "shift the ground," however, and place the *onus probandi* on the shoulders of some one else, applying with great force the *argumentum ad hominum.* The *non tali pro tali* is frequently adopted, and he detects the most extraordinary analogies and coincidences, which he states with such an appearance of truth and candor, as to completely non-plus his duller classmates. He never fails to "clinch" his arguments, whatever may be the fallacy of his premises, and when reduced to extremities, applies Aristotle's dictum. Mr. Harum Scarum can always say something and is fluent and voluble in the manner of his recitations. It matters not whether his harangue applies to the subject, he can talk with equal clearness on any subject. Perspicuity he does not aim at; indeed, he rather avoids it, although impudence is no part of his composition; he is never confused, or at loss for words to express his meaning. When utterly ignorant of the question propounded him, he quotes Shakespeare, and interlards his remarks with sentimental and humorous poetry, and sometimes descends to relating an anecdote. He passes with alarming rapidity from the sublime to the ridiculous, and is ready upon all occasions facetiously to "point a moral or adorn a tale." His wit and fun are exhaustless, and his remarks, instead of being forced and out of place, are always apropos. Mr. Harum Scarum always attends Natural Philosophy, because he can have so much fun; but here he pays no attention whatever to the screw and lever, or wheel and axle, but gives himself up to the influence of the hour, and causes unbounded merriment. His puns are constant, and he practically illustrates upon his classmates the principles of Mechanics and Hydrostatics.

He considers Socrates' Apology a "bore," and scruples not to "cut" the recitation pretty regularly. He is not morally opposed to "ponying," but considers it altogether too much trouble. Nor does he ignore the artifices of Mr. Sharp to avoid being called upon, and sometimes resorts to them. He makes it a matter of duty to use the weed, and expectorates freely upon the floor.

Many are the questions he asks concerning ancient worthies, and manifests the greatest interest in the welfare of those three demented individuals, who were so foolhardy as to expose themselves to the fury of the boundless deep in such a frail bark as a *tub*. His very boldness carries him through the most complicated passages of the classic authors, and it is very seldom that he is at loss to find some means of extricating himself from a difficult situation. Parsing is entirely beneath his Senior dignity, and he has actually forgotten the time when he could conjugate a Greek verb. His classmates prompt him when he is at fault for an answer, and he returns their kindness by telling them incorrectly, and is convulsed with laughter at their mistake. Should his teacher happen to be absent when the bell strikes, he is ready to adjourn, and is the first to move to the door. Is there any misunderstanding as to the lesson, he is certain to have learned the wrong one, and he is frequently mistaken as to its length. It is impossible to write all concerning Mr. Harum Scarum ; suffice it to say, that he is not destitute of natural abilities, but lacks application. One word more and we have done with Harum Scarum. A day or more preceding examination week, he may be seen applying his whole energies to his books, and upon that dreaded occasion passes through the "fiery ordeal" as successfully as his more studious classmates.

Mr. Unfortunate Dull is another character, which we will briefly notice. A representative of this class may be found in most every recitation room, who is an object of pity to the students and of discouragement to the Professors. Mr. Dull's abilities may at once be perceived from his title, though he is a hard student. But his labor seems to no purpose, for he never is known to have a perfect lesson. Moreover, he is very bashful, and peculiarly sensitive, and a harsh word drives every idea from his cranium. Rhetoric seems clear to him when studying it, but in recitation he confuses his own ideas, and can say nothing. He is truly unfortunate, and it seems fated, that the most difficult part of the whole lesson should be put to him. By the Faculty and all sensible persons, all such as he are considered victims to the cause of education.

Mr. Brainless Cringer is decidedly the most contemptible of all the class-room philosophers, and one who merits the contempt of both instructors and students. He always attends recitations, and as invariable is punctual. His expressionless countenance makes its appearance in the mathematical recitation room, gravely conversing with the Professor upon the "curve of a parabola," and in such a manner as to lead to the supposition that he may know something about it. If so unfortunate as to be called upon to demonstrate, he blunders through the problem, and at the same time protesting that he was "unwell last night and unable to study." He often does not quite understand the steps of a problem, and requests the Professor to elucidate them. During such explanations he pays the strictest attention and asks questions. Recitation over, Mr. Cringer always makes it convenient to accompany the Professor from the recitation room to the chapel, during which confidential promenade, he endeavors to impress it upon his instructor's mind that his feeble health is a source of great anxiety to his parents, and who, on this account, oblige him to desist from hard study. Mr. Cringer is the very essence of propriety in the class-room, and nothings shocks him so much as hilarity and sport, which he considers as entirely out of place, both as disrespectful to instructor and beneath the dignity of Seniors. Although never hesitating to ask a classmate for information, he considers it morally wrong to tell another himself in recitation. We may say, in conclusion, that Mr. Cringer is always unpopular with his fellow-students.

And now, kind reader, we have finished our sketch, and appeal to your judgment whether it is accurate. That there is philosophy in preparing and reciting a lesson we think you will admit, from the considerations of the characters which we have attempted to delineate. That such a philosophy is false, essentially false, and evil in its consequences, and is unworthy of a true scholar, we do not deny. How can we better close than in the words of the aged Polonius to his son—

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.

* * * * * *

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice,
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

* * * * * *

This, above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

THE INSTABILITY OF NATIONS.

Religious proscription had done its work. Forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, and a few brave, resolute souls, with the holy determination to be no longer the cringing vassals of tyranny and oppression, committed their lives and fortunes to the perilous deep, trusting in the God of providence to bring their frail bark to a haven of safety. Their doubts and misgivings, their perils and privations, and above all, their heroic fortitude and love of freedom, have afforded themes for many a page, so that further remark at this time, on our part, would be superfluous; suffice it to say, that never did these last mentioned traits shine in greater brilliancy than in the character of our Pilgrim Fathers.

While the ice-bound shores of New England resound with their shouts of praise and thanksgiving, cast your eye far back over the further purlieus of old Atlantic's briny element. Behold that mighty country, ruled by a tyrannical sovereign, rent with civil feuds; her people, in reply to their many petitions for justice, insulted by the civil authorities, seized by the infuriated trainbands, and made to suffer death under some scanty pretext. Church and State at deadly variance, civilization retrograding, and in short discord in all its multifarious significations reigning supreme. France, the kingdom of an ambitious ruler, destitute of principle, courted by heartless sycophants, was in a condition little better.

Behold, among the primeval forests of North America, a mighty nation, free, independent, wealthy; a nation of equals rejoicing in the significant name of *democracy.* The snow white canvas of its shipping dotting the vast surface of the mighty oceans which wash its either shore. The busy hum of industry which pervades its borders proclaim a land where science and art have not been slow in the track of human progress. This land is the youthful giant of the world, the shrine of civil and religious liberty; in the words of another, "The land of the free and the home of the brave." But even in our lifetime, what wonders have been wrought; what astounding realities have been brought to light. We are now oppressed by a severe conflict, we are passing through a trying ordeal, and it is incumbent upon us, as true Americans, to take some stand in this crisis.

It ought to be the first and paramount duty of men of all sections and parties to join hands and aid in saving the Union from division and dissolution. Let us for a moment look at the growth of the nation since the formation of the Government, and endeavor to perceive whether we do, or do not, owe some of it at least to the Union of the States. We began as a nation under the most unfavorable auspices, just having emerged from a war with the then leading nation of Europe, which, while it gained our independence, also prostrated our commerce and paralyzed our trade, we were subjected to all the innumerable and almost unbearable difficulties which could be heaped upon the shoulders of a young and consequently a weak people. But rousing that spirit of energy which has ever characterized this people, we spread the borders of our country South, North and West, until we commanded the Atlantic from the British possessions to the Gulf, the whole of the Northern shore of the Gulf and the Pacific seaboard, from British America to the Republic of Mexico. Possessing a country like this, and possessing, too, a spirit of bold enterprise amounting almost to daring, combined with an acuteness and business talent which no people, as a people, ever before possessed, the Americans soon became known in every land, and her flag floated on every sea.

The future of this nation, had it remained undivided, must have, in the nature of things, been eminently prosperous; every thing that is connected with our country betokens a progress and an advancement in everything calculated to promote its honor, integrity and dignity.

Our past rapid advancement, the glorious career which so signalized our prosperity was destined soon to find an end. Our Government has been overturned, our institutions have been injured, our flag insulted, and in fact the whole system disarranged. Sad indeed is the thought that this our beloved country should be rent asunder—that the ties which bind kindred hearts to one another should be broken, that a brother's hand should be raised against a brother, that the busy hum of industry should be displaced by the clash of arms and the groans of the dying, that instead of peace and harmony, discord and rebellion should reign.

But these trials cannot last—this storm cannot always continue. Should our attempts fail to preserve the integrity of our country, should all the plans and propositions which have been made to preserve the union of these States be prostrated, then may we weep over the grave of our country, and consider our hopes of liberty as blasted.

But it will not, it cannot be; through the thick gloom, through the overhanging clouds which so shadow the sun of liberty, I think I can descry a gleam of light, the faint glimmerings of success, expanding more and more, until a ray of sunlight now shines forth, and in that space, thanks be to God, the glorious stars and stripes, the pride of a nation, appear floating in the heavenly breezes, far, far above the reach of him who would seek to do it harm. Protect it, heaven, preserve it, freemen, as a sacred legacy; it floats too near the azure sky to lower it in the dust.

Let us join hands around the sacred altar and swear that it shall ever float in triumph over our happy land, and over the deep dug grave of traitors.

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

Far in the deep and silent glen,
Retired from the haunts of men,
Where a word is never spoken,
And the silence is unbroken,
Save by the rustling of the wind
Hercules once even tarried,
Throwing down the load he carried,
And leaving all his toils behind.

He starts to hear the stirring sounds among the trees—
For the voices of women he hears in the breeze:
And he sees them approach o'er the plain from afar—
He hails them with gladness as his sole guiding star,
For he feels the sadness of one walks alone
In those paths of life where no beacon-lights are shown:—
And he cries in tones of sore despair—"Give, oh! give me peace,
And from the pangs of agony my troubled soul release."

The one, joyful, gay, happy and wild,
Pleasure's own daughter, laughing, replied—
"I will give you beds of the softest down,
And I'll place on your head the banquet crown.
I'll drown all your cares with the flowing bowl,
And with pleasures relieve thy troubled soul.
I'll soothe all your pains with music's sweet sounds,
And in clouds of perfume heal all your wounds."

But the other, by far the nobler bride,
With a smile and a blush calmly replied,
"With no beds of down, with no flowing bowl,
I'll drown your cares or soothe your troubled soul.
But when by labor, you may try to gain,
More enduring peace and a nobler name,
I then will smooth your troublesome path along,
With Hope my motto, and Virtue my song."

And of the two he chose the noble one,
The battle bravely fought, and well he won;
And who is he who would not do the same,
For the one was Pleasure and the other Fame.

THE GERMAN AND FRENCH LANGUAGES.

In studying the spirit and the character of a language, the philosophic history of the opinions, manners and material habits is at the same time perceived, and the modifications which the language undergoes, shed great and brilliant light on the pathway of thought; but such an analogy would be decidedly metaphysical, and would demand such knowledge as it almost always wanting in foreign, and even sometimes in the French language. It is, therefore, indispensable to be bounded by the general impression which the idiom of a nation in its actual state produces. For this end the French, having been spoken to a greater extent than any other European dialect is both polished by use and made more accessible to investigation. No other language is more clear or more rapid, indicates more smoothly, or explains more simply what is wished. German, on the other hand, adapts itself with much less ease to a flowing conversation. From its very grammatical construction, the meaning is not ordinarily comprehended, until once the end of the sentence has been reached. Hence the pleasure of interrupting, which renders discussion so animated in France, and obliges him speaking quickly to deliver himself of that which he wishes should be heard, can have no existence in Germany, for the beginning of a phrase would there signify nothing without the close. Each one must of necessity be allowed full scope and unlimited time. This, to be sure, has the advantage that the aimed at is sooner reached, it is also a little more civil, but certainly not half so interesting. German politeness is more cordial, but less pleasant than the French. There is in it more regard for rank, and a certain precaution pervading it all. Flattery, rather than conciliation, is made use of among the former, and as the art of hinting at all things as natural, and seems to be one of the striking features of their language; the most delicate subjects are brooked with almost impunity, while that of the other, although excelling in poetry, and extremely well adapted to metaphysics, is only too plain for common intercourse; while the language of the French is truly rich, only in its subtlety, which may express the most secret relations of society in a way altogether incomparable; it is poor and circumscribed in all that relates to imagination and philosophy. The Germans fear more the causing of anguish than they are anxious to please, whence it comes that they imposed laws as far as in them lay any politeness, and their language so bold in point, is most singularly servile in conversation, cramped by all the formulas by which it is overburdened. German is better adapted to poetry than prose, and to written than to spoken prose; it is an instrument of great use when it is proposed to print or speak the whole; but it is altogether impossible to glide from one subject to another as they chance to present themselves in the way, which the French enables us so to do. All grace and dignity would be lost to the German were the attempt made to treat it in the same manner as the French. The merit of the German is to *occupy* time to *some purpose*; that of the Fench to cause its course to be forgotten. Although the sense of a German sentence can seldom be ascertained but at the end, yet its construction will not always allow the phrase to close with, and thus emphasize its most important expression, although this most certainly is one of the most effectual means of creating an impression while conversing Seldom indeed do these indulge in criticisms, with them thoughts themselves, and not the brilliancy of their utterance, is to be admired. To them a sentiment couched in glowing colors partakes of Charlatanism, and they rather lay hold of the abstract expression, because most scrupulously, and nearer akin to the essence of truth; but conversation should never throw any difficulty in the way of the ready apprehension of its meaning, or in the direct expression of the thoughts to be uttered. As soon as the common interests of life have been fully discussed, and the sphere of the ideal is once entered upon, conversation in Germany becomes altogether too metaphysical—there lacks that happy medium between the vulgar and the sublime, which is so characteristic of the French; while really this very intermediate state is the only one really adapted to the art of speaking. The German has a peculiar brilliancy of its own. Society has not rendered it timid, and the pure and uncorrupted morals of the country have left it its pristine purity; but this brilliancy is national, and equally adapted to the use of the high and low; the curious, strange and odd sounds of some of their words, their antique ingenuousness give to mirth somewhat of the picturesque, which can be taken advantage of and enjoyed by the commonality as well as those of higher classes. The Germans are less embarrassed in their choice of expression than the French, because their language not having been made as great use of in the conversation of the great world, it is not composed, as is the French, out of words which a mere chance, an inopportune application, or an allusion have rendered ridiculous, and those which having undergone all manner of treatment from society at large, are proscribed, unjustly, perhaps; but yet would never gain admittance into conversation. Anger often expresses itself in German, but it has never been made the weapon either of quizzing, jeering, or derision, and the words there used are still, in all their truthfullness, possessing all their force: this is a further facility of expression in the German, but the French, on the other hand, is capable of a thousand delicate observations, and allows a thousand turns of thought, of which the German is altogether incapable. *Ideas* are the great standard of measurement among the Germans, persons among the French. With the Germans, as an aid, the matter in hand must be thoroughly sifted. With the French the end aimed at must be reached as soon as possible. The one is adapted to the painting of nature; the other, that of society. Goethe, in his romance of Wilhelm Meister, represents a German woman as saying that she first perceived that her lover was desirous of separating himself from her, from the fact that he wrote in French. There are in fact many phrases in the French language which speak and yet do not speak, which give hope without promising, which promise even without binding him promising. The German is less flexible, and it is well that it should remain so, for there is nothing which inspires more disgust than this Teutonic tongue, when it is made use of to utter a lie, of whatever nature it may be. Its lagging construction, its multitude of consonants repeated, and repeated again, its most erudite grammar sacrificing all grace and ease allow it no flexibility whatever, and one would almost be justified in saying that it refuses of itself to be made the instrument of anything save strict truth, and turn against and betrays him who would use it otherwise.

T. R. A. N. S.

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IS AN ESTABLISHED CHURCH DESIRABLE?

In the discussion of this as of all momentous questions, concerning which there has been such a difference of opinion among the wisest and best of men, it is proper to assume an humble position, and from thence to advance our arguments with a spirit becoming it. It has been one of those great questions where inherent difficulty of solution has been infinitely increased by the importance of a proper conclusion. For next to the importance of pure doctrines in religion, is the manner of inculcating them so as to inspire the greatest respect and command the most implicit obedience. And it may well demand much thought, whether this can best be accomplished by uniting it with the supreme human power. But let us be careful to discriminate between that extent of union, which leaves to each its proper sphere, and any by which the power and purity of either might be affected. The question at issue is involved in this discrimination, and depends in its result on the determination whether the establishment of a national religion is calculated to be beneficial or detrimental to the cause of religion and civil Government. The qnestion is not whether such a relation as would exist were religion an independent overruling principle, guiding and directing all that pertains to government would be beneficial, but whether such an incorporation of it with civil power, as is known under the general term establishment, would have a good or evil effect. We shall attempt to view the question from two stand points.

I. From consideration of the nature of the two great systems involved, and in view of these to determine the expediency of these being united in such a manner as the question contemplates.

II. From a view of the past, and the various relations religion has sustained to government, to learn that relation best suited for it in the future.

(1.) The religion of our country is pre-eminently Protestant Christian, and as such stands infinitely above all human systems of government. Nor can it be incorporated with any without an entire distinction of the great principles which lie at its foundation. For if the conscience be subject to civil law it cannot bear at the same time a true allegiance to religion. Civil government requires an implicit obedience of all subject to it, but religion recognizes no rule save that of divine revelation, and no ruler save Him who sets enthroned in the heart, and whose kingdom is not of this world.

(2.) Civil government, although ordained by God, has to maintain for its only object the well-being of men during their present existence, and it was formed for the mutual protection and happiness of all in their different spheres of life. It was not that one part, even if it predominated in numbers, should choose and maintain that religion which, though acceptable to many, may be burdensome upon others who have an equal right to their own principles and profession.

(3.) If civil government possessed power over the conscience, then that government alone which held the true religion would be a true government and worthy of obedience. But we are expressly commanded to submit to the powers that be. And God has left this power of government for the purpose of regulating society, and left it to human choice. And if they answer in any manner this purpose they are worthy of our respect and obedience. Civil government is an institution natural to mankind, and wherever they are collected we see them availing themselves of its (4) benefits. And it is by no means unworthy of notice that its principles are the same wherever found, and although with a diversity of administration, they govern alike the Christian and the heathen, the civilized and the barbarian. Were this not the case, how few of the many millions of earth would enjoy the blessings of civil government which are now spread throughout the world. Therefore let there be no legislation other than that which has for its end the welfare of the state, beyond which civil government has no authority, for civil government is a compact which should be capable of being adhered to at the same time by the unbeliever and the Christian, and the pagan, with mutual benefit. Otherwise it were unsuited even for the purpose of State government, for all men are not Christians, yet all have a right to an even share in the advantages of the civil government, for they may contribute alike for its support and efficiency.

(5) Having thus endeavored to prove that religious and civil government are not necessarily connected either by ord-

inance of God, or, what finally resolves itself into the same thing, the well-being of men, for if either demanded it, it would be, although not so emphatic, equally obligatory. I say having attempted to prove this, we shall endeavor to show the dangers consequent upon such a union as the question contemplates, and the evils which it produces. In the first place it is injurious to religion, and in the second to civil government. We can but regard their separation as a special act of Divine Providence. And the fact that He has not ocdained their union in this sense proves not only that it was not necessary, but that it would be disadvantageous. For if unnecessary it is productive of evil. Experience has ever attested that good wherever unnecessarily mingled with evil has ever suffered. We do not mean by this that civil government where it answers its purpose is in itself an evil. But that the natural purity of religion can but be sullied by the being of God, what have been the effects of such corruptions in other countries upon the purest forms of religions, and what would have been their effects had our own country chosen a national form of religion? Surely not that of nourishing and strengthening it, and if not benefitted it must be impaired by such a connection.

We assert, then, that establishments tend to corruption in the church. (1) It introduces mercenary motives, for by holding out many tempting alurements which civil power can promise it brings many to its standards whose only desire is that of gain. (2) In a national church the worldly spirit of rivalry must insinuate itself, for it becomes a part of the State, and advancement in it is advancement in the State. And we know of no spirit more fatal to Christianity than this, for the teaching of Christ is, He that would be the greatest among you, let him become the servant of all.

(3) It tends to foster error, for existing as it may with the approbation of civil authority, it is encircled by the strong

arm of the law, and all honest endeavor to eradicate it is attended with difficulty and danger.

(4) It tends to destroy religious tolerance and arouse the demon of persecution, for it gives to one system the predominance of civil power. And with men power is an unnecessary incorporation with the best systems of human government, for it partakes of the weakness and wickedness which belongs to all human actions. Religion is a matter of conscience, and God alone can be the ruler and judge of the heart, for He only knows what it contains. And if the choice of a religion were a thing indifferent, where alone civil government has power to act, the corruption of those who rule in the best of governments is such as to strike poison to the vitals of a religion, however pure, committed to it for regulation. But the choice of a form of religion is not a thing indifferent, but one for which each individual is responsible to his God. And who can say that our government was competent to choose a proper national religion where its founders did not insert even the name of the Supreme Being in its constitution. Had this been true of the Federal Constitution alone, it would not be so strong a proof; but the omission is remarkable with but one or two exceptions in the constitution of every State of our country. This is a disgrace and impiety which we can regret and condemn as consistently as those who take the opposite side of the question. For we argue with them that it is incumbent upon civil government to acknowledge the being of God, and its dependence upon him. Short as has been our existence as a nation, our public men have been sufficiently corrupt to bring disgrace upon a government. Not even recognizes to do is synonymous with the accomplishment of the desire.

(5.) It tends to formality and hypocrisy, for pomp is a necessary accompaniment of civil government and the form prescribed soon steps into the place of the receding religion which it subserved.

(6.) Lastly, it is pre-eminently unsuited to our government; in that it is Republican, and being so is liable to a continual change, and that form of religion, which would be suitable to one administration, might be that one peculiarly hateful to its successor. Even in the monarchial governments the evil of establishments has shown itself in this way, and the greatest of their statesmen have been examples of the evil of this principle. Some remaining true to the late honored, but now condemned, religion suffered with it, while others, deserting it, became its most bitter and unrelenting persecutors, showing how sad are the effects likely to occur to those honest in their belief, and the falsehood and hypocrisy which it tends to produce.

(1.) It creates a confusion of power, the Civil becomes entangled with the Religious, and thereby affects the harmony of government.

(2.) It increases the danger of rebellion and civil war, for there is more danger of an infringement on religious liberty than on civil, and its possessors are none the less willing and ready to vindicate it.

(3.) It destroys the peace of the people, from there being a continual dread of persecution, and when it does come, as it often does, its imaginary evils do not exceed the real ones.

II. Under our second division of the subject, namely, what is to be learned from the past, we shall be able to enumerate but a few of the numerous facts bearing on the question. The great fact which we think will be chosen by the affirmative, namely, that of the Jewish Theocracy, has, we think, no strength for them, when it is duly considered, for there is an exception to the generality of goverments. God hath not dealt so with any other people. He was at the same time their God and their King, and in a sense applicable to no other people; and even they are now abandoned of him, destroyed as a nation, and scattered throughout the whole world.

Eminent commentators have interpreted Nebuchadnezzar's dream of the image as applied to Rome. The head, which represented the kingdom, at first was strong as iron; but its feet, which represented its final weakness, were part of iron and part of clay, showing that its weakness and ruin came from the vain endeavor to mingle materials so different, and institutions so separate as religion and civil government. And the church of Rome, in her combination of civil and religious power, has cast a gloom over the world by its wide diffusion of ignorance, superstition and wickedness, whose alleviation is the work of centuries, prolonged and uncertain. The first three centuries of the church are those which she now looks back upon as the purest and best stage of her existence. It was during these that she held aloof from all connection with the State; and even further, her purity and strength increased by the opposition and persecution which she suffered from the State; and it almost seems that human government, learning that their opposition only lent strength to religion, sought to weaken it by incorporating it with itself.

We do not intend to argue that a continuous persecution is desirable, but that by this incorporation religion is divided against itself, whilst alone it presented a united front to the attacks of the adversary. The persecutions which have followed the power of civil government in religion have been among the greatest sources of suffering to men. The cruelty with which man has learned to treat his fellow, at variance with him in other matters, when he calls it into exercise in religion, differences seems to be almost infinitely increased. The horrors of the Inquisition will never cease to cause the blood to tingle, and the name of St. Bartholomew's day shall ever cause a gloom from the sad memory of its bloody scenes. The hard-fought Reformation, which began with Luther, is still laboring to bring religion to that supreme and independent place which she occupied before her pure principles became entangled and hidden by the tyranny of kings and rulers; and let us not again place in their hands that power, so instrumental in bringing about that darkness, which seemed at one time to cover nearly the whole civilized world. Let it not, at least, be done in our own land. We have a glorious liberty, let us on the one hand guard it from destructive excess; but, above all, let us not surrender it, for although difficult to be properly exercised, it is a boon whose loss can but bring upon us sore calamity. Time has rolled on, and change succeeded change, but human nature is the same to-day as it was a thousand years ago, and freedom of conscience is too precious to be delivered into the hands of any human keeper. Governments have risen and fallen. Nations have flourished and passed away; but, thank God, religion has remained the same in its purity of principles, and ever will, because it has an independant eternal existence.

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Editor's Table.

Junior Orator election, demerit marks, night patrols, and semi-annual examination occupy the attention of all, and all are full of business. And while we see all thus engaged in the general perturbation, we must, like Diogenes, be allowed to roll around in our tub, and make a noise, that we may seem at least to be doing something, for there is danger in being a drone.

Junior Orator candidates! Oh! what visions of splendid speaking, crowded church, pretty faces, huge bouquets, and music drowned by applause, and then we see pride walking before, and know who cometh after. Pride goes before a fall. You live as in a fair, my dear J. C. O. You throw about your sugar plums as if they cost you nothing, and think a general hurrahing ample repayment. I would only just remind you of one thing, that there is Madness in the Revels, but Reason comes a day after the Fair. It is trite enough to say, "How little do we know ourselves;" and because trite, the chances are, it is quite true; and this being true, how much less must we know of others. When a new code or system of laws are made, it is expected that those making them have informed themselves: 1st, Whether the condition and conduct of those, for whom the laws are made, require such laws. 2d, Whether there are not other laws or means better adapted for the end in view, than the particular ones which they propose to adopt. These two important and essential points must have been overlooked when the demerit system was made. For neither does the conduct or condition of those for whom they were made warrant such laws, nor is the means the best that might have been adopted for the end in view. Further, we object to these regulations on three grounds. 1st, They confound trivial improprieties of conduct with good scholarship. 2d, They inculcate disrespect and contempt when they pretend to implant respect and reverence. 3d, They proclaim that good behavior arises from certain laws and penalties, and not from the sound sense of an educated mind; and thus they admit, although they do not pay duty to the supremacy of humbug. But why institute ourselves a censor? Simply because it touches to the quick of the individual man. If a man had but one string of sensibility, upon which only a Paganini or a Mollenhauer might play, and that he could reserve all the rest for himself, things might be endured; but when all his strings are stretched, and many cheats are playing upon all, it must be expected that he will be a little out of tune, and that he will take the relief of complaining.

Not only is conduct restricted in the day, but night patrols have been established to keep us in our rooms at night. Most of the heroic protectors of the town and gallant defenders of the property of the citizens are romantic Seniors, sentimental Juniors, new Sophs, and unfledged Freshmen. All hail to the noble little band! The only perceptible effect it has had, is to cause a rise in the whiskey market.

Our last semi-annual is at hand; and we will experience for the last time the hopes and blasted expectations, which always attend those august occasions. We will hear no more those stupendous stories about getting *hundreds*, and being put off with a grade of eighty, just because a few recitations were "cut." The craming done on these occasions is wonderful, perfectly astonishing, in fact astounding. We have known some very promising young men to have stuffed the whole of Logic and Metaphysics, Differential and Integral Calculus, with Greek and Latin as side dishes, and Rhetoric as sauce, in the short time of one week; but, to be sure, their digestion was a little out of order. Take warning Freshman, lest craming thou, perchance, stuffest thyself so full that thou burst, and comest to an end, whereof no man knoweth; but train mind and body so that those digest well, whatever thou consumest.

May good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.

Mr. Rowand, the watchmaker, was murdered on the night of November 3d, while returning home, by one Charles Lewis. The murder was the first that has ever been committed in the borough of Princeton, and it very naturally startled the good people. The murder was one of the most cold-blooded and atrocious of which we ever recollect hearing. But we are happy to know that the evidence against the prisoner is such that nothing can rescue him from the justice of a Jersey tribunal. On the night after the murder there was a great rush, among those who roomed alone, for beds, lounges, and other sleeping accommodations, in the rooms of their friends. Nevertheless there were some who boldly stated that they would just as willingly sleep alone as not; and that they did not feel the slightest afraid or lonely. Every man, whom we heard making such a statement, we came to the conclusion, was either destitute of all feeling and imagination or that he lied, not having pluck enough to own it; and nine cases out of ten it may be safely said to be the latter. For a brave man never lies, and a coward never tells the truth.

The four divisions of Senior speakers have performed their tasks, and they have all acquitted themselves well. Quite a number of ladies have been attracted to the Chapel by the inducements offered in the shape of Orators. They have been splendidly received on all the occasions by a file of students, extending from the North College Tower to the Chapel. Looks well for the gallantry of Nassau.

Thanksgiving Day has come and gone with its turkeys, chickens, and mince pies. Most of the learned went home, to satisfy the desires of the carnal man at the "festive board" of infancy, and to bore their unfortunate friends with anecdotes of College life, told for the twenty-seventh time. Those that remained were fortunate enough to hear a sermon from our President, which, we suppose, as we did not hear it, was an eloquent and as suiting to the occasion as we have before had the pleasure of hearing from him.

We have one more word to say, and that is to those persons who put their names on the subscription list and never pay up, and to those Seniors who never subscribe at all. To the former we would say that when they put their names down on the paper, it was distinctly understood by both parties that their promise was to be fulfilled, yet they have failed to comply. "A word to the wise is sufficient." We would remind the others that they let their classmates bear the whole burden of expenses, a part of which they should also bear. We predict that when they will have graduated that they will regret not having taken the Mag. of their Class, and that they have no such mementos of their Senior year. When this shall have come to pass, and shall have been fulfilled, they will say, "We had a prophet among us and we knew him not."

Our task is done, our labor is ended, and with the hope that all will be pleased, and many thanks to kind contributors, we lay down our pen.

THE NOVEMBER EDITOR.

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THE
Nassau Literary Magazine.
WILLIAM E. LUPTON, EDITOR.

Vol. XXIII. DECEMBER, 1862. No. 4.

ABOUT A PICTURE.

The study and contemplation of great characters ever creates a *splendid sublimity* of feeling, which is one of the noblest phenomena of the human mind. Study and contemplation are indeed *of themselves*, like many other mental processes, both uncongenial and unattractive, but when considered in their co-relation as cause and effect, or themselves as causes or effects, immediately become bereft of this negation of pleasure, and seem, though viewed in the abstract, both desirable and delightful. And what else is the use of memories or biographies, multiplied and read as they are in our day, if they are to be treated merely as play-thing novels or laziness-entrancing romances? Is there no higher utility arising from, and inherent in the recorded recollections of the departed? Must truth always be concealed in the sugar-coated pill of fiction, before it can find its way to the mental digestion of the people? Alas! how much do we need the lesson, that reading is not done by skimming; nor is skimming, reading; that the object of *all* reading is the attainment of *new thought*, which is the offspring only of study and contemplation. In directing your attention, kind Reader, to a few features in the mind of Pascal, the great Genius of the French, it is not our object to begin with an apology for entering upon a subject so exalted, nor to express in words the depth of the sense of inability we have to do justice to it. Like the varied degrees of abstract probability, which Butler so clearly investigates, so great are the degrees of professed inability properly to handle these laid down; which inabilities are too often in *direct* ratio to the real state of the case, and not *inverse*, as the inference is that the writer would have us believe. Indeed we have no faith in authorial, preliminary apologies: a sober attempt to do anything proper and praiseworthy carries with it the presumption of its being done in accordance with the ability of the doer; and this is all that a fair and candid mind *can* or *will* expect, and therefore needs no apology.

So we do not intend to beg your pardon for this introductory digression, but ask you to go with us, while we show you the mind of Pascal; which, if it be not too harsh a task for your imagination, *we wish you to conceive, for a moment, as painted in the form of a human body, with ideal head, and trunk, and limbs*, looking, as it hangs in frame upon the wall of your cosy sanctum, as kind and friendly as your chum; and as we sit down beside you, and describe to you the beauties of this painting of the Great Master Artist of the sky, the study and contemplation of it must be yours, and *these* must beget in you the love and admiration which we have for it.

Your picture has not a pretty frame, however, and the canvas on which it is, is soiled and faded; yet all this shows but more clearly the beauty of the picture, and it is at this we are now looking.

"Poor Pascal!" some would say. Before he had seen a score of years, he was a victim to a fearful attack of paralysis, and became a sufferer to the end of life. Yet he, like the great Apostle, gloried in tribulation also. Indeed Pascal took a peculiar view of his bodily state; he *literally* gloried in it. "Disease," he says, "is the natural state of Christians; I can approve only of those who seek in tears for happiness." His very feebleness of body thus developed, as it were, his strength of mind; the beauty of the picture is enhanced by the poorness of the frame.

But your picture is synthetic; there are the limbs (cognition) the trunk (feeling) the head (will): it is these combined that make the painting, and without them, expressed or implied, it would have no sense nor meaning. They are all dependent as well as connected, and each is but a function to the whole. In the bodily frame the limbs move the body, and without them it could not stir; in this mental frame the cognition is the mover of the feelings and the will. So the trunk of the body is, as it were, an intermediate between the limbs and head, necessary to the life of each, and needs the head in order to its life and growth; and thus the feelings are the connecting link between the cognition and the will, are necessary to the moving of the will, and though containing in themselves much of the beauty of the mind, yet, like the trunk in the physical body, need something further to complete the beauty and true grandeur of the whole. And finally, the will, which is the glory of the mind, is the head in the mental picture, even as the head is the glory of the physical body.

In our mental bodily picture, moreover, we must suppose a silent, hidden, controlling, unknowable and yet not unknown essence, which is the life-containing, life-infusing element; just as in the physical frame, there exists a something which imparts to it its life, and which being absent, death ensues. And what shall this be? There seems to be a difficulty here, since the mind, the great eternal motive of the man, is already in our view clothed in the form of a mortal body. And yet, is mind all of this hidden, life-evolving essence of the man?

What do we mean by SOUL? Is the mind the soul, and are the terms synonymous? Or does the soul include the mind, and *vice versa?* Or is it a distinct and higher principle, cohabiting with man, which infuses the life into the mind as well as the body? Our little picture is getting complicated in its aspects. We have been told that the soul is the generic principle, including the intellect and the affections. But these terms rather confuse our metaphysics by their vagueness and antiquity. We have often read in College Catalogues of Professors of *Mental* and *Moral* Philosophy, and the clearest idea we can get of soul, is to make it include both the mental and the moral, which are terms we clearly understand: thus $S - M + M'$.

Now it is evident from this equation, that if in the physical body the S (soul) is the great life-ing principle, and if—as is the case in our mental picture—we take away the M (mental) because it is the body of our painting, we shall have inside remaining M' (moral); thus $S - M = M'$.

Hence we find that the hidden, life-infusing essence of the human body in our picture, is the *moral element.*

But passing from the generic treatment of our painting, we turn to the specific view. Our picture is not only a *mental* one, but it is a *particular* one: it is the mind of Pascal which we are now viewing. And here a full description cannot at all be given—much less one adequate. There are products of the mind's machinery which are un-pen-and-ink-ble; *description* is only serviceable as it starts us in the right direction—*imagination* is its necessary supplement.

"A tree is known by its fruits." We shall get a good idea of the intrinsic beauty of our painting, by examining some products of the mind of Pascal.

Pascal's Les Provinciales have been thought by many to be the best of his productions, and they are indeed extraordinary. Voltaire has said that Moliere's best comedies do not excel them in wit, nor the compositions of Bossuet in sublimity; and d'Alembert also remarks that this work (Les Provinciales) is so much the more remarkable, as Pascal in composing it seems to have theologized two things, which seem not made for the theology of that time—language and pleasantry.* This remark of d'Alembert has a pleasing connection with the statement of Pascal himself, who on being asked why he had written these letters in so pleasant, undignified and unmetaphysical a style, replied, "that if he had not written them thus, but in a dogmatical manner, they would have been sought after and read by the learned only, and not by the common people for whom he intended them, and whose profit he especially sought."† How refreshing are these words of Pascal's in these days when "*big things*" are so much attempted, and men seem almost to have forgotten that there must be not only *means*, but an *adaptation* of them to the end desired.

Could Pascal have lived to finish his great work on Christianity, the preliminary fragments of which we now read in his volume of "Thoughts," no human being can estimate the greatness and grandeur of the result. Even these scattered rough hewn "thoughts" are, every one, a gem. In speaking against the indifference of Atheists, for example; after proving their *irrational* character, he continues: "In truth, it is the *glory* of religion, to have for its enemies men so irrational, and their opposition is so little dangerous to religion, that it tends, on the contrary, to the establishment of her principal truths. For the Christian faith goes mainly to the establishment of these two things: the corruption of Nature, and the redemption of Jesus Christ. Now if these persons do not serve to show the truth of redemption by the sanctity of their lives, *they at least admirably serve to show the corruption of nature*

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* See Roger's "Genius and Writings of Pascal."

† Roger's "Genius and Writings of Pascal."

by sentiments so unnatural. . . . . . Nothing shows more an extreme weakness of mind than to know not what is the unhappiness of a man without God; nothing indicates more a bad disposition of heart, than not to desire the truth of eternal promises; nothing is more cowardly than to brave God." This is but "unum e multis;" space forbids us to quote more under this head. If the few little stones lying confusedly together are in themselves so beautiful and rare, what must be the perfection of that temple of which they are the common parts? It is well for the world of Letters that it can never know its loss.

The letters of Pascal, and among these we prefer especially, those to his sister Jacqueline, show a wonderful attainment and discrimination of mind. We have not room to quote here; their character must be judged of by his other remains.

Besides these, we have remaining to us several of his discourses. One, "on the condition of the great," which is marked by great fertility and freshness of thought; another, "on the passion of love;" a third, "on the geometrical spirit." Although they are all alike in rare greatness, for our own part we confess an especial liking to that "on the passion of Love." We cull at random: "We are born with a disposition to love in our hearts, which is developed in proportion as the mind is perfected, and impels us to love what appears to us beautiful, without ever having been told what this is. Who can doubt after this whether we are in the world *for anything else than to love*; in fact, we conceal in vain, *we always love.* * * * Man does not like to dwell by himself; nevertheless he loves it: it is necessary then that he seek elsewhere something to love: he can find it only in *beauty.* Beauty is divided in a thousand different ways; the most proper object to sustain it is woman. . . . . . An elevated attachment fills the heart of man much better than a common and equal one; little things float in his capacity, none but a great one lodge and dwell therein. . . . . Does it not seem that as often as a woman goes out of herself to impress the hearts of others, she makes a place void for others in her own?"

Pascal's discourse "on the conversion of the sinner," as well as his conversations on "Epictetus and Montaigne," have the same elevated character as all his other productions.

The devoted piety of Pascal was the crowning attribute of the man; and although we are engaged in a survey of his mental character, we cannot but refer to his prayer, "to ask of God the proper use of sickness," as the greatest—we would almost say—of uninspired writings: "Grant then, Lord, that such as I am, I may conform myself to thy will, and that being sick as I am, I may glorify thee in my sufferings. Without them I could not arrive in glory; and Thou too, my Saviour, hast only wished to attain it through them." In such a strain as this he breathes forth the holy desires of his heart to the God that heareth prayer.*

Kind reader, what think you of the painting? If you have seen its beauty as we have tried to show it, turn not aside and think that all is said. Rather let it ever hang before you, that you may study its *hidden* loveliness, as day by day imagination's eye recurs to it; and as you study, *contemplate*, for it is contemplation that is the best nurse of wisdom.

ANONYMOUS.

◆

THE SONG AND THE FAITH.

"Yet in my ears, till hearing dies,
One sad slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever looked with human eyes."

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* "Thoughts, Letters, &c., of Pascal." Derby & Jackson. 1859.

I.

I wander through these earthly walks,
I taste the fruits of thistl'y ground,
I mingle in the silent talks
Of Nature on her ceaseless round:
When wanton breezes play about
The flowering rose, or through the trees
E'er they try their celestial route
'Till wildest thoughts their pursuit cease;
I long to join their unknown flight,
Transgress the regions of this night,
Seeking beyond these lower skies
The Spirit's rest, and Love's high prize.

II.

O, Death! that haunt'st the shadowy shore
On which the gloomy billow breaks,
Canst thou not bear one evermore,
To the sweet fields where joy awakes
In songs of Immortality?
Where flowers of deep and lustrous hue,
Wet with mists from the crystal sea,
Spontaneous spring, and hills renew
The freshness of their ancient youth.
Come, Death, thou art a friend, and true!
Thou bearest to our race a ruth,
Make me a king—a king in truth!

III.

There's empire in a heavenly clime!
Life breathful with all happiness,
Unfetter'd by the dross of Time,
A life where Love embodied is,
And oneness of all energy,
A life but shadowed forth by this.
But entrance is obtained thro' thee,
O, Death! O, king omnipotent!
Thou fell Destroyer, I'm content
To hear from thee the welcome words
Which ushers me to Life's accords!

IV.

So sang a soul who tarried here
A part of three score years and ten,
And gladly took Time's bitter cheer
From sparing hands of selfish men.
He calmly drained within that space
Draughts of Endurance to their dregs,
Yet still with superhuman grace
Sought where the friendless spirit begs
The cheerful smile, the loving tear,
To free its bonds or calm its fear,
And freely gave what richly were
Within his nature to confer.

V.

Death heard his song, and one sad day
Stood by his door to hear him speak,
And bade the care-lines clear away
From feverish brow and ashen cheek.
God called him softly and he went,
Glad to return from Earth's cold roam,
For nightly had he pitched his tent,
Each " day's march nearer home,"
Until the summons came to rest
From wanderings, at his Father's door—
To lie on our Earth-mother's breast
Awhile, *re-born to die no more!*

SPROUTS, AND HOW TO TREAT THEM.

What a wonderful book is that of Nature! How important the lessons it teaches! There is no tying it to old pillars in monastic halls, no labelling it, and putting it away upon the dusty shelf of some gloomy library! There it lies before us open and inviting, always enticing, ever true. Each one may peruse his chosen page, and dull indeed must he be, who finds not some paragraph suited to his wants and requirements. Pretty pictures for little children, wise maxims for grave philosophers, beautiful imagery for inspired poets, may all be found in this one grand comprehensive volume. He who perused all its pages, and graduated from the study of its truths with the highest honor, gives us this immortal testimony of its value—

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

Perhaps at no time does it afford us more pleasure, or open up a more genial field than at that period intervening between dreary winter and balmy summer. All nature hopes for Spring. Then millions of life-germs confined all winter in little seeds and cells, will be summoned by the warm sunshine and quickening zephyr, to come forth and clothe the earth with beauty.

In close analogy with this season, is that period of man's existence when first he begins to put forth the promise of a brighter future. Look in the face of the passer-by. Can you not see there, written in characters that cannot be mistaken, the yearnings of an inward something not yet developed; while within our own breasts come up the voices of hopes, affections, passions striving to be heard—faculties or powers longing to make themselves known beyond the sphere of their present location? Do we not feel that some of our habits are already strong and powerful—their roots deep down in our immortal nature, others sprouting, just beginning to be? Certain it is that the maxim, "Tall oaks from little acorns grow," is a principle adapted to man as well as to the monarch of the forest.

We all perceive this in some degree, and hence those terms so common in every day life, such as "green," "verdant," and others of a like sort. We apply these to beginners, and such as we think are not seasoned enough to stand the storm. Very appropriate titles, too, are they, and with some modifications will suit the whole human family. For the true man is he, who not content with last year's fruit, is each season developing new sprouts; and consequently must be in some pursuit "fresh" and "green."

It may not then be unprofitable to glance for a moment at the mode of treating these tender plants, and to endeavor to find the best mode of developing them. As we contemplate the subject for this purpose, it will appear without much investigation, that we do not, either in ourselves or others, esteem sufficiently the small beginnings of life. We love to grasp at effects, without studying the cause which leads to them. We are engaged with wonderful theories, making mighty calculations, and seeing in the distance splendid results. It is so much more pleasant to build castles in the air, than to commence by laying the foundation stones of a real substantial dwelling, and therefore we go on blowing our pretty soap-bubbles, dreaming life away.

If we would only be more like the prudent Florist, who plucks the weeds when young and easily mastered, while at the same time he watches with peculiar care the tender plant he wishes to preserve, we should not find ourselves in after life possessed of vices which astound us by their strength, nor be continually undertaking labor for which we have made no preparation. How many do we see like fair barques, launching upon the voyage of life, every sail set, looking beautiful and trim, and yet when the first sea of trouble breaks over them, the weak and badly fitted timbers begin to give way, and the carelessness of the builder begins to show itself through the opening seams of the doomed vessel. Paint, varnish and outside show are of no avail, and so with a few vain plunges they sink to rise no more!

What we should desire is to know ourselves thoroughly.

Every man should be, as it were, the Botanist of his own vegetation, carefully watching all the different plants he may find within his own nature, arranging them in their proper order, placing them in the most favorable field for development, and classifying them with their proper species, so that no one shall be more fully acquainted with their uses and values than himself. We need to take to ourselves the advice of Raphael to Adam, so beautifully represented in "Milton's Paradise Lost,"

> "Be lowly wise!
> Think only what concerns thee and thy being:
> Dream not of other worlds."

But, again, independent of that natural growth which is common to every man, those generalities which make us alike in genus, there is a speciality which classifies and distinguishes. "No two exactly alike." That is the law of Nature—variety everywhere. So when men are beginning, we ask, "What can they do?" If they have the *power*, their speciality will answer—pine or hickory, oak or dogwood.

To find that speciality and cultivate it, as God's peculiar gift, should be man's constant care. On this depends much of his usefulness in life. It is a sad sight, and one too often met with, that of men harnessed to occupations or professions for which they have no taste or fitness; some at the anvil who should be at the bar; some ponderous judge full of "wise saws and modern instances," who would serve society far better between two show bills, walking the thoroughfare of some large city.

And so you might go through the whole category with like results. What society needs to-day, is that every member shall fit well in his place, and perform his share of the work. A few there are whose speciality it would be hard to determine —men whom we call "Jacks at all trades." Yet, after all, the best place for them would be in some thinly populated region, where they need one man to do the work of many. Like Robinson Crusoe, they would feel at home upon a desert island.

Some do not put forth their speciality until late in life. From dullness of apprehension they fail to discover it. Goldsmith is said to have passed through an unpromising youth. He himself declares that he never was attached to *belle lettres*, or poetry, until he was thirty years of age. Sheridan's early life gave no promise. And the father of the great Isaac Barrow used to say, "that if it pleased God to take from him any of his children he hoped it might be Isaac, the least promising." But come they will at last, and therefore we cannot watch too closely.

Thus far we have only considered the responsibility of each individual to himself in this respect; but as we are all greatly influenced by those around and about us—"What will Mrs. Grundy say?" being a great drawback to many timid souls—it may be well to consider how we should treat the first efforts of others.

If we turn to Nature again, for a moment, we shall see that there all is harmony. The great chemical laboratory of the universe aids in the production of the tiny leaf. The most powerful elements stoop down to cherish the humblest flower. Not so with man! What knows he of Life's beginnings? We see success achieved. The warrior returning homeward, passes by us on his prancing steed, crowned with garlands, and flushed with victory; we listen to the music of some poet who has tuned his song until it seems like some gentle strain of heavenly harmony; we hear the voice of some gifted statesmon, expounding the laws of our beloved land, and hang with rapture upon the eloquence of his words;—but what care we for the first steps to that success, the many toiling hours when heart sick and faint there was no one nigh to cheer? Or do we ever think (as we look upon those who have come out safe from the battle,) of the many weak ones that perished on that same field, not strong enough to reach the goal, and yet no doubt as good and brave as they.

Look at the past history of the learned professions! Do they not present a sad memoranda of starved poets, derided intellect? The finest productions of Genius have for the most part been penned in hovels and garrets, in which very frequently the writers have perished for want. Such a one was the renowned author of Hudebras. Then there is the story of Shakspeare's holding horses at the theatre, and even carrying mortar and bricks to build one in which his pieces could be performed. These and others, by far too numerous to be repeated here, we hold up to the world with solid satisfaction as monuments of fortitude and perseverance, forgetting that upon the other side they bear testimony to the woeful want of sympathy in man for his fellows.

In its treatment of beginners thus far, the world at large has been like the Spartan Mothers, who exposed their children that the weak might perish, and none but the strong survive; or like the Lithians who plunged their's into the river, that those only who were healthy might again reach the bank.

> "Hard are life's early steps, and but that Youth
> Is buoyant, confident, and strong in hope,
> Men would behold its threshold and despair."

This is not only true of professions and pursuits, but in manners and morals it is the same. There is something strange and even melancholy in the avidity with which the blunders of those entering society for the first are seized upon and made the subjects of ridicule. Although we ourselves may remember with pain for a lifetime some ridiculous position in which we were once placed by incorrect knowledge of the rules of *etiquette*, yet when a new clown comes on, to enact that same old part, how heartily we join in the scornful laugh that greets him. This is the reason, also, why men tremble at the thought of making their maiden speech, and hesitate in "popping the question," or in dancing the first quadrille.

Sympathy is to beginners, what sunshine is to the tender plants in Spring. Men who do not obtain it are like those plants growing in the dark, or like the sprouts we sometimes see coming from the potatoes, that have long lain in the cellar —pale and sickly. They lack confidence, and that certainly constitutes the greater part of mental or moral stamina. To procure sympathy the only way that appears open is to make yourself necessary to society, and therefore useful to it. The voice of interest will force it to cherish you.

Many will acknowledge the fact, that the first notes produced by a novice upon the French-horn, are anything but pleasant. They often have an immediate bearing upon the value of real estate. Tenants give warning at once; and the distracted mother waits upon the young musician to inform him that "*the baby sleeps!*" If under these, and similar drawbacks, he continues to progress, he may in time fill his place in some respectable orchestra, and charm the audience with his accomplished performance.

Now if you substitute any faculty or accomplishment for the French-horn, you will have a general formula, which will always produce like results.

The lack of sympathy with first effort, will, we think, also be found to retard greatly the progress of morals and religion; for the flowers of virtue seem to thrive under no other sunshine. "My goodness grows weak, help me to be good!" seems to be the yearning of every heart that is seeking purity and truth. To be honest, as this world goes, one must stand alone indeed; for even those who propose to guard and cherish those sacred flowers, do so only to their own peculiar species. We must find them already labeled with the same name by which we are wont to call them, or too often they are passed by with cold neglect. Many examples of this truth might be drawn from the biographies of good men, did not their familiarity to the general reader render it unnecessary.

Those men who have arrived at any eminence for virtuous qualities, we look upon as heroes possessing far more courage than the soldier on the tented field. Alas! we cannot all be heroes, yet it would be good to be better than we are.

Let no one, however, confound pure sympathetic feeling with that help and assistance which is so often a detriment to the receiver. This is more like a power that compels you forward when you are not able to proceed; whereas sympathy is an atmosphere we inhale as we move in it, and thereby become invigorated and refreshed for the work that is before us. It is our duty in life to help ourselves as much as possible. With a firm reliance upon the wise and benevolent Creator of all, self-help will certainly make the best manhood. Yet any one who looks within at his own wants and aspirations will realize in some measure that beautiful sentiment of Terence, "*I am a man, and therefore I feel for all mankind.*"

R. S.

THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving is a festival of purely New England origin. When the Puritan Fathers gathered their first fruits from the Plymouth plantations they publicly gave thanks to God for the bountiful harvest, and this beautiful tribute handed down to us by the stern old founders of the Commonwealth, thenceforth became one of our most honored customs.

Thus during the infancy of the colony, while the scanty harvests barely afforded sustenance, and the future was filled with doubt and gloom, those pious men and women, inspired by that faith which had supported them through many trials, lifted up their hearts in devout thankfulness. And from that day to this the custom has continued to grow in favor, until now it is observed in nearly every State of the Union.

But the festival is especially dear to every son and daughter of New England, and only there do we find it observed in the good old style. What Christmas is to the German, such is Thanksgiving to the New Englander. However widely scattered in their daily pursuits, the sons of the East on that day turn their faces to the rising sun, and, gathering around the festal board, salute each other as of yore.

The men of business, the dry, hard old merchants and brokers, who apply themselves closely to business on other days, relax their efforts, and take the evening boat for the East. In the morning they awake amid the scenes of their childhood, and are prepared to enter with zest into the social pleasures of the day.

Let us follow them in imagination, and with them enjoy the festivities of the occasion. They reach the old Homestead, situated among the hills of New England, and are received by Father and Mother with affection. The daughters from their families, the sons from the whirl of business or the classic shades, the grandchildren, all, all are warmly embraced, and welcomed beneath the paternal roof.

At length the village-church-bell summons them to perform the religious services of the day. All obey the summons and wend their way to the house of God. Every thing there, the church with its quaint old belfry, the tones of the bell—the church-green, the people there assembled—the interior of the church, and above all the venerable gray-headed minister in the high old-fashioned pulpit, make them think of the time when, as little children, they accompanied their parents thither.

Praises for the blessings of the year fill the sanctuary. Prayer, fervent, simple and heartfelt rises to the throne of God. Then the aged pastor, cheered by the sight of so many familiar faces, dwells with earnestness and pathos upon the mercies of the past year. The audience praise God in singing "the old one hundreth, noblest tune of tunes," and the benediction is pronounced. All return home with heart grateful to the Giver of every good, but especially for this privilege of again mingling in the scenes of their childhood.

Soon dinner is announced. And now the pen fails! Those who from year to year have made one of such a family can imagine the scene. Profusion is the order of the day. One object especially attracts the attention. A mammoth turkey! There he lies; his legs stretched imploringly, as if to say, "Carver, spare that wing, touch not a single thigh." Little did he think, while strutting in the barn-yard, that his pride should ever have such a fall!

The Father asks a blessing, and then the feast of fat things begins. Long they tarry at the table, calling to mind "the happy, happy days of yore." As evening approaches the collected members hold meetings again in the pleasant parlor, and live over again in memory the scenes of childhood. They join in singing the old familiar tunes, until each can say with "Israel," in "Bitter Sweet,"

> "Old tunes are precious to me as old paths,
> In which I wandered when a happy boy;
> In truth, they are the old paths of my soul
> Oft trod, well-worn, familiar, up to God."

The aged father reads a chapter from the Book of Books, and then invokes the choicest blessings of Heaven upon himself and his during the coming year, even as in that which has past. The prayer is ended, and all with hearts too full for utterance, retire, hoping they may be permitted to spend many such days together.

Pleasant as is the contemplation of this scene, yet we are compelled to think of the many families, not only in New England, but all over our land, to whom the last return ot this day was saddened by memories of those who, during the past year, "have been laid beneath the clods of the valley."

We would close with the earnest wish that the next anniversary of this day may find us once more a united and happy people. Then shall we truly feel that the day is doubly sanctified, and once more lift up our thoughts to Heaven, in the very fullness of our joy and thanksgiving.

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ABOUT FAULTS.

My most intimate friend is H. I go to H. when I have "the blues." I go to H. when I am happy. If I have a quarter to spend, I share it with H. If I am in trouble I consult H. In fact H. and I are confidential friends. But the other day I asked a little favor of him, which I knew he could grant without much inconvenience. H. answered me with a characteristic "I'd rather not."

Now, he pretends a deep friendship for me, and when he refused my request, I thought that *he* at least might have incommoded himself a little to oblige me. The truth is, H. is selfish. Not but that he would willingly divide an apple with me, or offer a cigar when I go to call upon him; but his heart never prompts him to do anything more for a friend, than he would be forced to by the laws of politeness.

I have discovered many little things in H. which are commonly called faults, and I have found that he is not quite so good a fellow as I took him to be when I first gave him my confidence.

H., however, is not alone. I find that the rest of my friends, after our acquaintance has matured to a certain degree, rather fall in my estimation. Each one has something which mars the perfectness of his character, and makes his society a little unpleasant. In short, I find that every man, into whose life I have obtained a sufficient insight to judge, has an abundance of faults.

Probably this experience of mine will correspond with yours. If it does not, one of two conditions must exist; either your friend is perfect, or you are somewhat stupid, and think he is. I believe neither. I believe that you see a great many things in him, which you wish were not there; but for the consideration that he has many excellencies to counterbalance them, you still talk to him of your own and his affairs, and consider him to be as good a fellow as you can find.

There has been no mere man since the fall of Adam, who has not had his faults, and a great number of them too. It seems to have been one of the curses of that fall, that man should be making errors and blunders continually, and that the most perfect of his race should never on earth be able to lead a life free from every blemish.

The facility with which every man sees the faults of his neighbor, and his absolute blindness in regard to his own, would be a curious fact for the student of human nature, if it were not so common. Men will review and criticise the imperfections of others, and give you long accounts of their failings; and yet if you could, without insulting, ask them to tell you of their own, they would in all probability be unable to do so, although they might admit their existence. This may be accounted for by the universal readiness to excuse themselves. If you should be bold enough to mention to them some little failing, quite likely they would deny that it was one. I think that if we could judge of the rest of the human race as leniently as we do of ourselves, half of our troubles would have no existence. Still there are men, and to their praise be it said, who instead of finding food for their censure in the actions of others, and commenting upon them in the usual way, "if I was in his place," and so forth, can follow out the precept of the Ancient Philosopher, "Disce te," and who need go no farther than themselves to study human nature. But such are the peculiarities of men, that they can perceive their own faults only by careful observation; and so much difficulty is there in following out "Disce te," that I believe very few men are ever truly acquainted with themselves.

Sometimes faults are thought to be virtues. There are those, who think that the man who is always saying strange things, and acting in an odd manner, is a very smart man; who consider eccentricity, originality. That more sensible part of the race believe that such men are of the character of "semi-lunatics," or imposters.

Then, again, a great many think that if a man dresses shabbily and wears dirty linen, when he can afford to dress well, he is very praiseworthy. You will hear such people speak of the dress of some of our Millionaires as little better than that of Porters and Carmen, and refer to it as a great virtue. In reality some of the millionaires are our meanest citizens, and when you find one who dresses shabbily, it is pretty safe to infer that he thinks a great deal more of his money than of anything else.

Oftentimes the discovery of the faults of others is a source of great pain. What a great disappointment is it to any, when one whom he has trusted for a long time and learned to love, suddenly betrays the confidence placed in him!

We, each, have secrets which we do not want to be made public, the revelation of which very often causes us much trouble. When a confidant, therefore, forgets himself, and makes known what was never meant for another's ear, it makes a sad lowering of our faith in mankind. I know of nothing which would tend more toward making us misanthropes than a frequency of cases like these.

What a sickness comes over us, when we learn that one, whom we have known and honored for years, when put into a position of responsibility and trust, betrays that trust, proves unworthy of any responsibility! I think that there can be no sadder case of this kind, than when either party in that most tender of all friendships—I mean marriage—incapable of preserving confidences, or perhaps in every way inferior to, and utterly unworthy of their companion.

Still everything has its end, and a grand end of faults is, that they in a great measure fix our personality. There can be but one form to any class of objects, when the whole of that class is in a state of absolute perfection. They must necessarily be all alike, and as soon as one differs from the rest, it ceases to be absolutely perfect.

In like manner, a perfect man can exist only in the one form of absolute perfection. If the whole race was perfect, men would all be of that one form, and consequently all alike. But we find mankind occupying every grade, from the lowest order of human existence to the highest point that it attains towards this perfection. By this gradation we distinguish them one from another.

It is wise for us to remember, when we indulge in comments upon the faults of others, that they have an equal privilege of commenting on ours. And if we recollect that each of us knows better the faults of every one else than his own, we will pass lightly over the derelictions of our friends, and remembering that none of us can lay a claim to perfection, always end our criticisms upon the failures of others with the good, though homely saying, "Well, we all have our faults!"

GUESS.

A KISS.

What voice, what pen shall tell me this!
The source from whence a simple kiss
Derives its power?
'T were easier far to sound the sea,
Reveal what germinates the tree,
Or tints the flower.

Some potent Spirit, 'tis we know,
Else why should all obey it so,
Our hearts so flutter?
And thus express, and fondly seal,
The vows and pleasures which they feel,
But cannot utter.

Yet still more strange, what shyness shown!
If caught, we're not inclined to own
The gentle theft.
For blushes red, and feelings queer,
Announce Intrusion ever near,
When flirting left.

Some ladies, young and very fair,
First vow, protest, and then declare
Themselves unwilling;
But when the time and place accord,
The chances they with joy afford,
Are really killing.

And young men, too, who have a beard—
For which they fain would be revered—
Pronounced it silly;
Still when bright eyes at twilight hour,
Look on them with their magic power,
They're not so chilly.

Old men I've seen, and so have you,
When kissed, could not tell what to do,
So deep they blushed.
Perhaps 'twas memory in the brain
Woke up, and kisses lived again,
Which long were hushed.

Whate'er its nature, own, it can
The heart's best music truly scan
In gentle metre;
To soothe the sorrowing infant mind,
Or weave the souls of lovers kind,
There's nothing sweeter.

SIGMA.

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A PRACTICAL FANCY.

We fancy, gentle reader, you have at some period in your checkered existence been thirsty; we may say very thirsty, when travelling or roaming about in some rural district. At length, perhaps, you alight upon a shady nook, from which bubbles and sparkles a little spring. We need not say that such a sight is inviting; that you accept the invitation, and are about to *take a drink*, when just as you are stooping to partake of the cooling beverage, you distinctly hear a plunge of a large bullfrog, with a mouth like the opening of a valise, and a throat like an alderman in apoplexy. Now, reader, it may be you are fond of bullfrogs, in that case we beg leave to differ with you—they always take away the charm of drinking from any fountain which we know to be inhabited by one of these puffed up gentlemen; we have seen young men who would rather walk all day with the thermometer at 96°, than quench their thirst at a hotel kept by such a *slippery customer*. We are not quite so bad as this, but we must say his presence takes away much of the pleasure from the draught. But to the point, methinks you say. Well, then, we believe that this bullfrog is to the vision of the nervous drinker, just exactly what college examinations, and the consequent systems of grading are to the eye of the nervous student.

He can no more drink with pleasure from these springs of learning, or quench his burning thirst for knowledge at these fountains of truth and wisdom, with the ever imposing and awful forms of semi-quarterly, quarterly, sessional, or yearly examination before him, than my tremulous friend can drink of the cooling road-side spring with Mr. Bullfrog's eyes staring him out of countenance; true, our thirst for water in the one case, and knowledge in the other, may overcome our reluctant scruples, but we never drink with that pleasure that we should have experienced, had we not met with these unwelcome intruders. The frog may be useful in the roadside spring, he may eat up certain little things that it would be unpleasant for us to swallow, but can we say as much for the examinations and grades—these terrible skeletons at so rich a feast. We fancy not. If they are good for anything, they are good to measure the learning and talent of the scholars, and in this they are now generally acknowledged as failures. It is found that a student may study diligently, have a general and thorough knowledge of his studies, understand how to apply them most effectually, and yet, if he has not the faculty of reproducing, and communicating "verbatim," he will stand low. The man who thinks about what is told him in the class-room, and about a good many things which are not told him, but which have an important bearing on the subject under consideration, will not stand the test of grade, as well as the men who learn by rote, and recite by rule. How often do we see in the biographies of the sages of the past, the remark, "that he was not distinguished as a student while at college," that is, he did not stand college tests. Alas! they had not yet learned that a hack is easier to drive than a thorough bred horse.

Again, there is another class that will never stand this test. We mean the nervous students—young men who "poll" diligently, but whom the sight of a professor, or tutor, on examination, drives to a complete "non plus." How pleasant it must make the student feel, that after all that midnight oil, a little dignity is the horrid phantom that bids his hopes depart. Perhaps it will be said, that if grades do not measure scholarship, they at least encourage industry, but here, alas! the case is still more deplorable. Who does not know, that after the first or second grading of a class, the struggle for first is between the few successful ones?—the rest sink mechanically into a jog trot. How many do we hear, who think they have been unfairly dealt with, saying, "I will strive no more." What encouragement is there for the young man, whose ability for committing his lesson is moderate, when having studied very hard he comes to recitation, and beholds a student with half an hour's study, and a good deal of brass and tact, beat him in the contest. How quickly, too, young innocence learns that "*honesty is not the best policy*," at least for procuring a grade. A little well conducted stratagem, a few nicely played tricks, and considerable cheating, will make you stand high, if that is what you go to college for.

Thus far the struggles for grade may appear a very comical sight indeed; but there is a feature of it that makes every honest heart sad, and that is the emulation and silent, but no less bitter, envy that it causes. There may not be any strong, outward signs of discontent, but there, locked up in that little, secret chamber of the heart it gnaws, covered over with a mask of smirking smiles and formality; this it is that causes the little cliques and parties that are so prevalent in colleges. There can be no genuine brotherhood while this state of things exists, and the consequences on the feelings of the young are terrible; they become dull, cold and satirical. Besides, the chances for success are by no means equal, because the natural abilities are not equal. Therefore, it is evident that a few must be exalted at the expense of the many. We have charity enough to believe that there are very few students in any class so lazy, that they need this spur to prick them on, and those that are, will never be moved by its force. No; the student who, when introduced to the daughters of learning, will not resolve to win their smiles, and is not willing, like Jacob of old, to toil seven years, and when disappointed, still another seven, such an one has mistaken his vocation; he will never be a scholar. If we knew any young friend who was stigmatized by his class-mates as a *grade worshipper*, *we fancy* we should say to him, be not pleased with such empty baubles. Study rather for the sake of your friends, whose hearts yearn for your success. Study for the sake of those who have provided you with means of improvement. Study for the sake of your *Alma Mater*, whose honor and usefulness will depend upon that of her children. Study for the sake of your country, which stands in need of all your ability, of all your power. Study for the joy and happiness it gives your own soul, but never study for a grade. And if we knew an instructor, who instead of imparting instruction, marked recitations, we fancy we should like to warble in his ear—

> "Weigh for a moment classical desert,
> Against a mind depraved, and feelings hurt—
> Hurt, too, perhaps for life, for early wrong
> Done to the nobler part, affects it long.
> And you are staunch indeed in learning's cause,
> If you can crown a discipline, that draws
> Such mischiefs after it, with much applause."

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EACH LIFE A TUNE.

BY "AN UNKNOWN FRIEND."

With the morning of life began the unending tune. When the vital spark, like the ocean wave, comes rippling, dashing on into new existence, with it is the augment to the choral train.

The music of Life! As a Musician touches the ivory keys of a time-worn instrument, making its melody sad and discordant; or as his skillful fingers run over with magic touch the tightened strings of the heart-melting harp, awaking within us the exalted impulses of our nature, so in the ritual of the Maker are the lives of men. Many and varied are the tunes they play. Some melodies are sad and dirgeful, and some are splendid symphonies in Life's great band. Some lives, like the melody of waters, go quietly along, the music unchecked by tempests, and to him who passes by, they seem like Angel's anthems. But they come like pleasant dreams only now and then.

There are lives whose music is unwritten; within whose shrouded souls there may be chords which the fingers of Fate can touch, and they may vibrate, but so slight and veiled are they, that their music is lost to the world, and they only live cold Automatons, their good all lost, selfish beings. And there are those who wind along with changing music—dancing then and pausing now, doing good and doing evil—what the end of their tune is none may know.

The Sabbath bells were ringing. I joined the long procession as they went up the tesselated aisle and took my seat among them. Soon slowly and with a tottering step, leaning feebly on a brother's arm, came an old man. His locks were white and we well knew his days were almost over. They placed his pillowed seat where each word should reach his eager ears, for they well knew but a few more strains of music, but a few more prayers would ever again make his heart thrill. It was the morning service, and as the Priest came out with his long surplice and Book of Prayer, the organ's solemn tone was heard, and the heart went up in prayer. The old man raised his trembling hand, and as he bowed his head we felt how near he was to Heaven. And when the people followed the Priest in the grand "Te Deum," we saw the old man's eye to kindle with the fire of more youthful days, and the tears to chase each other down his face.

I asked of the tune of that man's life; and they told me, in his youth it was like the ocean, full of billows; that when the sky was calm, when no tempest was raging o'er him, he lived a gentle air; but when the storm-clouds gathered and threatened above him, they said his life was like the music of the rushing torrents—frightful. But, they told me, that a voice, not human, had reached his soul and changed the music to an even tenor, and one of peace forever. Aye, the tune which he is singing now, and the chords which he has made to vibrate here, have taught us many a lesson which we have loved to learn. Says the "many minded" Bard of Avon:

> "How sour sweet music is,
> When time is broke and no proportion kept."

Thus the harp of the wild man is loosely strung. Silvery notes may now break forth from his life-tune, anon "the time is broke," wild fanatic dreams wheel over his brain, and the harmony is lost. In his life are strange, strange episodes. Like Mozart, some compose and play their own requiems.

While many mingle in the busy throng, they tune their voices to the worthless lyre, and for themselves prepare a tune of "no proportion," one which they shall play forever. Ah, it is a fearful thing to set ourselves to play our life tune on the Harp of Ages. The melody begins so soft and low in the infant's cradle that the voice can just be heard; but it remains not always thus; alas, too often does it end in one long, harsh, discordant note. But, as I look down the flight of years to come, I think I hear the music of souls yet unknown to us, and it comes like the harmony of the gentle zephyrs in the mild evening time, and I see the great human throng coming up the narrow way a true united choir. I see the gates of Paradise open, and behold, there stand the Heavenly band. I hear their songs still more melodious, till they thrill the very soul with joy as the two unite in one to chant their praises in the Home above forever.

CHOICE OF LANGUAGE.

The record of first attempts rarely exhibits a consummation of complete success. In Art, as well as Science, the truth holds good, that success comes only after repeated failures—nay, that it is built upon those failures, and could not have been attained without them. Only by reiterated overthrows in the gymnasium, and continuous effort against a stronger adversary, can the athlete harden his muscles and brace his nerves for the contest that shall award him the laurel crown; only by perpetual striving after a lofty ideal of thought and expression can the literary aspirant achieve that perfect mastery of his art, which will endue his every utterance with the authority that waits upon the supreme excellence.

So then we should not be surprised or discouraged, if we discover, in the productions which form the staple of our college literature, filling the pages of our magazine, and weekly offered to criticism, in the shape of speech or essay, that general immaturity of style, noted as characteristic of youthful attempts. In what this immaturity consists, it may be difficult exactly to set forth; that it does exist, is a fact inherent in the great universal principle of gradual development, and almost susceptible of mathematical demonstration. As the mental powers of a person at forty are to those of the same individual at twenty, so will be the relative excellence of his compositions. Thus, in considering the short-comings of college writings, we find, almost without exception, that they are those which naturally accompany and flow from a narrow range of experience and a general inability of expression, which betrays a hand unused to the pen. It does sometimes happen that this Sophomoric style of composition is employed by writers of advanced age and of facile rhetoric; but in so doing they only exhibit a paucity of intellectual resources, or a taste corrupted by the pursuit of false examplars. If a man writes in middle age, as he did in youth, he has not grown since in mental stature; and so every one who desires the acquisition of that aptitude of expression and sway over Language, which will enable him, by the symbolic medium of pen and paper, to establish a perfect communication between his own mind and that of another, so that he can convey to his readers the thought which has grown and developed within his own brains in its totality of significance, must of necessity emerge from this incipient state, and array his ideas in a linguistic garb, which shall serve to embellish, not to conceal, their beauty or their power. A review of the most prominent defects in our collegiate essays may perhaps show more clearly the direction for improvement, and the means by whose efficacy we may become the sovereigns of language, instead of its slaves.

The first characteristic likely to offend the taste of a literary artist, would be the confusion of words and expressions, leading either to ambiguity, or a total misapprehension. This fault may arise either from the vague and imperfect character of the conception, as it originally existed in the mind, or from such a constrained and inadequate knowledge of the resources of his vernacular, as would deny to the composer the power of presenting his ideas in proper verbal form. In the former case, the remedy must be applied by Reason itself. Let the mind clearly realize and define the subject of its thought, ere it attempts to present it to the apprehension of another. The habit of loose and incoherent thinking is more prevalent than we suppose: and I suspect that a large majority of our conceptions, even concerning things common and practical, are altogether inadequate and undefined. What are your ideas of a government, a religion, an abstract quality? You do not clearly comprehend; your definition would probably exclude some essential attribute. Yet, unless you do comprehend the term in its full significance of meaning, of what validity is your judgment concerning it? Hence arise many hasty and false generalizations; for the order-loving mind of man especially delights in marshalling the throng of disconnected thoughts which find habitation within it, by squadron and regiment, each with separate color and captain. If the division has been made in accordance with the true and natural connection, legislation and symmetry have been introduced into the realm of the idea; but if things by nature incompatible have by violence been united, what has been done but to increase and perpetuate confusion?

Closely akin to the fault is the custom of using vague and general expressions, which, having indeed a certain value and meaning, are yet unfit, generally speaking, for the pages of an essay or prose composition of the shorter character. This class of words is more especially adapted for poetic diction, for Poetry, as it often soars into regions above the ken of the imagination, has need of language which conveys to the mind no determinate conception, but a general impression of majesty and greatness. Thus when Milton, in his great epic, would describe the actions or appearance of superhuman beings, he employs no epithets which would convey a definite or limited notion, but by a skilful use of obscure and general adjectives, presents them to our gaze enwrapped in cloudy grandeur.

That defective expression which arises from an imperfect acquaintance with the wealth of our native tongue can be remedied only by reading and study, especially the study of those branches which primarily have to do with words. One of the principal advantages to be derived from classical attainments, is the command that we thereby acquire over the English vernacular. The various methods of translating each classic word or phrase, furnish us with an equal stock of synonymous terms and expressions; the habit of rendering a foreign language into correct and elegant English gives a fluency and force to the style, in no other way to be acquired.

It is recorded of a great British orator, that whenever an important question was to be debated in Parliament, he would prepare himself for the discussion by spending the previous day in translating Thucydides into his mother tongue, with as much rapidity and vigour as his knowledge allowed; preferring such a preparation to the consideration of the specific topic of controversy.

But Language is not only of importance as the exponent of thought: it has in itself, exclusive of its subject-matter, a worth and influence of no small moment. The mind can only receive impressions from another intellect through the eye and the ear, and over either of these, but especially the latter, rich and harmonious expression exerts a subtle but powerful influence. The eye, as it glances across the page of the rhetorician, receives a succession of glowing and brilliant images, which avail even to overpower the judgment, and to fill the mind with a vague but exquisite pleasure; the ear, enraptured by rhythmic cadence and sonorous fullness, is not the mere interpreter to convey the meaning to the brain, but acting as vicegerent to its monarch, stamps the message with the broad seal of the realm as it transmits it to the central authority. And often the sovereign, if he be not alert and vigilant, will receive implicitly the communication bearing such formula of approval, and store it away in the royal archives, among the great thoughts and creeds of conduct that fill the sacred inner chamber. In this quality of richness and melody, college compositions are too often glaringly deficient. The short, abrupt sentences scattered over the page; the sudden conclusion of a swelling paragraph by an insignificant monosyllable, coming upon the ear as the jerk of the bridle comes upon the horse at full gallop; the harsh collocation of consonants, difficult to pronounce and painful to hear;—all these betray the bungling execution and imperfect finish of the workman. It appears to be the highest aim of the writer to present his idea intelligibly

—i. e., in a shape apprehensible by the intelligent, even though with much labor and close attention. Now, no one has a right to demand of the reading public such diligence of perusal, unless his writings contain valuable and suggestive thought, which will repay their toil. But we, in college, have neither maturity of mind nor the highest eloquence of expression; our writings are not, therefore, usually distinguished by originality or sparkling vigor. Whatever we can say, has been better said by others before us. We cannot serve to a critical appetite choice hot-house grapes or red-veined pomegranate; our offering must be of the common fruits of the year, Nature's liberal gifts to orchard and forest. What then? let us at least be choice in the culling; let our apples be fragrant and glistening, with mellow fullness; let our peaches blush rosy red with the kisses of the sun. Seldom does obscurity or harshness of expression co-exist with real sublimity of thought. When a great idea has sprung into being in the brain, and stands in glorious, revealed proportion, waiting but the dress of language to emerge into outer day, and gladden the hearts of men, it shall go hard with it if the mind find not, in all its stores of speech, royal robes of expression for its cherished offspring. To the favorite son is given the coat of many colors.

With this matter the laws of harmony have so much to do, that the remedy for harsh and discordant expression must be suggested by the ear itself. By nature the sensitiveness of this organ differs according to the individual, one being endowed with a nice perception of verbal melody, which will compel his thoughts, almost without the action of his will, into rich and harmonious language; while another seems almost deficient in appreciation of rhythmic sound. But these extremes are very rare; and nothing is more evident than that the faculty is in the highest degree susceptible of cultivation. It is well known that the sense of music may be developed by judicious training, that the ear which at first delighted only in the simple lines of common life—the lyrics of the street and the common, at length educated to the full measure of its æsthetic capacity, receives with exquisite enjoyment the complicated symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven. So by keen observation and diligent effort can be reached a knowledge of the rich possibilities of verbal form latent in the mother tongue of every great nation. For the architect of thought there are no materials to collect; the blocks of chiselled marble lie ranged in lettered order in the broad quarries cut for the necessities of previous generations; lifeless as yet, but waiting only the bidding of the master to coalesce into the vital unity of a glorious conception. With what spell shall the mighty Apollo impose stone upon stone, and set pillar fast by pillar, till the growing palace pierce the sky with cloud-capt pinnacles? Let him tune his lyre for the song; perchance, as the thrilling cadence sinks and swells on the hushed air, the towers of a new Ilium may rise to the melody, every dome and column glowing with perfect symmetry and radiant proportion.

There is yet one more possibility of style, whose mastery would constitute the acme of rhetorical excellence. The old grammarians, delighting in high-sounding epithets and *sesquipedalia verba*, gave to this figure, when they met it in the classic poets, an unpronounceable Greek title which may be rendered in English, *the echo of sound to sense.* The school of Pope and Dryden were quick to perceive its power over the imagination, and employed it in isolated instances with brilliant success; but I would not here speak of an incidental or occasional exhibition of this delicate beauty; but of that constant and habitual wedding of thought to language in the pages of the poet or essayist, which shall breathe throughout his composition the very spirit of harmonious unity. The faculty which produces such an effect is too rare and ethereal to be contained within the narrow limits of a definition; the pleasure it affords too costly to be weighed and measured in the scales of computation. Still we may know that it can be ours—ours to enjoy and ours to communicate. An ear tuned to appreciate the most delicate shades of rhythm, the most intricate combinations of verbal melody; a sway over language which can summon to its need the fittest word of all the vocabulary; a mind keen and far-seeing, practical in rhetoric and glowing with human sympathy;—these are the component elements which give to style the consummation of glorious unity with thought. Such power of expression is indeed difficult of acquisition; yet the prize is worthy of the labor. The whole inner man may burn and thrill with the presence of great thought; but what if the lips falter and the tongue stammer in the utterance? So latent in the harp-strings lie all the melodies of music, but they yield no harmony to an uncertain hand. If it be the mission of a man to make the world wiser or better by adding to its mental riches treasures of counsel or wisdom, let his pen be tipped with winged words, and his utterance to the voice of honey-lipped persuasion. Surely the prophet is not less inspired, if he be a poet likewise; nor the oracle less faithful, though chanted in a hymn. Every thinker of true and noble thoughts is in a sense the messenger of God to the soul of his neighbor, to raise it above the base realities of common life. Let the wondrous tale find wondrous utterance: so shall men listen, and marvel, and believe. H.

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THE STORY OF A TEXT BOOK.

It is with an honest desire to benefit humanity by a recital of what I have seen, and to warn my numerous brethren by the exhibition of what I have endured, that I thus give to the public a short sketch of my life.

My earliest recollection places me in a large publishing house, where I was surrounded by my fellows in great number. From my shelf I could see on all sides books with black covers, blue covers, green covers, paper covers, gilt edged and plain edged, like an army of warriors assembled for the conquest of the world. Here, too, the grades in society were visible—turkey morocco strutted most of all, and I doubt not that if I had been nearer I could have heard his self-satisfied chuckle. Sheep, calf and cloth all prided themselves on their respective merits—some on appearances, others on contents, while I, conscious of the distinction attached to antiquity, and of the reverance with which the vulgar regard that which is above their comprehension, felt that the classics in general, and I in particular, were most deserving of respect. By such reflections I was consoled for the great popularity of my yellow covered brethren, while I felt a grim delight when some curious one would look into my pages, and then, as if I had burned his fingers, quickly replace me.

Such were my earliest days, shortly after which I was placed in a box and dispatched to the most prominent book firm in the town of P. My recollections of this establishment are necessarily scanty in consequence of my short stay, but in justice to the proprietors, I must say that they watched me with most solicitous concern; no dust or officious fly must touch me, and brush and chamois skin were incessantly plied for the beautifying of my complexion. Indeed, my owners were so much pleased with me that I seemed to rise in value every day. But a parting day came—a student enquires for certain books, and, among others, I was entrusted to his care. I must say that I did not make a very favorable impression on this young gentleman, for he merely glanced at me, laid me down and quickly asked for something whose name resembled my own. Thus I changed masters, and presently I find myself in a place of which I had formed most lovely ideas, a student's room in college; but let me describe it. There are two rooms, you knock at the outer door and cry "hello!" when a string is pulled, and after having carefully wiped your feet on a rug at the door, you enter. You observe an apartment nicely furnished with ingrain carpet, a bureau, a small book case, a writing desk, two or three lounges, several spittoons, pipes and tobacco on the mantle, and some half dozen arm chairs, comfortably cushioned, which are called study chairs. The other room is the sleeping apartment. You are not expected to enter during study hours; but it makes no difference, my master is continually employed, and now you may observe him with gown and slippers on, by name Whirligig, by nature a gentleman and a scholar.

To the day of my dissolution I shall cherish the highest opinion of this my first master—he treated me well. Knowing, as I did, the voracious character of students, I feared greatly for my personal appearance. I looked forward through a season of study, and fancied a mass of "dog-leaves," effaced print and torn covers to be the sole remnant of poor me; but events showed how grossly I had wronged the community of students. I was treated more as a friend than as a servant. When not in actual use, I was allowed a place on the mantel, whence I saw all that was going on, while others were stored away in the book-case, and some seldom, others never honored with a glance. With many of my fellows, therefore, I had no acquaintance, and if I had desired it, we were never brought closely enough together for purposes of conversation. There were in the case some huge quartos called Lexicons, and thinking they might be relatives, I wished to know them; but after frequent observations I concluded that they were merely wooden supports of the shelves, with these names painted on them for effect. There was one dear friend, however, from whom I have since been separated, whom I shall ever remember with gratitude and love. His name I cannot recall. I think it began with T. He was purchased with me, which may account for our strong attachment. The Siamese twins were as nothing to us; when Whirligig would open me to any place, T. would not be satisfied until our master found a corresponding place in him, and if he turned one of my pages, the same must shortly be done to T. Whirligig noticed this attachment, and humored it; not to excite jealousy he would divide his attention between us, sometimes looking on T. first and then on me—sometimes on me first and immediately on T. My friend's devotion was really wonderful; on some occasions when we had been engaged in study for a very short time, the bell, which always stopped our intercourse, would ring, and T. would be so inconsolable at the separation, that he would entreat Whirligig to cut a piece from nearest his heart and place it on mine, and then, and not till then, was he content. I owe it to this friend that after the lapse of a session's use, my condition was so good. No black crease along the edges marked the places of the lesssons—no discolored and torn pages showed improper use, but when done with by Whirligig, I could retire with the proud thought of having stored my master's brain without injury to myself, of having gone through the conflict and escaped without dust or harm.

After the close of the session, there came the cold and dreary vacation, during which, strange to say, my master left me at college. When the next term began, I was not required for stated use, but could only hope that Whirligig would occasionally refer to me for "auld lang syne." Sad to say this was not often the case, and I was left to the company of my senses. Even thus my admiration of Whirligig every day increased; he never allowed his lessons to interfere with his preparations for usefulness in after life. To this end he sought to be acquainted with the literature of the day, and would read until after midnight books of all sorts, and to show his economical habits, most of them had paper covers. He sought popularity and discovered, what I will state in confidence to my friends, that cigars were very influential in that line. He was a great committee man also, and the college must greatly have profited by his humane exertions. In duties of such a character he would often spend days and days, looking for the fruit of his labors in after years. In his relations to the Faculty he was ever foremost in inducing his class to excuse a Professor from a recitation, and to assist the exercise of discipline, by calling in for the correction of students' morals, the powerful influence of the press. He was doubtless a genius—the mottos upon his walls were but the indices of his truly noble being—

> "He was a man—take him for all in all,
> I ne'er shall look upon his like again."

A year had passed since I entered upon my college life, and truly it was one of exquisite delight; but at the beginning of the next session I was sold by Whirligig to a member of the next class—a Mr. Poller—and from this time my grievances began. In the first place, I was separated from my dear friend T., who besought earnestly to accompany me. Whirligig offered him at a very low figure, but to no effect. Poller grimly declared he had no need of him, and actually searched me and removed from me every vestige of my poor old friend. And now, adieu to the sumptuous life at Whirligig's. I find myself ensconced between two grammars on an unpainted shelf, from which I see nothing in the room to give me hope. Near the window is a table with ink, pen and paper arranged methodically upon it, while beside is a chair that might have broken the back of a Puritan. The rest of the furniture was serviceable, but decidedly destitute of style. I saw no lounge or stuffed chairs, and amid the desolation the only thing that cheered me was the sight of a tobacco box, a couple of brier-roots and a huge spittoon. Upon an examination of my companions I found myself located in a nest of relatives, but nowhere could I find any one likely to take the place of T.

There were a good many books, and most pretty badly used, with some of whom I tried to open a conversation; but my near neighbors declared that "Poll," as they called him, keeps them agape so long, and uses them so roughly, that they were too tired to talk. Looking farther, I saw what in Whirligig's room I had imagined to be supports of the shelves, but soon discovered their true nature. Words are inadequate to express the feelings with which I regarded Poller. Every object in the room seemed to say study; the sharp angles of his table spoke of Mathematics, the rows of worn books awed me by their knowing look. The whitewashed walls were hung with a few pictures, but nowhere did mottos in German text, with fancy colors, appear to animate and excite. The combined effect of these things was thoroughly to convince me that Poller was a man of no genius, but one who must labor to possess knowledge, and whose powers of mind needs constant discipline and exercise for their improvement. How preferable was the condition of Whirligig—a man of real genius. He will make his mark, he is a great reader, is popular with both the sexes, and is a great committee man, while Poller reads nothing but dry history, is almost always alone, never walked with a lady in his life, and I never yet witnessed a committee meeting in his room. But, oh dear! the habits of the man distress me exceedingly. He rises at most improper hours, sweeps out every morning, and goes to bed before eleven o'clock. Still, all this could be endured if I were not to be studied. During the week I was unmolested until my day came, and then I was taken from my place on the shelf and placed on the studying table. Then a huge, ungainly Lexicon was brought to my side, and last came Poll bringing a couple of grammars, and when he was seated I was in for at least two hours of torture. At first, in consequence of my good condition, I would not lie flat open, until my master with both hands, almost breaking my back, effectually cured me of that vice. Then the studying process would begin; after finding the place, he would give me a piercing look, and then turn to the greasy old Lexicon; then another look, frightening me almost to death, and a turn to the grammar, afterwards with both elbows on me, his hands in his hair, his eyes would dance over my pages with a satanic delight. When confused, or in doubt, he would thumb his way to the back of the book and then to the front, and thus to and fro, until I felt like a windmill. Once I tried to escape by sliding from the table, but it was of no use, for he caught me by the cover and jerked so hard, that I was left half unprotected. Such was the story, week after week, and after a day of such treatment I was removed to my place to recruit for a renewal of the conflict.

The term is fast closing. Poller is nearly done with me, and as coverless, useless and spiritless, a sad victim to a wretched delusion, I, awaiting a removal to some respectable dust heap, lift up my feeble voice and declare that "much study is a weariness to the flesh."

RIDE.

College and Class.

Hon. John T. Nixon, of N. J., Member of Congress, from the First District, was unanimously elected by the American Whig Society to deliver the Annual Address before the American Whig and Cliosophic Societies at the coming commencement. Mr. Nixon is a native of Cumberland county, a polished gentleman, an able lawyer, and a true friend to the dignity and success of Old Nassau. An able oration may be expected.

The election for Junior Orators, held last session, resulted as follows:

From Clio Hall.

Henry J. Sheldon, of Princeton, N. J.
Sargeant Prentiss Stearns, Newark, N. J.
Harvey C. Warren, Philadelphia, Pa.
Theodore F. Sanxay, Cleveland, O.

From Whig Hall.

V. Hummel Berghaus, Harrisburgh, Pa.
Charles H. Mathews, Doylestown, Pa.
John B. Done, Somerset Co., Md.
Samuel M. Boyd, White Deer, Pa.

Senior Class elections for the ensuing session resulted in a choice for Orator of James S. McCoy, Springfield, Oo.; Poet, Augustus Zabriskie, Jersey City, N. J.

Editors of Nassau Literary Magazine from Clio Hall: Christopher A. Bergen, Princeton, N. J.; Henry U. Swinnerton, of Newark, N. J.

And from Whig Hall: Isaac F. Sutphen, Bedminister, N. J.; Jasper S. McIlvaine, Trenton, N. J.

Lieut. William E. Potter, an honored member of the Class of '63, has been detached from his Company (Co. K, 12th Regiment N. J. Volunteers) and appointed, by order, Chief of Ordnance of the Third Division, Second Army Corps, Army of the Potomac. He is attached to he staff of the General commanding, at present Gen. Sully.

The worthy Nassau boys, Williams, Cox and Humphries, who joined the Anderson troop, were in the fight at Murfreesboro', and did gallant service for their country. They did not participate in the chivalric revolt of that illustrious legion. May their patriotism redound to their temporal advantage!

Editorial.

The December Editor comes through a February's snow to your door. Receive him kindly, extending the generous warmth of your sympathy, and the hospitalities of your good will. We have come through devious paths, over mountains smooth with ice, and through valleys cold with snow; fording rivers, dark-flowing and chilly, climbing wearily up the thither bank only to survey a country more rugged and uninviting ahead. O, adolescent individuals, if promises unredeemed, delays, and remissnesses were *trumps*, *what a hand your Editor would hold!*

With the fading of the Decembrian Ides, passed away the last opportunity to ameliorate the grades of eighteen hundred and sixty-two. Some took high, and some did not. Those who *did*, gave evidence of the possession of a faculty termed Memory, highly stimulated by grades, developed by regularity, and untarnished by demerits; those who *did not*, stood so, *not in that* "*they loved Cæsar less, but Rome more.*" We sojourned during our Holydays out of the United States, in the emaciated regions lying towards the rising sun. To the stern destiny which so ordered it, we made the plaintive lamentation of the Emigrant Patlander, who was once put ashore at Jersey City: "Sure, Capting, did I not pay my fare clean to the United States, an' here yer after laving me in the Jarseys, bad luck to ye, ye divil." But Fate doomed us to editorial labor, waved us to our task, and would not heed our melancholy song. Alas! even then the dulcet strains of the well-tuned fiddle held court too oft in old illuminated halls, where printer's phrase obtained no faith as evidence; and the soft, silent voice of Beauty had mightier charms than doleful cry for "copy."

The New Jersey Teachers' Convention met in Bridgeton in December last. "Many men of many minds," bright, dull, and indifferent, were regularly deposited, with excursion tickets, good for three days at the depot. Among them the eye could detect "the light of Genius," like a wreath of glory about the heads of some. The massive brow of Learning, sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought; the glowing eye of Modesty, drooping like the Violet through excess of loveliness, and the firm tread of noble and fearless Manhood—but yonder glared the passionless eye of the Numscull, peering over the goggles placed learnedly astride of his nose; there simpered the shallow miss just seized, "as by fire," of the Normal School Diploma, which overloads her littleness; and here just at our elbow—we are leaving now—appears the unmistakable visage of the unmitigated Bore.

But here, too, is the evidence of female taste—"loud" shawls, gay bonnets. By one bonnet, singular, solitary, peculiar, distinguished by a great white star glittering in its crown, I was minded of my neglected classics,

"Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis
Argenteus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter
Adsuitur pannus."

There, too, were "nobby" coats of "velvet plush" (we speak technically), with buttons on behind, having real collars that would stand up and protect their wearers' lovely throats. The virgin fair wear coats, who shall deny them married, the high prerogative of—"breeches?" Time would fail us to tell how Prof. Bruce rendered "Kingdom Coming," "Jockey Hat and Feather," and "The Laziest Man in all the Town." Of Prof. Jno. S. Hart's able and philosophic lecture on Normal Schools—praise of whom, indeed, is vain, for

"None know him but to love,
None name him but to praise"—

of Superintendent Ricord's elaborate lucubrations upon the school laws of New Jersey; and of the many things of interest which relieved the usual dulness of an inland town during the holydays.

"A change comes o'er the spirit of our dreams." The melodious breath of sonorous horns, perambulating these classic halls just in advance of worthy Germans, break on the drowsy ear. The long tongued crier, in the Belfry of Old North, chimes in for mellow bass: "O, yez, yez, all ye sleeping collegians, ye dignitaries, Seniors, Juniors, Sophs and Fresh, all who have any business to do before their Honors, the Judges of Theologic, Scientific, Classic and Literary Courts of the realm of Nassau, approach now, or be indulged to a mark for "cut" and demerit. God save the College and the honorable Faculty!"

We meekly obey, "and answer to our names at first call." In other words, College has commenced. The machine is out of the engine-house, and they who run with it, are on hand waiting for a fire. To use another figure, "we are at the Diggins." Greek roots and Latin Syntax (verily a *tax* for post-Adamic *trans*-gression) are extracted "by the sweat of the face," from the unhappy mementos of men, whose eyes were bleared by dust thrown up by the motley mob who frequented Olympus; or those who took their Falernian *plain*, within sight of the Temple Jupiter Capitolinus. The busy hum of monotonous Student-life runs on.

Well! well! The class of '63 are doing their last three months' work. In due time a parchment, setting forth the individual virtues, and acquired "tricks," which have signalized our stay in these classic precincts, may possibly add dignity to, and compensate partially for our sorrow, at leaving the scenes of so many joys, hopes, and accomplishments. So, in after years, many of us may reasonably hope, with a distinguished class-mate, to possess a "lawyer's office with myself, disguised in a clean dickey, sitting on a stool, with two little children at my side, and a Nassau "dip," hanging nicely framed upon the wall." Verily this is castle-building, yet the imagination of your editor will constantly cut loose from the stern reality, that they which run in a race run all, *but one* receiveth the prize, and drift into the currents of pleasing fancy.

This year will mark an era in the history of our country. The act of Emancipation of the new year, gives to Abraham Lincoln an heirship of Immortality, placing his name side by side with that of Alexander II of Russia, on the "brightest pages of history." "Sincerely believed," by a majority of calm reasoning men at the North, "to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution," upon it "is invoked the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

This issue was forced upon the government by its co-ercive policy. It could neither be disregarded nor evaded. "It follows," says De Bow, justly, "that the North is responsible for the institution of slavery, if it can compel the South, under the action of the Union, forever to remain under its domination." This responsibility it has been the constant and deliberate effort of the North for many years to renounce, and consistency, the cause of humanity, the teachings of Christianity, and the hope of favor from Almighty God demanded official recognition of it, and a solemn renunciation of the criminality which it involved, by enlisting the strong arm of the government in the overthrow of this unholy system.

A vigorous prosecution of the policy thus inaugurated, will also neutralize a mighty force which has hitherto been operating against the Federal arms in the revolted States. The slave is a producing force. Remote from the actual scene of conflict, docile, and securely guarded, they are able to afford the food and (when invention, quickened by a necessity, which shall in time furnish the means,) the clothing and the arms for a mighty army. Then, too, the drudgery of the camp, and the menial work of entrenchment and garrison duty, is duly apportioned to the ubiquitous chattel. All this is gain to treason, and loss to us. Emancipation, placed within the reach of the slave, by an invasion of the Gulf States, equalizes the chances of victory. May God bless Father Abraham, as he did that faithful one of old, for building an altar of all his prejudices, policies and fears, and offering thereon his holiest instincts, impulses and convictions, for the salvation of his beloved country and Heaven's glory!

Major-General Hooker has succeeded Gen. A. E. Burnside in command of the Army of the Potomac. Sumner and Franklin have also been removed. The latter, at his own request, will have a hearing before Court Martial. The country is anxiously waiting for the developments which will result from it. The disgrace of Fitz John Porter, notwithstanding many palliating circumstances, gives little hope of escape to any presumptuous officer who may deem himself justified in disobeying the order of a superior. We hope Gen. Franklin's conduct may be fully vindicated, for the country has yet need for his genius and patriotism. But there are men, and men who have stood high in public favor, and *disgraced* honorable positions, who richly deserve Porter's sudden and well-merited fate.

Truly we have come to live in troublous times. Realities have taken the place of fictions. Heroic deeds of virtue and sufferance are enacted, in living breathing glory, by our friend, our neighbor, and our brother, while we are looking to history, and relying upon past experience for the exemplars of our faith in virtue and courage. The experience of years is crowded into a day, and the passion of a character, which we are accustomed to look at only as mellowed by a hazy glow of antiquity, bursts forth in our own hearts, and ennobles the common lives of our land.

It is sad to see the orphans of patriot sires tottering ill-clad through this February's snow, and wiping the bitter rising tear from its sallow cheek. It is sad to see the patient, holy earnestness of the widow, whose husband fills the unknown soldier's grave upon a hostile soil, as she sews for a scanty livelihood, and trains sadly, the pledges of her youthful love in the holy truth of God and Liberty! But, oh! the blood of martyred saints shall regenerate the land! It cries unto heaven for vengeance, when the chastened soul, overcoming all things, "has been made a pillar in the temple of our God!"

O, lowly grave, thou art a treasury of immortal germs, where the awakening sunlight cannot penetrate! But some fair day, when the farmer's foot hath trodden down the new-made mound, the winged seed will spring up wet with the dews of Heaven, beside "the great white throne." The smile of God shall welcome home his martyred son: Christ claim kindred to his younger brother; angels care for the one whom hand of man spared not, and struck to earth; burning Seraphim extend the choral welcome, and repeats the Lost One's name. Perfect Peace, Rest and Love reign There!

And yet war is not the greatest evil. Although its tendency is always to disturb the social fabric, to centralize power, and let loose the fiercest passions of man; yet I believe that this disorganization and desolution is like the breaking of Winter into Spring-time, preparatory to the act of resuscitation, and essential to the reign of Life and Beauty. And I have "faith in God," who has brought us thus far, that "he will complete the work which he has thus begun," and by a baptism of blood, regenerate this people. For this we may bend the knee in prayer; to this end sit in sackcloth and ashes; and even now from some higher Pisgah peak, the piercing eye of Faith beholds upon the darkened sky the glare of the signal fires which assure the Hosts of Columbia of their speedy deliverance!

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THE

Nassau Literary Magazine.

CHRISTOPHER A. BERGEN, EDITOR.

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HABEAS CORPUS—ITS SUSPENSION.

Was the President right in suspending the Writ of Habeas Corpus? In discussing this question, a question so vitally connected with our present national struggle, it will, doubtless, be readily admitted that we should do it with a spirit of candor and impartiality. In a struggle involving in its issue nothing less than the existence of our glorious Republic, every patriot will earnestly desire unity in plan and unity in execution. For it must be obvious to the intelligent observer that, if the gigantic rebellion which now threatens the very life of our nation is put down at all, it must be by united effort. Therefore the true patriot will deprecate any disposition which would construe this or any act of the administration so as to cause division of sentiment, or of action in the prosecution of this momentous war.

Asking, therefore, for this candor and impartiality, we now call the attention of the reader to the following arguments in support of the affirmative of this question:

I. The Constitutional argument.

(1.) The Constitution makes the President its preserver, defender and protector. The oath of office which it obliges the President to take is as follows:—"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability, *preserve, protect* and *defend* the Constitution of the United States." In this language the Constitution sets forth the President as its preserver, its protector, and its defender, and does this in the most emphatic manner.

It devolves no such duty on Congress. The oath of office imposed upon its members is simply that of allegiance to the constitution and nothing more. That Congress is not the defender of the constitution is further evident from the very nature of the case. Congress can act only in its collective capacity. In this capacity it exists only three months in the year. If it be said that the President can convene an extra session whenever he pleases, we reply that the times fixed in the different States for the election of members to Congress are such, and that some of the States are so remote from the capitol of the nation, that Congress cannot ordinarily be convened in less than two months from the time when the call for an extra session is issued. Therefore, if the power to defend the constitution is vested in Congress only, and if the President has no authority to defend it except as it is given him by special act of Congress, it follows that the constitution, under the utmost dispatch of the President to convene Congress for its defense, may be actually defenseless for at least two months; and at the breaking out of the present rebellion, according to this theory, the constitution was actually defenseless from the thirteenth of April when Fort Sumter was bombarded, until the fourth of July following, when Congress in extra session convened. During this time Virginia, Arkansas and Tennessee, by votes of their respective State conventions, seceded; Kentucky, by its rebel governor, was declared neutral; United States property to the amount of millions of dollars was either stolen or destroyed by Southern traitors, and

United States soldiers on their way to the defense of the Capitol of the nation were mobbed and murdered in the streets of Baltimore; yet if Congress only has the power to defend the constitution in such an emergency, as is maintained by those who oppose the act of the President in suspending the writ of Habeas Corpus, for these evils we have no remedy. The very statement of this theory is its refutation.

The constitution makes the President, and not Congress, its defender. The exigencies of the rebellion make it clear that the President, and not Congress, has to preserve it in the hour of its imminent peril.

To sum up this part of the argument, we remark that either the constitution does contain provisions for its own preservation, or it does not. If it does, the President, as the chief executive of the nation, is the proper authority to enforce it, or otherwise there is no power to enforce it only three months in the year, as this is the proportion of time in which Congress by the constitution, is in a capacity to act. If it does not contain such provision, then the President, in his oath of office, solemnly obligates himself to do what he cannot do; and is left to the alternative of assuming the responsibility of warding off from the constitution the hands of rebel vandals by the strong arm of military power, or to hesitate at the technicalities of the question till the constitution is trampled in the dust, and the capital of the nation itself falls into the grasp of traitors.

But we hold that the constitution does contain provision for its own preservation, and that its main provision for such an emergency as the present, is the suspension of the writ of Habeas Corpus. The reading of the constitution on this point is as follows: "The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it." That is to say, that in cases of rebellion or invasion, when the public safety may require it, the writ of habeas corpus may be suspended. Now, we ask, can there be cases of rebellion such as to endanger the public safety, unless the constitution itself be assailed? And if the constitution be assailed, who, if not its own defender, is to defend it? Who, if not its own protector, is to protect it? Who, if not its own preserver, is to preserve it? Who, we ask, if not he who has solemnly sworn that to the best of his ability he will preserve, protect, and defend the constitution of the United States?"

(2.) The constitution makes the President the chief military commander in time of war, and therefore justifies him in suspending the writ of habeas corpus when it is a military necessity. Andrew Jackson, in the defense of New Orleans, actually exercised this power, and was justified in doing so both by Congress and by the nation at large. Now, if a subordinate commander has the right to suspend this writ, certainly the chief commander has the same right under similar circumstances. That the circumstances surrounding the President, when he resorted to this measure, were even more aggravating than those which induced General Jackson to exercise the same power, will be readily admitted.

Again, as suspending the writ of habeas corpus amounts practically to no more than the exercise of martial law, the President, as the commander-in-chief of the army, had the right to suspend the writ. For by the law of nations the commander of an army may proclaim martial law when in his judgment the necessity for it arises. To show that the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, and the exercise of martial law, are really equivalent to each other, the terms themselves need only be defined. "The writ of habeas corpus," says Worcester, "is the privilege to inquire into the cause of a person's imprisonment or detention, with a view to obtain his or her liberation." "Martial law," says the same lexicographer, "is an arbitrary law, originating in emergencies, regulated by the expediency of the moment, and extending to all the inhabitants of a place or country." It is well known that when martial law is in force the writ of habeas corpus is virtually suspended. Yet any General may proclaim martial law—that is to say, may virtually suspend the writ of habeas corpus. Now, if a subordinate commander may thus suspend this writ, may not the commander-in-chief do the same? Most certainly! As certainly as the greater always includes the less.

Therefore we conclude that the President, as commander-in-chief, has the right by the constitution, and by a law still above the constitution, we mean the law of nations, in time of war to suspend the writ of habeas corpus; as much a right as the military commander has to proclaim martial law in certain emergencies.

(3.) The constitution makes it the duty of the President "to take care that the laws be faithfully executed."

Under this head we maintain that the provision of the constitution to suspend the writ of habeas corpus, when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it, is tantamount to a law. It is a law in embryo—a provisional law. A constitution, says Webster, "is a system of fundamental rules, principles and ordinances for the government of a State or nation. If a constitution is a system of fundamental rules, then each of its provisions is tantamount to a fundamental rule or law. Therefore, as one of the laws, it is the duty of the President to see that it is faithfully executed when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it." As it was in case of rebellion when the public safety required it, that the President suspended this writ, he did right; because in doing so he did no more than his duty.

II. *The moral argument*, or the argument arising from the sacred obligation of an oath. We need not remind the reader of the sacredness of an oath. We need not say that the form of oath prescribed in the constitution is most solemn—most sacredly binding the President to the best of his ability to protect, defend, and preserve the Constitution of the United States.

The Constitution was assailed by traitors in the North. They were arrested and imprisoned. To make their imprisonment secure the writ of habeas corpus was suspended. The President regarding this act as a means of preserving the Constitution was bound by all the sacredness of a most solemn oath to suspend said writ.

III. The President has been justified in this act by *enlightened public sentiment.* We say this in view of the fact, that the late State elections were generally against the Administration. If this act of the President affected the elections at all, it did it mainly through misrepresentation. We say this because the leaders of the democratic campaign themselves felt no real alarm or concern at the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus—unless in the cases of those who were really disloyal, and therefore had personal reasons for fearing this exercise of power, always so formidable to traitors. Some of the most intelligent democrats of the State have expressed themselves to the writer in the following language:—Say they, "We do not object to the President suspending the writ of habeas corpus in those States and localities where war is actually being waged; but what we object to is, that this writ should be suspended in the free States where war does not actually exist, but where the courts are all in regular operation, and in the hands of Judges whose loyalty is above suspicion." Here, then, is an admission (and I take it to be the sentiment of all the intelligent and loyal democracy of the land) that the President had the right to suspend this writ in States where war actually existed, and where, in consequence of this, the courts of justice were either suspended or under the control of disloyal men.

It is true that the leaders of the democratic campaign made capital of this act of the President in their stump-speeches;

but they did this as politicians always do in those electioneering campaigns—mainly through misrepresentation. Just as at one of these meetings last fall the writer heard a stump-orator —a man of high intelligence, who, under the late administration, had filled a very important office, make capital of what he was pleased to brand as the war taxes. His representations were in effect, that in case the democracy should gain the ascendancy, and therefore have the management of the war, the war taxes would be little or nothing. Now every intelligent man knows that this is all false, and the speaker himself knew this. He knew that such a gigantic war as the present must impose an enormous tax on the people, by whatever administration it is managed. But the speaker did this for effect; he knew that the pocket is generally more easily affected than the brain—and in this case he succeeded admirably—there was great applause at these remarks. In the same way advantage was taken of the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus—"falsum in uno, falsum in omnibus." Not more than ten miles from old Nassau Hall, the writer met with a stranger, a farmer in Somerset county, who was boiling over with wrath at the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, swearing very furiously about it. As soon as he cooled down a little, I asked him what he understood by this act of the President; and instead of answering the question he commenced swearing again with still greater fury. The fact is that this man did not know what the writ of habeas corpus was, nor what its suspension was. He knew nothing at all about it, only he had a few nights before, at a political meeting, heard some stump orator make it out as a terrible affair, and therefore he was against it "might and main," though he had no intelligent view of it whatever. This Somerset county farmer I take to be a fair specimen of those men whose votes at the late elections were influenced by the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus. We say that the

President has been justified in the act by enlightened public sentiment. Two sessions of Congress have had their sittings, and have not uttered a single word in condemnation of this act. A third session is now in council, and yet not a word of condemnation as touching this matter.

A large share of the best law talent in the country justifies this act. Horace Binney, of Pennsylvania; Professor Parsons, of the Law School of Yale; Judge Story, of Massachusetts; Judge Field of our own State, whose argument delivered before the United States Senate on the seventh of January last, in defense of this act of the President is most masterly—in fact irrefutable; and the Attorney General of the President's Cabinet. Many other high legal authorities might be named were it necessary; but we have already sufficiently shown that the President has been justified in suspending this writ, by enlightened public sentiment. As fairly representing the unbiased, enlightened public sentiment outside the legal profession, we need name only Doctor Hodge, a man who deservedly occupies a high position among the few great representative men of the church at the present day. His argument in defense of this act of our Chief Magistrate, published in the Princeton Review of January last, is worthy of its author, and should be read immediately by every lover of his country.

IV. The argument, from the necessity of the case, justifies the President in the suspension of this writ. This argument is well expressed by the late Stephen A. Douglass, in his defense of Andrew Jackson's act in the battle of New Orleans. Said he, in his memorable speech before the United States Senate, "Talk about illegality!—talk about formalities!—Why there was but one formality to be observed, and that was the formality of directing the cannon and destroying the enemy, regardless of the means, whether it be by the seizure of cotton bags or the seizure of persons, if the necessity of the case required it. The God of nature has conferred this right on men and nations; and, therefore, let me not be told that it is unconstitutional. To defend the country, let me not be told that it is unconstitutional to use the necessary means. The constitution was adopted for the protection of the country, and under the constitution the nation has the right to exercise all the powers that are necessary for the protection of the country. If martial law is necessary to the salvation of the country, martial law is legal for that purpose. If it is necessary for a judge, for a preservation of order, to punish for a contempt, then is it necessary for a general to exercise control over his cannon, to imprison traitors, to arrest spies, and to intercept communications with the enemy? *If this is necessary, this is legal.*"

There is the force of this argument in the last sentence: "If this is necessary, this is legal." The ship is madly drifting onward toward the fatal rock, and lo! the helmsman is absent from his post. In the emergency of the hour the captain hastens to the wheel-house and turns the richly freighted vessel from its fatal destination. Is the captain right in this assumption of power, or is he to be censured because forsooth he has assumed the duties of the pilot in the emergencies of the hour? So with the President, even allowing (which we by no means do) that it was not his province constitutionally to suspend the writ of habeas corpus. If, in the judgment of the President, this act was demanded by the necessities of the hour, the necessities of the hour justified him in the act. It was on this principle that the President blockaded the Southern ports—it was on this principle that he called out the first seventy-five thousand soldiers—it was on this principle that he actually engaged in war without the authority of Congress, and yet Congress justified him in all this, on the grounds of the necessity of the case—not only did Congress justify him in all this, but all the people justified him. Why then strain at a gnat while swallowing the camel?

What were the necessities of the hour? Under the criminal hesitancy of the previous administration, the Secretary of the Navy had sent our vessels of war to far-off ports and to distant seas. The Secretary of War had removed large quantities of munitions of war from the arsenals of the North to those of the South. State after State had seceded. The so-called Southern Confederacy had instituted its government, and by its Congress had declared war against the United States. United States vessels on errands of mercy had been fired into. United States forts had been bombarded, and forced to surrender to traitors. The flag of our country, never before dishonored, had been trailed in the dust. United States soldiers had been waylaid and murdered almost under the shadow of the Capital. In the North the Mayor of our Metropolitan City was actually making overtures to the city to secede from the State and join its fortunes with the traitor conspiracy. Rebel sympathizers, both male and female, were rising by scores throughout the North to betray our military plans to the South. It was under these circumstances, surrounded by these perils, that the President suspended the writ of habeas corpus. If ever, therefore, necessity justified an assumption of power, then did the necessities of our Republic justify the President in suspending this writ, even on the plea that it was by an assumption of power he did it.

We have now, as we think, clearly proved to the unprejudiced mind that the President was right in suspending the writ of habeas corpus. We have done this by the argument arising from the necessity of the case. The republic was imperiled, and it was, therefore, right for the chief magistrate to use any and every means to save it. We have proved it by the fact, that in this act the President has been justified by the enlightened public sentiment of the country, including the Congress of the United States in its three sessions, a large share of the best law talent of the country, and the representative minds of the nation outside the legal profession. We have proved it by the strong argument arising from the sacredness of the most solemn moral obligation ever imposed upon mortal man. We have proved it by the constitution itself. In that it makes the President its defender, protector and preserver—in that it makes the President commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and therefore gives him the right to suspend this writ, the suspension of which is but equivalent to the proclamation of martial law—a privilege which even a subordinate commander may, under the sanction of the law of nations, resort to in time of war, should the necessity for it arise; and in that the constitution makes it the duty of the President to see that the laws be faithfully executed; and that the constitutional provision for the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, is tantamount to a fundamental or provisional law, which is to be faithfully executed when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it. We conclude, therefore, that the President was right in suspending the writ of Habeas Corpus.

PATRIOT.

◆

HABITS OF COLLEGE LIFE.

There is an idea, concerning the ways and habits of college students, which has gained much prevalence and belief in the mind of the outside world, the tendency of which is to lessen these institutions in the popular estimation, and to place them in a false position before the world. What we have reference to is the notion that the condition of morals in our institutions is at a very low ebb, and the consequent diffidence felt by parents in sending their sons to college. They fear that an entrance into one of these Pandemoniums (so regarded) will transform their "promising youth" into an imp of the same kindred and character as the other denizens of the place, and great will be the fall of him who is now the pride of his parental ancestry, and who bids fair soon to become a nature's nobleman. In the Editor's Table of the October Mag. this matter was briefly touched upon and its folly partially exposed; we now propose to discuss the matter more fully, and to show that college is neither as bad a place as those engaged in pursuits "*extraneous to the regular collegiate curriculum*," have been led to suppose; but on the contrary, that great improvement may here be made in morals, literature and social life.

The attack which has been made upon us, and the charges which have been preferred are of such an indefinite and general character, that it becomes rather difficult to make a defense; certainly much more so than if specific evils had been laid to our account. We shall therefore have to become both the *prosecutor* and *defendant* in the *case*, making such particular charges as *would* be made against us, by those who complain, if they were here in *propria persona;* and then answering them to the best of our ability.

"Well, reader, what think you is the first crime charged against you? Guess."

"Going on a horn-spree?"

"No. Try again."

"Painting Prof. ———'s cow, or stealing Dr. ———'s chickens?"

"Neither, my imaginative friend; but you—be you a grave old Senior, dignified Junior, contemptuous Soph., or unsophisticated Freshman—are charged *first* with dissipation—getting drunk."

We get quite a number of replies to this charge, varying, of course, with the class to which the reader belongs, and his moral character. One will laugh at the idea. Another feels sad that such a charge should ever be made against an institution with which he was connected. Some one wants to know "who's business it is if *he* does get drunk;" while we are left to give an answer to the demand of an expectant public. We cannot deny that there are those in college who do give themselves over to intoxication *sometimes*, and indulge in the reveries and orgies of the wine-god Bacchus. But that such are habitual occurrences, and that such practices are general, we most emphatically contradict and positively deny. That such a state of affairs could exist is impossible without being known to a Faculty, and certain it is that the standard of morals among Faculties is not so low as to *permit*, much less *sanction*, such a state of morals among students. But it may be urged that Faculties *do* know of such cases, and do *not* sanction them; but that there are many dismissions from college on this very ground. That this is in a measure true we do not deny; it is just what we admitted when we stated that there were *occasional* cases of drunkenness in college, and these are the ones which the Faculties deal with; but as to the matter being *general*, the record of every college in the land will show a contrary state of affairs to exist. So much, therefore, for this charge. *We ain't all drunkards.*

We are said, in the next place, to be *wild.* We don't suppose that this word is here used in the same sense as if it were applied to the undomesticated animals of our Western prairies, but that they suppose we are wayward youths. This charge is general, (no doubt including the *painting of cows and stealing of poultry* alluded to above) and we think we can answer all the objections that may be urged under it. The *being* wild implies, of course, the *acting* wild, which, we suppose, includes an innumerable number of violations of "college laws," tending to cause the anger of those in authority over us, to increase *much*, and their general serenity of mind to become, for the time, greatly disturbed.

To this charge we must in a measure "acknowledge the corn," and admit that we are "wild." This *wildness*, however, is of different grades. Seniors seldom indulge in frivolities of this description, considering it beneath the dignity of their position, as well as unbecoming men of their mental gravity. Juniors, though somewhat less self-important, are less circumspect, and indulge their propensities for pleasurable deviltries to a considerable extent. The Sophomoric portion of our college communities, although the most hard-worked, is generally found to be more given to "wild" pursuits than any other *class.* This, however, is but natural. They have just emerged from the fearful ordeal of being "Fresh," where they have endured a long year's persecution; they have now some one *under* them whom they can worry, and hence they are delighted at their position, and improve it wonderfully. Then, too, the very fact of their being the most overburdened class in college causes frequent ebullitions or outbursts of their pent up feelings; and we find men, at one time hard students, for a while hard spreers. The Freshmen are generally unsophisticated and timorous; hence we do not find them as "wild" as some of the illustrious "upper-classmen," who now look down upon them, and enjoy their verdant freaks, which among the Fresh are considered "good things," or big jokes. However, the Fresh will learn. We have here turned "State's evidence" on the charge of being "wild," but at the same time we wish to remark that we consider it no *crime.* This being "wild" is but natural, and is no more a misdemeanor than is the "crime of being a young man"—a theme so eloquently expatiated upon in the British Parliament once upon a time; and it certainly is exhibited no oftener in college than in the world at large, although, we agree, that it may *seem* so: for here individuals act more in concert, but in the world more by themselves. But this *wildness* has its good effects (and in very few cases any bad ones). As students progress in the college course they see the folly of the past, and conform more to rectitude as they advance, so that graduation finds them really staid and steady men, *prepared* to launch their bark upon the world's wide sea, and buffet its storms like men. Their two first years have given them a pretty fair taste of "college ways," and a Junior singing the well-known song, one stanza of which is—

> "We think it is no sin, sir,
> To take a Freshman in, sir,
> And rob him of his *tin*, sir,
> To drive dull care away."

don't enjoy it with half the zest he did when he was a Soph; for he now begins to think it *is* a "sin," and feels disposed to prevent his "Fresh" friend from being "taken in."

With this explanation and defence of the objections urged against our morality, we shall proceed to show that there is "a good thing" capable of "coming out of Nazareth," and that there exists among college students some of the best virtues and noblest traits to be found among any association of individuals anywhere!

The very condition of affairs renders it *natural* that *friendship*, in no ordinary degree, should exist among students—separated from home and kindred, and placed amid new and unaccustomed scenes, brought into daily contact with their fellows, they form associations of the most pleasant and agreeable character. And these friendships have nothing low and base and mean connected with them, but are founded on love, and cemented by a kind and generous sympathy. Besides private friendships, there is a common *feeling* for one another, which extends not only through *class* and *society*, but is general throughout the entire college, and is manifested in very many different ways. Students will be found to be, as a class, an *honorable* set of fellows, approving that which is of a just and reputable character, and frowning upon such actions as are tainted with dishonor or infamy. In their dealings with one another, they exercise a disposition of generosity seldom exhibited; are just and fair to one another; willing to bear one another's burden's, and use what *strategy* they possess when a *military necessity* arises. There is also a high *tone* of gentlemanliness which they can lay claim to, and a freeness and jollity of social life, which is at the same time peculiar and fascinating. There are, moreover, a thousand noble traits, kindly virtues and generous ways which students have, but an essay of this character and length does not admit their mention. They must, however, be seen and felt to be appreciated. Many a pleasant leisure moment have we spent since in college contemplating these noble little traits and gems of character which we have observed in our fellows, and the recollection of them will, we are sure, be a source of infinite pleasure when in after days our thoughts and reflections recur to the happy hours spent in Nassau Hall.

As regards the general moral character of students, we shall simply state the truth. There is very nearly as much diversity here as in the common world. There are different grades, and the scale descends from the most consistent piety to a condition of morals which may be said to be very questionable. But this is nothing more than is found everywhere, and is certainly no reason for condemning us. There are as many roads open to morality and virtue as there are to vice, and it is generally the *previous* state of the student that determines his course in college, and not anything he meets with here. If he has the moral *stamina* before he comes, he'll be pretty sure to retain his character through college; if his principles are *not* settled, it will be a matter of chance. With this we conclude, and we shall only remark that we have presented this matter fairly and candidly to the public eye. The objections which have been urged against us will be seen to have no foundation in fact, and we think it but fair to presume that the opinion which has been spread abroad, has been founded either on error or ignorant presumption. Let those, therefore, who have raised this cry against our cherished institutions stop and consider, for they are certainly doing us great injustice and injuring a most just cause.

THE DIRGE OF WINTER.

Autumn leaves have ceased their falling,
  Broken twigs lie scattered 'round;
In the bowers faded flowers
  Sad mementoes may be found.

Relics of departed beauty,
  Tribute to the passing storm,
Speaking of the grief of nature—
  With what sadness she can mourn.

And it comes; ah! yes, I hear it
  Through the trees that tower high,
That cold dirge of dreary winter
  Borne upon the north wind's sigh;

Bringing with it gloomy tokens
  Of that beauty once so fair,
Recollection fraught with sunshine,
  Filled with summer's balmy air;

Cruel music, cold and dreary,
  Blighting with its mournful call
Scenes that in their radiant beauty
  Brought a joy to one and all;

Purling brooks and smiling flowers,
  Where the child with pattering feet
Reveled like some little fairy
  Fast before its measures fleet;

Mossy banks with moonlight ladened,
  Where some pensive-loving swain
Came to breathe his tale of passion
  Pale beneath its solemn strain;

That old oak which each bright sunset
  Tinged with golden tinted hues,
'Neath whose boughs the lusty farmer
  Oft his youngsters did amuse;

And the lattice o'er which climbing
  Honeysuckles rich and rare,
Where our mother sat with knitting
  In the perfume-scented air.

These and other scenes remembered
  Its harsh cadence drives away,
Leaving naught but fleecy mantle
  And this moaning cheerless lay.

E'en the birds that once did warble
  And beneath my window sing,
Frightened by such chilling music
  Never more their tribute bring.

And in the city, where the needy,
  Ragged, houseless, often roam,
There it howls like some dark demon,
  Laughing at their wretched moan;

There around some lonely garret
  Wails this requiem fierce and wild,
As within some shivering mother
  Watches by her dying child.

Mournful dirge, when will you leave us,
  Leave us to return no more?
When shall that eternal spring time
  Clothe with beauty this bleak shore?

SIGMA.

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THE THREE PATHS.

Every man who receives a liberal education and anticipates entering professional life, comes inevitably to a point whence three paths diverge, one of which he must follow. His choice at this point is to determine his course through life, and to assign him his station in the world.

" Which of these shall I choose?" he asks himself; and the answer to the question is often involved in much obscurity, to him who comes to its consideration with correct views of its importance.

Looking out upon the broad expanse which lies beyond our college life; let us briefly examine some of the advantages and difficulties that attend the pursuit of each of the three beaten tracks to which we have referred. In doing this, we must, of course, leave out of the account all individual circumstances, preferences and characteristics which would seem to designate this man for one profession and that man for another. It is with the professions themselves, as they appear to the unprejudiced mind, that we would deal. Furthermore, we beg leave to warn those who would make their choice merely upon a basis of *dollars and cents*, that they will find little here to interest them. We wish to enter upon the examination with those who earnestly desire to find the path which they are best fitted to follow, and, having found, to pursue it with unfaltering step.

To the young man who goes forth from the walls of his Alma Mater flushed, perhaps, with an honest pride at the success of his efforts in pursuit of knowledge, and with his heart fired by youthful ambition, *the path of the Legal Profession* is presented, as offering inducements which can scarcely be surpassed. His imagination is charmed by visions of an office crowded with clients; of anxious property holders waiting to catch words of counsel from his lips; of spacious court rooms filled with a multitude swayed by the force of his arguments and the power of his eloquence. He looks to the end of this pathway and, standing high upon the pinnacle of fame, he beholds a Webster, an Everett, a Choate and a Clay honored and beloved by millions. They seem to beckon him on to the same honor. But, as he withdraws his gaze from the summit on which it was fixed and casts his eye down the path by which that summit is attained, other objects meet his notice. While he sees a vast multitude striving to reach the far-off goal, he observes that many of them fall by the way-side; he sees that countless snares are laid, by which the unwary are entrapped; and scattered along the pathway he finds many a wreck of fortune and of honor. He observes that while a few have gained the summit to which the pathway leads and some are toiling successfully in the ascent, the multitude are grovelling and jostling each other scarcely beyond the starting point. His ardor is cooled by the sight, and he turns to look upon another path.

That of the Medical Profession is next presented. Here he finds opportunity for the exercise of the kinder feelings of his heart. The pathway leads him through chambers of sickness. and distress. Its course runs beside the bed of the suffering rich and the suffering poor. It is for him to administer the healing balm to those whom disease has prostrated and to smooth the pillow of the dying. He beholds the anxious parent, the tender brother or sister and the fond wife or husband resigning to his care their precious charge; and his heart is filled with emotions of pleasure as he imagines himself restoring to health and strength the objects of their affection and receiving words of thanks spoken with trembling lips and tearful eye—the sweetest of all remuneration.

High upon the pinnacle on which this pathway terminates he sees grey-haired men who have faithfully followed it, now looked upon as the benefactors of their race. He turns again to see if their be no dark side to the picture, and, at once, there passes before his mind's eye visions of sleepless nights and toilsome days. The mid-night storm of winter and the mid-day heat of summer must alike be faced. The ill-concealed dissatisfaction of those whom he may fail to cure, though their disease be irremediable; the provocations arising from disobedient patients, meddlesome grandmothers, officious aunts and fractious nurses; bills unpaid and uncollectable and services rewarded not even by a "Thank you sir," all line the pathway through which the medical practitioner must travel on to fame.

Disheartened a second time, he turns to the remaining path which lies open before him. It is the *Path of the Gospel Ministry.* Varied is the scene which it presents for his contemplation. As his eye follows its course, rendered sacred by the many hallowed feet that have travelled it, he sees, perchance, a quiet country village hidden in some valley or nestling amid a cluster of mountain tops; he sees the neat church with its modest spire and listens to the sweet tones of its Sabbath bell; he faces the waiting congregation and meets their look of confidence and affection. Nor is the country parsonage, with its domestic happiness and its donation visits, leaving their heaps of pumpkin pies, chickens, turkeys and cash, wanting to the picture. The scene changes to the crowded and bustling city. A splendid edifice unfolds its doors and crowds rush to listen to the *pulpit hero.* His fame spreads far and wide, and *louder calls* are coming to his ears. He knows that this and that man point to him as the instrument, in the hands of God, of their commencing their Heavenward journey. "Surely," he thinks, "in this path I can find usefulness, happiness and renown." True, they are all attainable here, but they are not found unalloyed. This path, too, has its dark spots along the wayside. Here and there, a shattered constitution sinking into a premature grave tells of *over-work.* Now, loads of boxed furniture, *in transitu*, tell us that he who was once the people's choice has been driven from his scene of labor by mischief-makers and tale-bearers. The anxious and care-worn face, slender wardrobe and scanty table of some other ambassador of the Cross indicate a salary unpaid or doled out as grudgingly as to the worthless beggar at the door.

Each of the Paths has now been examined, and in despair he turns from the contemplation. The question comes back upon him, "Which shall I choose?" As we said at the outset, we have no intention of answering this question for individuals. The paths are spread before us; each marked by its own distinctive features; each honorable in itself and promising high rewards to those who faithfully pursue it. We have endeavored to discover the brightest and the darkest spots by which each is distinguished: we have found that none is so thickly strewn with flowers that a thorn may not pierce the weary feet of him who travels it; that none leads through so dense a shade that the sunlight may not sometimes strike it. Let us, then, having determined the course which we must follow, enter upon it expecting to meet difficulties, prepared for disappointments, but ever aiming at the high rewards which await him who faithfully pursues his rightly chosen Path.

G.

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THE HISTORY AND POETRY OF THE BIBLE.

There is nothing that does not claim the attention of the scholar. All the mysteries of nature, all the phenomena of matter, all the subtle exercise of the mental powers—the laws of society, of government, of nations—the law of every thing, the cause of every thing—whatever is true, whatever exists, or has existed, has demands upon him. When any of these find their theoretical development, or have the laws regulating them, or their history, in literature, their claims upon the scholar correspond to the relative importance of fact and theory. Thus all that deserves the name of literature solicits his attention. Some requiring patient study and profound thought, and others are worthy only of a careless perusal. We shall attempt to point out in his essay the place the Bible occupies in literature, and the consequent claims it has upon the scholar.

Books that have the stamp of age upon them, that are covered with the dust of centuries, have always been sought for and prized by the student. Every scholar is in this respect an antiquarian. The older the book the more valuable. Why the bablings of the infant world charm us more than the sturdy words of its manhood, we will not attempt to explain. Such is the fact. If by some fortunate traveller a volume long buried beneath the ruins of a forgotten city should be exhumed, containing the histories of nations long before Ninevah or Babylon, giving an account of their laws and institutions, their conquests and extension, scholars from all parts of Christendom, and every literary association of any pretensions would freely sacrifice all to obtain their new addition to the love of antiquity. There would be a greater panic in the literary world than if a second Homer should arise and sing with a sweeter cadence than ever rolled from the mouth of the blind old Grecian bard. But here is a book that leads us to the morning of creation, places us above the formless universe, and makes us hear the voice of God as he speaks order out of chaos. We hear the morning stars sing together, and the sons of God shout aloud for joy. We go far beyond the "Golden Age" of the classic—far beyond the time of Ducalion and Pyrrha—the myths and imaginations of Grecian antiquity—to the grey dawn of the beginning. We read of the purity of the world's childhood, the perfection of innocence, beauty and purity. We listen to the creator, talking face to face with the creature. We see the perfections of goodness and the beginning of evil. We trace the formation of society, the rise of governments, and fall of nations, of which the world would know nothing if there were no Biblical history. Shut the Bible, expunge from literature all the Scriptures have given it, and how meagre our knowledge of the past.

In literature history has always occupied a prominent position. We have a never satisfied desire to become acquainted with the events in the life of the world. History, however, is valuable to us only in proportion as it gives the cause and consequence of these events. He is a poor historian who leave out of view the great principle of causation and effect, and merely gives a dry narration of events. The Bible history constantly leads us to the first great cause. No event takes place but we see the hand of God—no clouds darken a land but we see God, shining in love above them, or tremble in the darkness of His righteous anger. We discern, through all the events mentioned in sacred history, the Almighty, and learn the cause and the effect. The history of the Bible is plain and always clear, eloquent and rich in illustrations, with the relief of simple and great passages. What is there in the history of Greece and Rome that can compare in point of beauty and affecting simplicity of narration with some portion of the Pentateuch.

The large components of the Bible are history and poetry. In the Old Testament all is chronicle and song. The Bible opens with a sublime and poetical description of the Creation, and closes with the vision and imagery of the Apocalypse. We hear the impassioned strains of the imagination mingling with the language of argument and law. Jehovah spoke to His people, proclaiming victory and judgment, blessings and denunciations in the tones of poetry. There is an indescribable beauty in the sacred poems. In an intellectual, as well as a moral sense, it makes the wilderness and solitary place to be glad, and the desert blossom as the rose. It blesses the individual mind that drinks deep of its inspiration with a vividness of fancy, a sublimity of imagination and mental simplicity and purity of thought, and power of grand expression and imagery, and a reverence of all that is wise and good, what might in vain be sought from the literature of nations in all ages. The genius of Milton was baptised in this fountain. It was from

"Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God,"

that he invoked the "heavenly muse" to aid him in his "adventurous song." He fully mastered its treasures; and Paradise Lost exhibits on every page the impress of a mind imbued with the spirit of the Hebrew poets. Perhaps it will hereafter be regarded as an anomaly in the history of the human intellect that the poems of Homer should for ages have attracted the attention of the profoundest minds, and yet the Hebrew writings of the inspired volume, equally before the eye and memory of man, should have been long past by with such total absence of any thing like attentive study, as to have left the great body of learned men ignorant of their nature, and gravely mistaking their *poetry* for *prose.* This certainly was not owing to the want of grandeur and imagination; for in this respect they surpass any thing in the whole circle of Grecian and Roman literature. The spirit of their poetry goes deeper into the human soul, and breathes a finer harmony of feeling. It calls forth thought that will only come at its bidding.

The history and poetry of the Bible constitute but a part of its value, and these added to its other so-called literary qualities, increase comparatively better its claims upon the scholar. They indeed speak to his intellect, but there are qualities in the book that address themselves to his higher nature—which speak to his soul. In all the researches of the scholar his great aim is truth. The ever recurring question is, 'what is truth?' In the Bible, coming from the source and fountain of truth, he finds its substance and spirit. God is truth, and his word is but the expression of that truth. Besides this, the Bible is a book of Revelation in regard to the spiritual. It teaches us the nature, tendencies and future of the soul. Its teachings come home to our hearts and consciences. It is in this respect, in its moral and religious qualities, that it has its most pressing claims upon us. For as things pertaining to eternity, and the immortal nature of man transcends in importance and interest those relating to his temporal nature, so this book, as it treats of things to come, is paramount in its claims. It has claims upon the intellect, the heart, the soul.

A.

THE WORTH OF APPRECIATION.

Man is indebted for his enjoyment of life in a great measure to his appreciation of the nature and meaning of whatever is calculated to produce the emotion of pleasure in his mind. And so too with his experiences of sorrow, their depth and intensity is measured by the thoroughness with which his mind comprehends the external phenomena which occasion and attend them. Thus much of the pleasure, and fortunately much of the pain, which otherwise we might experience in this world, is altogether lost through our sheer inability to appreciate. We cannot understand the inner and actuating thought of the artist, and hence what seems to an appreciating soul the embodiment of a living, inspiring principle, is to us nothing but rich coloring or exquisite chiselling. We fail to comprehend the spirit and sentiment of a poem, and although we read the visible expression of the poet's thoughts, full of word melody, and beautiful meaning, yet beyond the cloud-land of language where the spirit of his thought dwells in its original purity, unless appreciation lead us we can never hope to follow. With many who are naturally gifted with refined sensibilities, this deadness of their natures results from inattention. They fail to cultivate habits of local study, and either through ignorance of their own capabilities of enjoyment, or through unwillingness to enjoy anything which is not artificial and fashionable, they lose many precious hours of delight. With many the press of business, or the hard toil of life, is exacting and confining, and the freshness and susceptibility of their natures find but little time for the appreciation of the beautiful, or for enjoying the delights of literature and society. These deserve our sympathy. Pure pleasure is not so freely given to us in this life, that we do not miss what hard necessity compels us to deny ourselves. But those who have capabilities of appreciation, and the opportunities of using them for their own enjoyment, and who through admiration for the fashionable indifference of the day, or unwillingness to search out the lessons of instruction and delight which lurk behind and within the visible works of nature and art, who are fairly ashamed of exhibiting any honest, pleasurable surprise, and bow blindly to facts, taking no pains to enrich their minds with the principles which underly them. Upon these we waste our sympathies. They deliberately deny themselves the pleasures of intelligent appreciation, and the loss is their own.

But there is again another class, whose losses in this respect are chargeable to no other cause than their undoubted incapacity to see further than the surface of things, and hence the higher sphere of appreciation, which includes the motives and feelings of their fellow men, and the spiritual conceptions of poetry and art is to them altogether a forbidden realm. They stumble good-naturedly through the world, and never having known what it is to see they are quite content with their blindness.

We can imagine no more enlivening intellectual pleasure than that which a cultivated mind must experience in its appreciation of the actuating and more perfect ideals of executive genius. Shelley has been called "the poet for poets," for the reason that no one could so well sympathize with him, and so adequately understand the depth and splendor of his poetic imagery, as his fellow worshippers at the shrine of song.

The delights of literary culture are enhanced just in proportion as this sympathy of appreciation exists between author and student. Witness the intense satisfaction with which a lover of poetry will read his favorite author, and the devotion with which an admirer of philosophy will pore over theories and speculations of every shade and tendency; mark the delight of the student of history, as he searches out and treasures up the authentic lore of the past, and the ever fresh enthusiasm of the man of science in the application of his mind to the investigation of his chosen study.

As encouragement and inspiration, sincere appreciation is a precious privilege to the literary toiler. Its influence is realized as well by the disciple of art, as the student of letters. It is to this that we are indebted for the refining and elevating influence of music, painting and sculpture. What distinction does the savage make between Mozart's music with its sublime meanings, and the Fisher's Hornpipe with its exhilerating jingle? Or what does he see in a fresco of Michael Angelo, which should make it more precious than the painted ceiling of the play-house? He sees no choice in their coloring or design, and when you try to explain that one is the embodiment of great thoughts, and the other the result of so much paint laid on by well trained hands, he will fail utterly to comprehend your meaning. Not so with the appreciating intellects which can understand the toils and triumphs of mind. They find a pleasurable excitement in the study and observation of art, which the uncultivated cannot comprehend, and which must be experienced to be understood. For the enthusiasm of appreciation is incommunicable—the world can neither give it, nor take it away. If we have it, it is ours naturally, and ours so exclusively that all efforts to impart it to those who do not already possess it must necessarily fail.

But the worth of appreciation is nowhere more universally experienced than in social intercourse. The sacrifice and sympathy of affection, the courtesy and kindness of friendship, and all the intimate social relations of the family and community, give wide scope for its exercise. The thousand pleasures of home are all freshened and enhanced, the testimonials of a father's care, a mother's love, and a sister's confiding affection, are made precious beyond all computation. The unobtrusive endearments of the fireside, the sweet smile of every-day greeting, and the unnoticed tenderness of every action, gather golden worth from its estimate. The social intimacies of school and college are made more lasting, and their mutual influence is strengthened ; the amenities and courtesies of general society, and the influence of cultivated and refined associations, are all alike affected by its influence. Rare conversational endowments, generous consideration for the comforts of others, ready anticipation of their necessities, magnanimity, charity, patience and politeness, never grow common or become matter of fact affairs, when worthily appreciated. Social privileges are thus forever fresh and inviting, never dry and unsatisfactory, which is often the complaint of these hard, unappreciative natures, macadamized with dissipation, and with their sensibilities blunted by artificial excitements until natural enjoyments are too tame, and innocence too stupid to attract them.

The mutual influence of men and women is made far higher and better when the essential excellencies of each are recognized and acknowledged. The society of an educated and accomplished woman would lose much of its charm if we failed to appreciate her purity and refinement, and all her chaste graces of intellect and heart. The irresistible influence which a pure woman exerts upon a man worthy of her esteem is due to his keen appreciation of her superior goodness. It makes her approbation and respect priceless in his estimation, and nothing can so unnerve and dishearten him as her merited contempt.

But the worth of appreciation when viewed in connection with the sacred principles of religion, is yet more clearly evident, than it is when viewed in its relations to literature, art, or society. Besides increasing the pleasures of piety, it takes the additional mission of ministering to the necessities of spiritual life. There can be no true piety without a proper appreciation of our own unworthiness and need. This is necessary before we can find any salvation through redeeming grace.

This view of its worth is appropriate only in a religious sense. The opportunities of literary culture and social intercourse are open alike to all, but the rare privileges of Christianity can be enjoyed by none but the appreciating. Here it is unspeakably precious, as that without which there can be neither sincere worship nor exalted love.

Hitherto we have written of appreciation as ministering only to our pleasure. But life is not all pleasure, nor the day all sunshine. Dark clouds and cheerless storms often shut out the sunlight, darken the bright landscape, and hide behind mists and shadows the beautiful smiles of Nature; and who can say from experience that the analogy is not a true one.

Sorrow comes to us all, and often side by side with pleasure.

> "Twist ye, twine ye, even so
> Mingle shades of joy and woe,
> Hope and fear, and peace and strife,
> In the thread of human life."

Even we, who are apparently so light-hearted and hopeful, and know so little of the cares and responsibilities of life, are not by any means so free from pain as we seem to be.

Pleasure is not the only emotion resulting from appreciation; sorrow often comes keenly and bitterly when pleasure is at its height. A sensitive nature often finds pain, as it finds pleasure, where one of less susceptibility is oblivious to either emotion. A cultivated woman has written that "Enthusiasts suffer as often and as keenly as they enjoy," which is perhaps thoroughly true.

But because appreciation brings pain, who would be willing to part with the share which Nature and cultivation have given him? Who would not be possessed of gentle and refined feelings, even though he pays for it in pain? Who would not be alive to emotions of beauty in art and life, even though it makes him alive also to suffering? Surely no one who has ever tasted of the clear, fresh water of the mountain spring, would return voluntarily to the sluggish pond in the valley. Even though the fountain is reached with danger, one sweet draught of its crystal waters is a thousand times more refreshing and welcome, than a drink of the same water when, after its descent through impurities, it stands thick and tasteless in its common level. And so one hour of genuine, inspiring, enthusiastic appreciation, is more to be prized than days of stupidity and dullness; or, as Tennyson has written it—

> "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

D.

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THE SOUL A STUDIO.

The love of the monumental is a universal characteristic of humanity. The first act of friendship for the dear departed, is at least to "weave the chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature," over the new-made grave. And the nation, when robed in the habiliments of grief over the loss of her illustrious dead, yields only to the *first* impulse of gratitude, to the *first* dictate of cherished affection, when she erects, amidst the magnificence of her Capital, the splendid mausoleum. Oblivion! Forgetfulness! There are no such words in the bright catalogue of hope. We love, we toil, we live to be remembered. And, as it chills our hearts to look on unmarked graves, so we muse on death less sadly, when we think of the sunny flowers and sculptured marble, which will beautify our resting place.

But monuments of brass or marble are but poor and fading and fleeting representations, which crumble into dust, like the mouldering remains which lie beneath them: and the unpretending tributes of affection—more dear because so unpretending—decay and die, even while they are offered. The workshop of the earthly sculptor, and he himself alike pass away and are forgotten. *The soul is the only studio that will remain forever. Thought is the only sculptor, whose product will endure.* Every man has his own workshop, and his own workmen engaged in carving out his monument. The Great Master Artist who made the beauties of the world puts there—in the sacred studio of the soul—*a block of* TIME, more precious and enduring than stately granite or polished marble. On this a life's work must be spent. To one he gives a large and heavy block—we call it three score years and ten; to another a smaller one; to a third a smaller yet; to a fourth, one very small, perhaps a single day. The sculptor Thought then goes to work to carve the piece before him; and while he works the Master Artist is by his side, with cheering words and friendly aid. The task is not laborious, when He is near to help: He is a Master-workman and a Master-friend.

But Thought is a proud workman. Self-reliant and self-esteeming, he often, by his insolence, drives off the Master-sculptor, God; and the Devil, that wily, wicked artisan, comes in, disturbs the work, destroys its symmetry, mars sadly all its beauty. But if the proud workman is humbled, and sees that no art of his can be a reproducer, then the great kind Master-artist comes in again, and shows by his perfect art, how to restore its beauty and proceed anew. And this monument which Thought carves out, is *the monument of life.* It tells no deceitful story: it is as *true* as it is real and eternal. For AS A MAN THINKETH—SO IS HE.

The sculptor Thought has many under Artists, who show to material view the progress of the work within. Language is but "word-pictures," acts, but deed-paintings of the reality within the soul's still studio; and monuments of brass or stone, however beautiful and grand, and costly, *are only true*, *as they describe these pictures.* And these under-Artists are not essential to the beauty or reality of the great work they strive to imitate. They only gratify the eye of sense—this is their sole employment. They are but painter-imitators of the sculptured work of Thought, as Sebastian del Piombo, and Marcello Venusti were of the works of Michael Angelo.

The finished product of the sculptor Thought is then the monument of life. Some are beautiful and rare in polish, and inscribed with records of noble purposes well pursued; of unseen struggles for the right; of holy motives, and their sequent words of kindness, deeds of love; of self-denials for truth's sake, and the Gospel's. Others are rude and coarsely carved and marked in wretched uncouth characters, which tell sad tales of foul ambition; pride of heart; the hot pursuit of earth's enticing baubles; self's mastery of the man. None are wholly alike. The stamp of individuality is impressed on each. Every unknown has his own peculiar mark.

Of the tools which Thought employs, the most effective one is GENIUS. And who can limit the power of Genius, or even define its meaning? Considered in the abstract merely, how great, how grand it is. With all the eccentricities of its nature, at one time soaring to the loftiest heights of enthusiasm, at another miring in the murkiest marshes of melancholy, leading often when without the restraint of principle, to the grossest errors, yet with Principle, the prolific parent of the true, it possesses a nature as varied in its characteristics, as it is manifold in its manifestations. Wherever it makes its abode, it stamps its own individualizing mark; it possesses its own peculiar character. Of Shakspeare it may be said, as Coleridge has so epigrammatically said of Dryden, that "his genius was of that sort which catches fire by its own motion: his chariot wheels get hot by driving fast." And more: his was a universal genius, which impressed its own bright mark on every thing he uttered. The genius of Kepler, while it was more vigorous, was not near so universal: it was particular rather than general—brilliant rather than profound. "Galileo was a great genius," says one who himself could justly claim the appellation, "and so was Newton; but *it would take two or three Newtons to make one Kepler.* It is the order of Providence, that the inventive, generative, constitutive mind—the Kepler—should come first; and then that the patient and collective mind—the Newton—should follow, and elaborate the pregnant queries and illumining guesses of the former."* The genius of Shakspeare was like the sunlight, steady, penetrating, vivifying; while that of Kepler was like the flashing lightning, known by its *work*, but unknown in its *working.*

But genius is only a tool, which the sculptor Thought employs in the studio of the soul, in carving out the monument of life. On this monument it leaves enduring marks, which time can never efface; bright characters, surrounded by a fadeless wreath of glory.

And yet, material monuments are not to be despised, much less neglected. While we live by sense, the sense should be addressed; if we were perfect, and knew all things as God knows, we would not need them, nor any other symbols of the *Immaterial Real.* But till then, it is well to have such symbols; it is good to erect the monument of marble and of brass. Such monuments are I. *absolutely* useful (1) in cultivating the noble feelings of him who rears them; tender, holy feelings—God-imparted, God-delighting,—and, besides, in improving the taste, and elevating the views of those who look upon them, even though there be no cord of love or friendship, or even veneration, which joins their hearts to the commemorated one. But besides this subjective advantage those erected to the memory of illustrious worth, are (2) *objectively* useful, in recalling to the mind the history of the honored one, the times in which he lived, and thus much of the history of the nation. And more than all, they have II. a "relative utility," in inspiring the beholder, with those healthful feelings of love and admiration, whose wholesome dictates are to *imitate those virtues* which gave the honored one his honor, and made the man his country's hero: and thus direct the heart to God, the Maker.

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* Coleridge's Table Talk.

A celebrated English author, in descanting on the power and beauty of the works of Michael Angelo, with a felicity as happy as it is her own, thus writes: There is a striking anecdote of Mrs. Siddons, which at this moment comes back upon the mind. When standing before the Apollo Belvidere, then in the gallery of the Louvre, she exclaimed, after a long pause, 'How great must be the Being, who created the genius which produced such a form as this'—a thought characteristic of her mind, but more fitly inspired by the works of Michael Angelo, than by those of any artist the world has yet seen. They bear impressed upon them—she continues—a character of greatness, of durability, of sublimity, of invention and consummate skill in contrivance, which fills the contemplative mind, and leads it irresistibly from the created up to the Creator.* And such is ever the tendency of the material monumental.

Yet, we must remember that these monuments, like all material things, are but symbols of the immaterial: that the immaterial is the only real: and that the material can have no beauty, can possess no excellence, other than what is copied from, and inherent in the *im*material.

Along those dismal banks where rolls the murky Chickahominy, are many patriot graves; over whose unturfed mounds there is no brass nor marble, nor yet the wooden slab even to tell a name. The casual passer-by looks on with mute and listless air, and only knows that some poor soldiers, victims of disease or battle, are buried there. And beneath the meeting waters of the James and Chesapeake, there lie, unmarked, the cold remains of the glorious heroes of the "Cumberland." The relentless sea claimed their poor bodies, and would not even that a silent mound should tell their resting-place. But, let not the tear of friendship fall; let not the heart of love grow sad, and pine in sorrow at their fate. For while Affection, in the beauteous Cemetery of the nation's memory, has erected cenotaphs for all her faithful ones who will not be forgotten; they, and all the true of earth, have each another monument, more lasting than granite, more beautiful than chiselled marble. God knows the noble record carved upon it, for He was the Master-Artist when it was sculptured in the Studio of the Soul. God reads that glorious record; and, as He reads, bestows a bright reward—the laurel wreath of victory—eternal rest and joy.

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* Mrs. Jameson's Studies and Stories.

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VANITY.

All things below must droop and die,
Must pass and be forgot,
Each have its grave wherein to lie,
And be as if 'twere not.

The modest daisy by the brook
With face turned toward the sun,
Drinks in the light a few short hours
And then its race is run.

The little violet 'long the way
With sparkling dew-drops bright,
Basks in the splendor of a day
And sinks to earth at night.

And thus do nations in their turn
Rise, flourish and decline,
Their influence ne'er again to burn,
Their light no more to shine.

The world's best glory must decay,
All that is lovely flee;
And Man himself give up his stay
This side Eternity.

And is there nothing that will live,
Naught that will e'er remain;
Nothing that will the waste survive
To rise and bloom again?

Ah! yes, immortal soul, 'tis thee
Thy life no measure has;
Thou passest o'er death's gloomy sea,
Forever are thy days.

Give us abundant Grace, O Lord,
To live by faith on Thee—
Each to secure the rich reward
Of Immortality.

DUKE.

HISTORY OF A PIPE.

GENTLE READERS: The literature of the day is an anomaly, embracing as it does the productions of every one who conceives himself to be the possessor of enough brains to coin money by committing to paper his brilliant imaginings. Indeed people are beginning to believe in the ancient fancy in which an author is compared to asparagus, since there is nothing good about him but—his head. Now we don't wish to be understood as acquiescing entirely in this comparison, for

"Authors are judged by strange, capricious rules;
The great ones are thought mad, the small ones fools."

Still there is a grain of truth in it, for really the heart and its teachings appear by many writers to be entirely ignored. The cold lunar light of the intellect alone shines over their pages, warmed by no roseate flush of sentiment or emotion.

Why such a rambling introduction? Simply because no other exordium would answer. On the next few pages will be found a story which contains no sentimental passages, which does not appeal to the feelings, which did not have its origin in the heart, and it was necessary to premise by showing that other stories have been written under the same circumstances. There is little contemplativeness in modern literature. We leave the "Fairy Queen" for "The Woman in White," and the "Fool of Quality" for "Nicholas Nickleby." Anything which will amuse or excite us is welcome; that which requires thought for its proper understanding we vote to be wearisome and objectionable. Is the case fairly stated? Are our premises correct? Well then, from them we deduce the conclusion that if we tell you a true story of even so lowly an article as a Pipe, we shall please you better than if we gave you a disquisition on the "Elements of True Science," or "Choice of Language," or talked to you "About Faults" (especially your own).

We rejoice in the possession of an inseparable companion—a Pipe. After every meal it is an unfailing resource. It is an infallible remedy for the blues. It is an incomparable solace when we are bored, and a never-failing stimulant for hard study. What would be our condition without it? It has been in our possession for four years—having been purchased on Washington's Birthday, 1859. It is a meerschaum, and at the date of its purchase had been smoked but a few times. Its snowy front and sides had scarcely been touched by the influence of nicotine, the inside of its bowl was still intact, and its mouthpiece unmarked by use. Now, its bowl is of a splendid color, varying from a deep polished dark brown to a rich creamy yellow, while veins of darker hues here and there run across it, and "use—steady use" is stamped on the stem. It is certainly a beauty.

Well, as before said, we are in the habit of smoking after every meal; not your mean cigar which costs an extravagant price and yields no equivalent of pleasure in return, but this Pipe, sweet and comforting. In the evening especially, do we thus enjoy ourselves. Seated by a good fire, encased in wrapper and slippers, the lamp still unlit, and everything quiet around, what splendid conversations do we have with this dark-complexioned companion. Conversations we say, for the clouds of smoke arising from it are speedily peopled by fancy, as they pass between the fire and ourselves, and voices, sometimes low and soft, sometimes clear and laughing, come out of the scented vapor. Perhaps others would not hear them. We do, however, and love to listen to them, speaking as they do of past scenes, of present enjoyments and of the realization of fond dreams of the future. At other times we have a moving panorama or picture gallery before us. Home and its joys are there portrayed, while scenes of gayety and mirth rapidly glide before the vision. The faces of friends absent or dead, it may be, are photographed—if we may so speak—in the smoke, and now and then some lovely image, the original of which has been seen in times gone by, peeps out and speaks in soft winning words of—Pshaw! we are getting sentimental, and we promised not to, *n'est-ce-pas?*

Now for the story of the Pipe. One evening as we were sitting in the manner described, building air-castles and dreaming sweet dreams, the Pipe gave one or two premonitory rattling symptoms of discontent and at last refused positively to be smoked any longer. We were looking at it in astonishment, when all at once a voice seemed to say, "I've been smoked long enough for this evening. Lay me down on the table—I want to talk to you." "Very well," we replied, as we gently placed it on its case, "what do you want to say." "I want to give you my history." "Propel," was our reply, and here is the tale to which we listened:

"The first fact in my existence of which I am cognizant, is that of lying with other blocks of meerschaum in a little shop in Germany. Almost every day one piece was taken away by the proprietor, a small man with a brown wig, smooth face, big eye-brows, and great goggles of spectacles, and we never saw it again. At last one day he picked me up, turned me over, looked at me carefully, scratched me with a knife, and after uttering a sort of well-satisfied grunt, took me to a little table in the front part of the shop and then seized some instruments, one of which he applied to me. I felt a sharp pain run through me, and remember nothing more, until I found myself lying in the show-case, in the window, in the form of a pipe-bowl. I was beautifully shaped and had a stem of clear amber attached to me. Upon the whole I was rather pleased with my new condition in life, especially when I thought of my former rough unpolished appearance. I found too, that I was among a number of my old friends who had been similarly metamorphosed.

As I laid there, I could see passers-by stop and point at me, and on one or two occasions I was taken out of my case and handed to customers for inspection. The first time it was to a great fat Dutchman, who handled me so roughly that I was afraid my pretty looks would be completely spoiled. The next time a sickly looking young Frenchman inspected me, and complaining that I was not elaborately enough finished, laid me down. The following day, my owner placed me on the table again and once more brought his instruments to bear. Again I became insensible, and when I revived found myself in a more stylish case than I had formerly possessed, and so changed in appearance that I scarcely recognized myself. On my front was an elaborately carved image of some old demigod (it may have been Bacchus, or William Tell, or George

Washington, or Napoleon—I don't know much about those matters); on my right side was a dog barking at some imaginary object, and on my left was a little milkmaid, holding her pail with one hand, while with the other she lifted her skirt and exposed a little—just a little—of the prettiest foot and ankle you ever saw. The last item quite reconciled me to the operation I had undergone, and with a self-satisfied air I waited for another inspector. You don't believe me in regard to the head and the dog and the—ankle, because I havn't got them now, eh? Just listen and you will hear what became of them.

After waiting some weeks, I was taken out of the window and laid on the counter right before a splendid looking specimen of femininity, who had modestly asked to see me. I was so busy looking at her that I almost forget what she said or did, but I recollect that she blushed, Oh! so prettily, when she saw the ornament on my left side, and when she bought me and placed me in the case preparatory to transferring me to her pocket, she put *that side* down. I wish I could tell you what the lady looked like, what she wore, and what I saw in her boudoir where I was for a time located, but you see she kept me locked up in my case, and only opened it to look at me once in a great while. Besides, I don't think I ought to talk about a young lady's affairs.

One day there was a great fuss and packing in the room, and I was placed in the top of a large trunk, the lid was shut and I was left in perfect darkness. Directly men came in, picked up the trunk, and after carrying it some distance deposited it in what I afterwards discovered to be a car. We travelled some time, now and then changing cars, until one day the trunk was carefully stowed away with many similar articles in a large dark room and there locked up. Where I was now being taken, I could not imagine, but from the sounds which were continually heard I inferred that I was on a ship and that I was crossing the water. At last we got to land, and when I was once more allowed to see day-light, I found myself in New York, and discovered that I was intended as a present to the young lady's brother. Well, he got me and began to smoke me. This I did not mind, as the odor was rather agreeable, but I did object to his treatment of me. He would throw me down when he was through with me, without caring where I fell, and finally, he let me fall on the floor, and broke the demi-god's head, the dog's head and the milkmaid's foot. He then sold me to the proprietor of a toy-shop, who at once applied instruments and cut me down to a perfectly smooth surface, removing every vestige of my ornaments. The operation was hardly completed, when you came in and bought me. How I have lived since that time you know perfectly well. I am getting old and black now, and I thought I would just remind you of the fact that I was once pretty, snow-white, and the property of a beautiful damsel. That's all." "Is that all?" we asked with a start, and jumping up discovered, gentle readers, that we had been asleep and dreaming. The Pipe was still in position between our lips, but contained no fire, while ashes were plentifully distributed over our clothes and whiskers. Just then the bell rang for nine o'clock, and we hurried to the post-office, muttering as we went, "Oh! that the ornaments were still on the pipe. Confound that careless New Yorker." SMOKER.

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THE BLUES CHEERFULLY CONSIDERED.

> "In sooth I know not why I am so sad,
> It wearies me; you say it wearies you,
> But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
> What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
> I am to learn."

We fancy, gentle reader, you have heard people talk of having the "blues," of looking blue, of feeling blue, and all that sort of thing; but upon asking what such language meant, you have no doubt been favored with an answer as indefinite as the question that heads this little sketch. Now we here enter a protest against all such complaining; why should any one be sad and not know how "they caught it, found it, or came by it;" why will people mope, and make themselves and others miserable, without a just and adequate cause; if from eating improper food or want of air and exercise we become dyspepsical, why not call it by its proper name; for if any one is sick or in trouble even from their own carelessness, it is nevertheless our duty to sympathize; but when one complains and can give no reason for complaint, then we say let us protest against all whining.

We consider it the duty of every man, woman and child, not laboring under some affliction of body or mind, to be cheerful. We look upon cheerfulness as the sunshine of the heart, and if you will be cloudy and gloomy, without some tangible reason, we shall say to you, as Diogenes said to Alexander, "don't intercept our sunshine and take from us what you cannot give;" besides, are you aware that there are a great many hearts in this world that need thawing out, cold, slippery, icy hearts; hearts that have been brought a great distance below zero, by the bleak and chilling blasts of poverty, suffering and want. Now these human icicles need all the sunshine that can be brought to bear upon them, ere they will melt; therefore, we repeat, be careful how you cast a shadow over the bright orb of cheerfulness.

But the ladies—bless them—darling creatures, looking for all the world like sunbeams in a wicker, or rather say crinoline bottle, how it is possible for them to sigh, dear me! and talk of feeling blue! we confess, is beyond our comprehension. We must remonstrate against all such assertions—not the "dear me," for that is a female prerogative, of which we have no wish to rob them. It sounds very pretty from a little mouth surrounded by cherry colored lips in a delicious pout, and, moreover, we feel assured they are dear to every man; but *feeling blue*, this is to us invisible, or in modern parlance, "we can't see it." Are you aware, madam, that blue is a color, and like the air drawn dagger of Macbeth, "not sensible to feeling as to sight"—perhaps reader at this point she will employ a skilful manœuvre, and inquire, with a rougish smile, do I not look blue then? This is nothing more nor less than fishing for a compliment, and although she may look like a "young peach, and yet more fresh and blooming," we recommend caution: be a man, suppress your feelings, and reply with dignity. Madam, if you or any other lady of my acquaintance insist upon looking blue, we contend that it must be "all in your eye." Seriously speaking, we never knew a member of the Caucasian race to look blue. We might confess to lilly white, vermilion, saffron, or a little green; but blue! we repudiate the idea, there is no such complexion, except it be among the Blue Noses, or the posterity of the celebrated blue man. We think also that if the victims of this so-called complaint would search closely they might find some reason for its appearance. We have observed that it comes on frequently from the strenuous exertions of certain young ladies, and feminine young gentlemen, to kill time. Now any person that has been brought up in such a star spangled, time-saving, clock-making country as this glorious "E. Pluribus Unum," ought to know that such conduct is, to say the least, not sensible killing time! Why, Mrs. Partington, trying to mop up the Atlantic Ocean, was nothing compared with this picture of folly. If they continue in this course, it will be a wonder if old glass and scythe does not beat them black, as well as blue. And, again, as this is a melancholy of their own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, it occurs to us that it might in some measure be drawn from those books which a certain writer calls the "gin and water of literature." Now Jenkins, who lives around the corner, and sometimes becomes enamored of lamp-posts, will insist frequently in endeavoring to pick up the shadow of a sign board, under the impression that it is his large bandana handkerchief. He one evening had a very strong attack of what they call the "blues," and several of us were called in to sit up with him, that we might endeavor to persuade him that the fifth story window was not the hall door, and on this momentous occasion we observed the apartment pervaded with a strong smell of juniper berry. Now if the real simon pure has such an effect, might not the imitation we speak of make one feel a little streaked. There is one more reason—the last we shall name at present—and that is, people do not see their way clear; every active verb has an object, expressed or understood, and every active man or woman ought to be in the same position. Some object to be pursued, in the pursuit of which the hands, head and heart will find suitable employment. Let the first question you ask yourself be, what can I do, and the second, how can I do it? Don't endeavor to build a house without drawing a plan, or construct a railroad without surveying the ground—it will all end in a blue, hazy fog, if you do.

But if the sufferer disclaim any of these causes, and is both sound of limb and stout of heart, then we must say, "you are sad, because you are not merry, and it were as easy for you to laugh and leap, and say you are merry, because you are not sad," and we must advise you to take good spirits in large doses; don't be alarmed. We mean those imported by Good Digestion and Old Generosity, every package marked with the signature of content. Take a smile as often as you please during the day, only be sure it is distilled in the heart. For as you go through life, if you would fulfil you mission—if you would make the world happier and better—if you would accomplish anything, you must be cheerful. Remember the beautiful vision of the poet—

"I saw below two families of men, and knew their names of old.
Courage, struggling through the darkness, stout of heart and gladsome,
Ran up the shining ladder which the voice of hope had made,
And tripping lightly by his side, a sweet eyed helpmate with him.
I looked upon her face to welcome pleasant Cheerfulness,
And a babe was cradled in her bosom, a laughing little prattler,
The child of Cheerfulness and Courage—could his name be other than Success."

SIGMA.

Editor's Table.

College is in full blast again. The humdrum sort of life, which Princetonians lead in vacation, is now unknown. Nassau is "herself again." Her walks resound to the tread of students, whilst the spider, cozily housed in the corner of some hall, is disturbed by the eloquence of her Professors. As the hive hums when the bees are busiest, so confusion and tumult are certain signs of activity here. With a just appreciation of this surrounding greatness, and our own littleness, we venture to introduce our Mag.

Macaulay tells us that a magazine is a delightful invention for a very idle or a very busy man. That it is a thing of a day; it blooms, it pleases, and then it dies. It is this that emboldens the Editor of the Nassau Lit. He aspires to no niche in the temple of fame, and would deprecate and shrink from all criticism. His first and greater ambition is to please; his next to be forgotten. "Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions." An editor's life, from the variety it affords, is made a somewhat interesting, and, at the same time, a useful and profitable occupation. We will venture to say, however, in behalf of those who have experienced the ups and downs of an editorship, that, like the sick man waiting at the ancient Pool, they are thoroughly cured after the first dip.

The Class of '63 has entered upon its last session. In its Sophomore year it was troubled, shaken and stricken. The political strife, then dividing our land, took from it about thirty members. Notwithstanding they left as abettors of an evil which had no just cause, we would again receive from them the hand of fellowship and reunion. We are happy to say the class has survived and almost overcome this division. Its grand consummation is now at hand. A few more weeks and each of its members will commence the battle of life. The future, always luring, is none the less so now. It extends a promising invitation, which none would fail to obey, though the ties, that have been so dear to him in the past, are sundered.

> What tragic tears bedim the eye!
> What deaths we suffer ere we die!
> Our broken friendships we deplore,
> And loves of youth that are no more. LOGAN.

It is our privilege to notice a novelty in our College course, Mr. Raftery's lecture on Ireland. In justice to his modesty we will say that through the urgent request of his class, he was induced to make this dèbut. There was a large and appreciating audience present. Never was a lecture more generally patronized by the students than this: all wanted to hear the Sophomore.

After reviewing the past history of Ireland, he took occasion to refer to the friendly spirit which his countrymen have always manifested toward America, and the sympathy which they are now extending, as proved by their devotion and bravery on the battle fields of this war. He was proud that he had such a people to represent before an enlightened American community.

We would not fail to notice one of the many happy allusions made at the conclusion of the lecture to college personages and ways. He said, "There is one whom I must not forget to mention—he, whom our hearts delight to love and reverence—the aged Patriarch, bearing the name which the beloved Apostle bore, and who moves amongst us like Nestor amongst the Appulians."

Mr. R. was animated and earnest, manifesting the characteristic enthusiasm of his countrymen. We congratulate him, and wish him like success in future.

Seldom, if ever, has a month closed under more solemn circumstances to the college than that of February. On the evening of its last day, as the sun was sinking below the horizon, and the shadows grew longer and darker, our circles were plunged in gloom by the announcement, "John Done is dead." It came unlooked for by all, and created a deep impression of the uncertainty of human life.

Mr. Done entered upon his college course with the present Senior class, but by sickness was subsequently compelled to intermit his studies for one year. He was at the time of his death a member of the Junior class, Junior Orator elect, a beloved, faithful and successful student, whose gentleness of nature endeared him to us all. Taken from the walks of life—from among his fellow students and companions, his death is to them an affliction, a sore lesson. While we mourn with those who mourn, we rejoice that he died in the Faith. To such

> "There is no Death! What seems so is transition.
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
> Whose portal we call Death."

The last infliction upon College is the cane epidemic. It has become universal, attacking alike dignified Senior and aspiring Fresh. Each man has one or more, upon which his friends have cut their names. For our part we have two, one a very large specimen for night patrol.

With many thanks to kind contributors, and best wishes for all, we surrender the easy chair.

The Nassau Literary Magazine,

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THE

Nassau Literary Magazine.

ISAAC F. SUTPHEN, EDITOR.

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CHIVALRY.

> "A gentleman of excellent breeding, of admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in place and person, generally allowed for many warlike, courtlike and learned preparations."—SHAKSPEARE.

It is our purpose in the present essay, to present to our readers in the first place, some account of the institution of Chivalry, and of the times that produced it. And in the second place, briefly to consider some of the alleged defects of the institution, and the benefits it unquestionably conferred upon the world. First then as to its origin:

Chivalry was the growth of the Middle or Dark Ages, that vast abyss, which was alike the grave of ancient, and the cradle of modern civilization. This tract of time, stretching from the beginning of the sixth to the close of the sixteenth century, may be well named the fabulous age of the modern world.—Athwart its gloom, men are seen to move 'as trees walking,' and its incidents come like 'certain things to our ears.' It was a period characterized by strong individuality; by gigantic virtues and gigantic crimes; by picturesque institutions and fantastic customs; by frequent revolution and incessant change. The steady march of government, the supremacy and equal administration of law, the undisturbed possession of peaceful business and pleasures, which mark our time, were then unknown.

In these respects, indeed, the Middle Ages resemble the early age of every people, the times heralding every civilized state of society. A moment's digression, for which the light thereby cast on our subject will win our pardon, will show that the chivalry of the eleventh century of our era was not without some parallel at a vastly more early date. The magnificent day of Grecian civilization emerged from the dun twilight of the age of the Orpheus and Hercules, of Minos and Rhadamanthus, and of the heroes of the Trojan war. Tradition, dim and uncertain, yet shows plainly enough that this was an age of convulsion and anarchy, which, intolerant of the wholesome restraints of law, suffered avarice and cruelty, ambition and lust, to stalk abroad, and ravage at their will.

But as in the order of Providence, the world's desperate necessity is ever the sure precursor of a Redeemer, so now the elder chivalry was born to help and to save. In the half-fabulous Hercules, Orpheus, and Minos, we find its three elementary principles impersonated. Physical force put forth for the chastisement of cruelty and oppression; the influence of art and religion, bent to softening and refining the rugged temper of the time; and a wise and equitable legislation, seeking to gather up into harmonious wholeness the severed and discordant principles of society. And in Agamemnon and Achilles, Ulysses and Ajax, Hector and Sarpedon, we behold the feudal chiefs of a primitive day, the Pagan prototypes of Christian knighthood, exhibiting the same daring and individual prowess, distinguished by the same sensitiveness of honor, and burning with the same thirst for adventure, and enthusiasm for military glory. If their spirit fell below that of Christian chivalry, it was because they lacked that pure womanly influence, and that inspiration from a better religion, which went far toward dignifying even the wildest vagaries of the later knight-errantry. The differing character of Pagan and Christian chivalry is strikingly illustrated by the diverse character of the two most conspicuous aims, toward which their several energies were bent. The ten years' crusade of the Grecian knighthood was directed to the rescue of a frail woman from the arms of her elected paramour. The crusades of the Christian knighthood sought to wrest from the infidel's contaminating grasp a city which had witnessed the most marvellous and beneficent demonstrations of God's power and providence; the humiliation, the sorrows, and the exhaltation of the Prince of peace; the occultation and the glorious re-appearing of the "bright and morning star."

But to return. Chivalry, as we said, was the growth of the dark ages, and first makes it appearance, as a distinct institution, in the eleventh century of our era. It resulted not from one but many causes; and in the form it assumed, and the spirit that impelled it, may be detected the working of all the main elements of the multifarious and chaotic time. To apprehend, then, its origin and its composition, will require some consideration of the then state of Europe, and of the causes which produced that state.

The splendid conflagration of Grecian genius had settled down into its ashes, only sending up a few transient corruscations, when stirred by some casual breeze of circumstance. That mysterious spirit, which burned through an entire people, and reared for itself imperishable trophies in every field of science, arts, and arms, was waxing faint and low. The Pindaric lyre, struck by no lineal hand, was mute. The reed of Herodotus was shivered. The stage was no longer trod by the "Sophoclean buskin." The grove of the academy might be standing yet, but it was no more resonant with the murmur of the "Athenian Bee." Demosthenes had lived, Demosthenes had died; and of such there is but one. That concentrated and enthusiastic devotion to country, which was adequate to creating an Aristides and Leonidas, a Phocion and Epaminondas, and which, kindling through the popular mass, enabled a scanty troop to withstand and scatter the power of a vast empire, was now all but extinct in the Grecian bosom. And so, when the formidable Macedonian appeared, Greece shrank before his spear, and bowed beneath its sceptre.

But meanwhile, a new power had arisen in the world, and was absorbing, successively, all other powers into itself. Three hundred years anterior to the subversion of Greek independence by Alexander, a small troop of outlaws had built a castle on a hill beside the Tiber. Here, opening an asylum for adventurers and fugitives from justice, they grew numerous, built a city, procured wives by violence, and so laid the foundations of the Roman State. An intense and boundless ambition; a bravery and perseverance, which shrank from no peril, and halted at no obstacle; an uncompromising, single-eyed devotion to the cause of country; these, the distinctive principles of Rome, communicated to this infant people a perpetually onward movement, which nothing could either stay or turn aside. Country after country passed beneath the wings of the Roman eagle, till, a century and a half before Christ, its shadow rested on Greece also.

But not even thus was the land of Pericles wholly shorn of its influence. The spirit of Grecian thought passed into and interpenetrated the Roman mind. Grace and refinement were taught to dwell in company with the rugged virtues of a military people, and the queen of arms soon learned to contend for other prizes than those of battle, and to covet the olive not less than the laurel crown. Glorious alike in arts and arms, Rome stood at last on the loftiest pinnacle of national greatness, the unchallenged Mistress of the World.

But the hour that comes to all was drawing on to her also. The race of the Cincinnatuses and Catos, of the Scipios and

Marcelluses, that temperate, self-denying, sternly-virtuous, patriotic race, whose energies were the spring of the Roman greatness, had passed away. The luxury flowing in with the tribute of a conquered world, had loosed the rigid joints, and relaxed the iron nerves. The people, who for long succeeding generations had sworn a deadly oath against kingly rule, now cringed at an imperial footstool, and a Nero and Caligula, a Commodus and Caracalla, had perpetrated enormities such as heaven suffers not to go by unnoted. Through the corruption universally pervading society, it would seem humanity must have died out, but for the special intervention of Providence. Such special intervention was at hand.

Amid the tangled swamps and dim forests of Germany; over the vast wilds of Scythia and Sarmatia; along the mountain sides and the wide plateaux of Central Asia; in the chill and snowy regions of Scandinavia, covering, like its own Hecla, a heart of fire with an exterior of ice, were gathering the materials of the successive tempests destined to submerge a power, which, fattening on the acquisitions of ancestral prowess, and lolling among the memorials of ancient renown, forgot its own perilous position, and shut its eyes on the open book of the future. Franks, Goths, and Vandals, Huns, Normans, and Lombards, such are the principal barbarian tribes, whose office it was, under Providence, at once to chastise the vices of a degenerate people, and to replenish the veins of a decrepid civilization with the healthful life-current of a vigorous though savage youth. Their aggressions, commencing as early as the third century, continued, with little cessation, till the closing part of the eighth, when the chief part of Europe fell beneath the sway of Charlemagne, the Frank.

And so the magnificent structure, reared by the labor of a thousand years, was now lying in ruins. That form of human nature and of human society, which bore the name of Roman, was no more. Out of the ingredients of its composition, scattered and re-absorbed into the general mass of things, it remained for successive generations to construct the edifice of modern civilization.

At such a crisis it was, and out of the bosom of such turmoil, and distress, that Chivalry arose. Having considered its origin, let us in the next place, consider some of the alleged defects, of the institution of Chivalry, and the benefits it unquestionably conferred upon the world. It has been one charge against Chivalry, that it was warlike and ever appealed to the sword to decide the conflicting pretensions of justice. Were Chivalry to be looked at as an external and a permanent institution, the charge would be valid. But, regarded as an institution created by the circumstances of a particular age, and taking a shape suited to the wants of that age, the charge is nought. That the knight grasped the sword, was not from the impulse of the essential spirit of Chivalry, but on compulsion of the times, that made him knight. Different states of society demand different means to work the same results. To effect certain purposes, both noble and useful, Chivalry grasped the instruments, and the only instruments, which the age had fashioned to its hands. These instruments were those of war.

And what is war? Simply the shock of antagonist forces, be these what they may, opinions, passions, tastes, or what not. These opposing forces, by a natural necessity, covet the annihilation, or the subjection of each other, and this they may aim to effect either with or without the intervening concussion of physical masses. In the former case, we designate their collision by the technical term war; in the latter, by controversy, or some equivalent term. But it is clear they are both equally manifestations of the self-same radical principle. There is, therefore, as much war in the world now as in any former age. And so long as men shall differ in opinion, feelings, or taste—and when or how can it be otherwise?—so long must there be war on the earth.

However, in a highly civilized and thoroughly christianized society, such differences are put forward in the spirit of peace, and their collision serves to strike out truth, and open up the way of improvement. But in rude and primitive times, adverse principles are too vehement and sharp, environed with too few restraining and modifying influences, to adjust their hostility merely by argumentation, or any other weapon from the armory of spiritual conflict. The weapons of their warfare are carnal. Their antipathy betakes itself to the intermediation of physical masses; and differing men meet and impinge in the shock of battle.

Just so it is with the tamers of a virgin soil. They must needs struggle incessantly and fiercely with beast and reptile; with hunger, and cold, and storm; with sickness, privation, and causualty in its thousand forms. With the clearing up of the country, and the gathering of its population into villages, the wild animal is exterminated or expelled; and so, though a contest must still be waged with physical wants and elementary inclemencies, man is better furnished with appliances to wage it successfully. In the immaturity, then, of society, war, which, in some guise, holds perpetual fellowship with humanity, takes the peculiar modification of clashing physical forces. Chivalry, therefore, was warlike from the necessity of the times that produced it. It did not, however, stand forth as the advocate and friend of war, but rather as the friend and harbinger of peace to come. For it grasped a rod of chastisement for the spoiler and oppressor, and proclaimed itself the champion and vindicator of weakness, defencelessness, and right. It did, indeed, cast the sword into one side of the scales of justice, but, unlike the juggling Gaul, it did so because cruelty and wrong weighed down the other. It mitigated the ferocity of war by mingling with its usages a courtesy, humanity, and fairness unknown before, and thus, by diminishing the springs that feed it, wrought toward its final extinction. So do our wood-men kindle on the outskirts of a burning forest antagonist fires, which serve to check the spread of the conflagration, and cause it to die out with the consumption of the material already seized upon. The military character of Chivalry cannot, then, be counted a stigma on an institution born of an age of war, and aiming to work out peace by the only fitting implements in its possession. Little, therefore, too little to call for present notice, remains to qualify, in our contemplation, the nobleness of the spirit that produced it, and the beneficence of the results it accomplished.

One effect of Chivalry was to redeem from almost a dead letter to life and vigorous activity, the second great law of the Christian statute book; the law of brotherly love; the law of sympathy with, and interest in, man simply *as* man. To love their friends and hate their foes, was the prime precept of the Papan code. The bounds of kindred and country, the lines traced by pride, interest, and other personal considerations, Pagan charity rarely overstepped. Christian love was of a far other strain. It "passed the flaming bounds of space and time;" it owned no restrictions on its exercise; it had a hearing ear, a responsive heart, and a helping hand, for wronged and suffering humanity, in whatever clime and under every sky. That a principle so high and pure should have been obstructed in its action, and indeed almost buried from sight by the falsities of the Pagan philosophy, and the crude notions of a thousand barbarous tribes, that obtruded their joint companionship on the religion of Christ, was in no wise to be marvelled at. It but shared the lot of its Divine Author. In redeeming it from its thraldom, and sending it abroad on its mission of good, Chivalry exerted a most conspicuous agency. For it openly and avowedly took its stand on the side of the innocent, the helpless, the wronged. It acknowledged their rightful and indefeasible claims to its services. And whether on the narrow field of an unsettled district, or on the broad battle-ground of the crusades, it put forth its best might from the impulse of a disinterestedness but slightly tainted with personal alloy.

Again, as we have hinted before, Chivalry served as the agent of Christianity in redeeming woman to the possession of something like equality in right and privilege with the stronger sex. By that might, which makes the right of ruder times, woman, inferior in brute strength to man, has been held by him in subjection. Save in the remarkable exception of the German tribes, we are not aware that savage life furnishes an instance where woman has been dealt with as man's equal companion. Nor does heathen civilization much vary the picture. We, indeed, meet with individuals like Semiramis, Aspasia, and Zenobia, Volumnia, Portia, and Cornelia, women who have broken the bonds of proscription, and vindicated for themselves a determinate and equal allotment in society. But where do we find indications that the sex, as such, were ever counted worthy the confidence and equal companionship of man? It is a remark of the profound and acute Schlegel, that even in the most splendid models of the Greek literature, there is a lamentable deficiency, a lack of a certain indefinable charm and shadowy delicacy of tint, which characterize the best literature of a social state, wherein woman, holding her just place, and enjoying a proper culture, tinctures with her peculiar influence the springs of thought, sentiment, and feeling, in the popular mind.

It was reserved for Chivalry, embodying the spirit of Christianity, to demolish this old, moss-grown bastile of the social state, and restore its captives to freedom, and the rights and prerogatives of freedom. An institution having for its avowed aim to redress the injured and protect the weak, could not, of course, overlook the wrongs of a whole sex, reduced, through its mere weakness, to a slavish subjection. And herein did it give expression to the spirit of that religion which proclaimed itself the friend of the friendless, and the helper of the helpless, and which assigned to moral qualities an everlasting superiority over physical force.

The first result of these efforts in behalf of the sex was, naturally enough, a strong re-action in its favor, and from a slave woman was exalted a demi-goddess, and more invested with the sanctity of worship, than approached with the freedom of equal companionship. But this exaggeration of sentiment gradually wore away, without carrying with it the valuable results of which it was the factitious accompaniment.

And so Chivalry bequeathed to the world the woman of modern society; the equal associate and friend of man; the ornament of his prosperity, and the immovable pillar of his adversity; his counsellor in straits, in despondency his availing consolation; the life and charm of the social group, and the queen and presiding genius of that little happiest of kingdoms, home; the nurse, guardian, and inspiration of the rising age, and the missionary bearing refinement and humanizing influences to the remotest nooks and recesses of society.

Such are in part the benefits for which modern times stand indebted to Chivalry. The institution, in its outward form, has departed with the age that gave it life. But its spirit yet ilves, for it was of a higher than mortal strain. Nor lives it alone. Its name is no longer Jacob, but Israel, for it has mightily prevailed. It now wears not one, but a thousand forms; for wherever you witness disinterested, self-denying endeavors put forth in behalf of man, there you see impersonated the spirit of Chivalry. Wheresoever you behold the missionary, having no breast-plate but that of righteousness, no shield but that of faith, no helmet but that of salvation, and no sword save the sword of the Spirit, going out to encounter the giant shapes of superstition and vice, for the rescue of oppressed and degraded man; wherever you behold a Howard "plunging into the depths of dungeons, and diving into the infection of hospitals, in his circumnavigation of charity;" wherever you behold a Fry rising superior to the shrinking delicacy of her sex, to bear a message of love and redemption to the debased and lost; wherever you behold a man of God penetrating the squalid recesses where hopeless Poverty hides itself, and presenting the key that unlocks treasures which no rust can corrupt and no thief steal; wherever you behold a Lafayette exiling himself from all the heart holds dearest, staking the hopes and aspirations of his youth, and putting life itself in imminent jeopardy, to break the oppressor's rod, and set the oppressed stranger free, there you behold, incarnate and shining with a far greater than its primitive effulgence and beauty, the genuine spirit of Chivalry!

A benison, then, lie evermore on the Chivalry of the olden time! Like a dream it hath passed away. But, like a dream of Heaven, it leaves us inspired with noble impulses and high resolves for the accomplishment of the tasks, and the encounter of the trials, of earth! Z.

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A LESSON.

In the woodland where the sunshine
  Kissed the leaves that faintly tremble,
Painting them with rarest colors
  'Till the emerald they resemble,

Casting shadows on the pathway
  Mingled in fantastic grouping,
Like the lace work of some fairy
  Twined and knit with graceful looping;

O'er the pathway white with pebbles
  Monuments I'm ever thinking
Placed to mark the death of snow drop
  That in spring time there lay sinking.

On this walk, my ramble ever,
There I met a little stranger,
One of Robin Red-Breast's younglings,
Far from home but close to danger.

For from out its home of horse hair,
Moss and twigs, a pretty mansion
It had leaped to bathe in sunshine,
Seeking freedom and expansion.

And its wings, so weak and tender,
Would not bear its little body;
So it staggered on before me,
Like a man with too much toddy.

Soon a cry I heard above me,
Full of love and full of pity,
And the mother lit beside it
Singing some kind soothing ditty.

Then before it upward hopping,
Turning oft to bid it follow,
Soon she brought it to the homestead
Rocked with zephyrs soft and hollow.

And I musing long did ponder
On that passage pure and holy,
Of the prodigals returning
From his fare so poor and lowly

Here thought I is sure a lesson
Taught by Nature, never idle,
Like to that my mother taught me
From the good old cottage Bible.

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FAITH IN THE AGE.

Horace was not the first who applied to his own times the epithet "*dura Ætas*"—a hardened Age. A custom so universal may be owing either to that principle of our nature by which we are ever dissatisfied with the Present, or to a reverence for the fancied glories which Time has cast around the Past. Be that as it may, constant allusions to "the good old times" bring with them reflection as well as amusement. Reflection involves comparison. Then why call them in contradistinction to our own, the *good* old times? Is there any degeneracy in the Age?

With our thoroughly American thoughts, and principles, with our love for Liberty, and reverence for the Republic, with our belief in the present, and our hope in the future, we cannot say there is. This is a "spontaneous, intuitive and unavoidable judgment," and knowing this, we can readily make an analysis of our feelings, and show the grounds of our belief. They will appear on a consideration of the three great stamina of civilization as they flourish in our day—Religion, the Arts and Sciences, and Civil Liberty.

I. If the Day-Star is ever to dawn on our benighted race, can we not now see its kindling rays, its glorious beauty? Never has the plan of Redemption a God has sealed with His blood, received so much honor as now. Governments and nations have learned to bow in humility before its simple creed, and to acknowledge in thankfulness, the supremacy of ONE higher than they. Not only has civilization sought shelter beneath its imposing shade, but barbarian kings have accepted its friendly aid, and its spreading branches are covering the Isles of the Sea. Never from the Indian wave has come a greater demand for Truth; never from the burning sands of Afric, a more earnest call for aid. The time when whole nations were plunged in the darkness of night, is rapidly passing away.

While Religion is thus advancing, is it likely there will be, *can* there be, any degeneracy in the Age?

II. In what is positive advancement more prominent, real success more palpable, than in the Arts and Sciences, the next criterion of the Age? By their progress, we may well measure our own, and that of our time, and it is by these that the honor of the Age is ably vindicated, fully sustained. When was ever such a stimulus given to Invention, such encouragement to Science, such patronage to Literature!

Increasing wealth and luxury are only developing the Polite Arts, and giving a chaste refinement to civilization. It is not an adulteration of the virgin gold, but the polish that adds to its natural lustre. While in the Useful Arts, Electricity, Heat, and the Air itself are in their turn being made subservient to the purposes of man. On the accepted hypothesis that the genius of man is rendering the scourge of nations, *War*, less and less destructive, by mathematical computation, we are steadily approaching the period when "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation."

From the gloomy depths into which the Arts and Sciences fell at the dissolution of the Greek Empire, and more especially, the Roman, they have steadily arisen, and can we not say are now ascending? The history of every Age, and the experience of every clime and belief will assure us, that "the Heart of the Andes" and "the Greek Slave" were never designed by the Ruler of Worlds, to be land-marks on a road to ruin.

III. The Spirit of Liberty, the grand criterion of the Age, still lives. Nay, more; the pure Goddess is fast approaching that glorious prime, in which she is to assert her final supremacy over the forces of Despotism. Though the fire she has kindled, has not swept over a universe like the flames on some Western prairie, yet we know it is the greater because not now seen. It is raging beneath our social structure like the fiery mass under Ætna's mount, spreading the more below as passage is refused it above, and by the laws of its own existence, must one day break forth with prodigious power, and cover with its flame, the base and surroundings as well as the summit. Well may the Despots of the Old World regard the homes of Liberty throughout the earth as so many smoking craters, from which at one day is to issue the fire, which is to annihilate their false Philosophy, turn to ashes their corrupted institutions, and purify the nations in its fiery stream.

Let not the lovers of Liberty despair. The liberated millions of Italy, are yet singing their pæans of Victory. Poland, the land of the brave, and the destined shelter for the oppressed, has made one more effort to shake off the yoke of bondage; and though brute force, and the powers of Darkness have once more become victorious over the powers of Light; though Langierwicz is languishing in an Austrian dungeon, yet in the hearts of a noble people, the germ of Liberty has budded, and though the shoot has been cut down at its first appearance in the light, yet the germ itself and its strong roots are there, and, God grant, they may once more spring up to a successful life.

In the Halls of the Montezumas, minor issues have disappeared, party distinctions forgotten, private gain lost in the public good, and we see a glorious spectacle—a free people making a desperate attempt to repel an unscrupulous invader. May they not have long to look towards the land of a starry banner for that aid Fate is now refusing them.

It is not in despair that we turn to our own land. We have not the heart to believe, that the most magnificent trial of a free government has proved a failure. We can look on many a desolate hearthstone, on many a silent form, and yet we have not lost our faith in the Republic. It is enough to cast one glance on the woe to come, one sorrowful look towards the appealing millions of Europe, one thought that,

> Humanity, with all its fears,
> With all its hopes for future years,
> Is hanging, breathless, on thy fate,

and then we can believe with an unfaltering trust, that God will, in His own due time, work out our sorrowful problem, and bless in future ages, a nation purified in a fiery struggle.

We can believe that soon the clouds will break away, and we shall see the radiant Goddess of Liberty emerge from the lowering darkness, with all the winning beauty of a Venus Anadyomene, to take her seat in the legislative halls of *free* nations, with the magnificent splendor of a Pallas Parthenos.

It is now, we say, we have faith in man, faith in our principles, and faith in our Age, to believe we are steadily marching up that rugged path, which shall sooner or later bring us to the fountain of Truth, where "*dura Ætas*," shall be written "AUREA ÆTAS."

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CHARACTER EXPRESSED.

The traveler, surrounded by the ruins of a once prosperous nationality, is carried in imagination to the days, when those scattered fragments gave dignity and importance to a busy city. Perhaps the broken columns, and half demolished walls, still mark the outlines of the buildings and tell of a former beauty, and colossal grandeur. There is a solitude that everywhere broods among these ruins. While despots and their defences are together overthrown, as civilization moves on scarcely checked by their efforts, these solemn monitors of death and destruction seem to forbid, by a supernatural awe, that any should disturb their "ancient solitary reign." The living thus instinctively avoid them, and these cemeteries of former nations are ever sacred to posterity. Their eternal solitude is a magic wand, to kindle the fancy of the visitor with its potent charm. Gradually these crumbled fragments assume their original position before him, their rude outlines are remoulded, the dust of ages is swept away, and the maring labor of time, is effaced in a moment; the present, with all its relations, is forgotten, and the traveler, as a stranger from another world, finds himself standing amid the glories of the past. If he tarries until evening, the moonlight will summon strange spirits; the city will again be filled with its old inhabitants, whose manners and appearance, will declare them to be its builders. Nor is this a mere random dream of fancy, for the character of every nation is so clearly traced upon its works of art, that a people will live so long as their labors endure. From Cairo to Thebes, a succession of temples, pyramids and tombs, with their giant sculptures and strange characters, tell the story of that wonderful union of the power, culture, and mystery of Egypt. If you enter the Alhambra, in its profusion of arabesque and mosaics, in the airy lightness of its architecture, and in the spirit of oriental luxury that pervades the whole, you recognize the enchanting palace of the Arabian Nights. Here is the archetype of those cherished images that ever accompany the reading of that delightful fiction. You almost expect some Eastern princess, to step delicately along the marble corridor before you, and complete the picture. In language and literature, this national individuality of character is still more clearly marked. The soft and flowing accents of the Italian opera, are ever suggestive of the dreamy home of music and the arts; nor can we fail to remark the propriety of the choice, when, like the Greek to the ancient world, the French was made the language of fashion and elegance, and was adopted as the diplomatic medium of modern civilization. The spirits of the Briton are enlivened in every prominent seaport, by the sound of his mother tongue, and his national pride is aroused by the thought, that his country is everywhere known and respected, as the merchant trader of the world. The noblest type of the national character is its standard literature. This is one element of the great value of the authors of antiquity. Their literature is the key that opens the hearts and minds of those who lived long ago. History and tradition will tell us of their outward mode of life, but neither can unvail that mystery which we strive to penetrate, when we wonder whether they thought and felt as we do. In their standard literature it is all explained. The master minds have grasped the spirit of their age, and given it immortality in language, while the unanimous acknowledgment of their skill from the hearts of their people, has bequeathed the gift to posterity. We can thus venture to speak with assurance of the character of the dead, since we know that it is expressed in their works. The desire is strong in man to clothe every work of art with his favorite excellence. The Greek will describe in beautiful verse and imagery the fair temple of an Apollo. The Arab and the Persian weave the very acme of oriental bliss into their sensuous tales of luxuriant life, and love triumphant over supernatural opposition. To live only in the present is a characteristic of barbarism. Its ambition, aspiring only to the praise of the hour, rears no monuments to tell posterity of the deeds of a savage tribe. Man is taught by culture to live in the future. The universal dominion of the Eastern Empires forbade a rival to dispute the championship of the world; national invincibility was the boast of their citizens, and it was their darling aspiration to raise those trophies, that should tell every beholder of their glorious era. Time changes the popular aspiration, with the ever varying character of civilization A classic love of physical excellence, a classic submission to emotion and fancy, taught the worship of imperial Jove, of Mars, and Minerva, and their kindred host of personified characters. Its artists, poets and orators, caught the spirit of that age, and their plastic but original minds brought forth those peerless models of architecture, epic verse and emotional eloquence. A medieval age of progress gave to Michael Angelo, Leonardo, and Giotto the friend of Dante, their magic touch.

But every device to perpetuate national vitality has hitherto failed. The mysteries of Egypt perished with the spirit that gave them birth. Even the site of the most prosperous of oriental nationalities is lost to the world. Once civilization itself died out. But we flatter ourselves that in the results of a Baconian philosophy is the panacea for every intellectual and social corruption. Abstract philosophy must yield to truth; speculation to practicality. We avail ourselves of the intellectual wealth of every period and country, for we aim to discover truth and learn its use; this is the character of the present. Since our artists aspire to the successful imitation of medieval and classic masters, doubtless no Raphael nor Homer will grace our annals. But if the array of truth that has brightened this nineteenth century possess the vitality so often abscribed to it; if the spirit of individuality and social organism prevents those fitful outbursts so destructive to national life; if the exalted character of its morality can direct aright the popular sentiment, we may believe that all the originality and genius of the past was but subservient to the future.

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ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS.

> "All thy heart is set on high designs,
> High actions; but wherewith to be achieved?
> Great actions require great means of enterprise."
>
> —*Paradise Regained.*

There is no principle of human nature implanted for evil purposes, and none which the power of man can destroy. It may be made to contain a thousand follies, or a thousand crimes, but it can never be eradicated. Such is the principle of ambition, or the desire to succeed. It is original and instinctive, and as inseparable from our nature as the mind from the man. Existing at our birth, it expands with the germ of thought, grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength. It speaks in the enthusiastic prattle of childhood, and gives coloring to the fanciful day-dreams of youth. It is the great ruling power of nature; and when man's sun is nearly set, his whole horizon is flushed with the hope of something higher and nobler. But,

> "The same ambition can destroy or save
> And make a patriot, as it makes a knave."

Hence it is highly important that we should know how this principle, which cannot be eradicated, may be turned to useful purposes.

Our limited space will not allow us here to consider its nature, nor can we enumerate any series of means by which we may in all cases insure success. Indeed, no comprehensive law can be established. Though the earth is abundantly provided with materials for nutriment, each plant must assimilate to itself the proper food. So in the formation of the character, though vast moral, intellectual, and physical forces are available, the reason of each must mould and fashion these shapeless masses into a harmonious whole. We will, then, attempt merely to present some traits, which are absolutely essential, and, if we succeed in this, our object will be accomplished.

I. The first we will mention is *preparation*, by which we mean the complete development of our nature in all the entireness of our original faculties. This truth appears too obvious to need explanation; and yet experience teaches us that many speculative theories are never practiced, and plain, homely truths seldom take effect unless constantly reiterated. The necessity of this trait is apparent from the following considerations:

In the first place it is God's mode of action throughout Nature, Providence, and Grace. The whole economy of the universe is a progressive scheme. The change of seasons and the ripening of fruits are instances of this. Vegetable and animal bodies, though formed at once, grow up by degrees to a mature state. Our existence is not only successive, but our state of life and being is appointed by God to be a preparation for another; infancy for childhood; childhood for youth; and youth for mature age. In the scheme of Providence each event is a subservient means to another as an end; this to another, and so on through a series of operations, extending backward and forward beyond our farthest view. So a man is not a complete Christian after the new birth, but "his light shines more and more unto the perfect day."

Again, reason and experience teach us that success in any department of life, without preparation for it, is impossible. The pages of history abound with instances of this. One most prominent and well-known is that of King John. He exhibited an inability and recklessness, which his naturally vicious qualities cannot sufficiently account for. His subjects hated and despised him, and his enemies laughed him to scorn. Equally feeble and violent in his management of affairs, he lost the ancient patrimony of his family, subjected his kingdom to a shameful vassalage under the see of Rome, until he died at last in ignominy and shame. Other instances could be cited, but enough has been said to show that symmetry of character is absolutely indispensable. While there are diversities of gifts, without which the highest ends of society are unattainable, yet no one part of our nature should be so prominent as to obscure the rest, to the discomfort of the whole. "*Totus in totus, et totus in qualibet parte*" was the definition given by the ancient scholasts of the human mind, and it is equally applicable to the character. Though each trait should be separately developed, they should be combined for a common end. There should be no extremes of light and shade, but one spirit should unite and permeate the whole. Imagination, Thought and Affection should be cultivated only in subordination to our moral nature. The consciousness of immortality should predominate; the glory of God be the highest object of ambition, and then true success will be attainable. The time best adapted for this preparation is youth—the seed-time of life. Then practical training should commence, while the faculties are pliant and the functions imitative. If God then writes his name and laws upon the tablet of our hearts, they will never be erased.

II. To build up such a character, however, requires system combined with effort. Hence we consider, in the second place, the very essential trait of *perseverance.* By this we mean a fixedness of purpose, which no opposition can turn aside; a heart "to do and dare," which no failure can cast down. Without this our preparation is worse than useless. Man earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, and without patient toil the whole earth would be filled with unsightly vegetation. The rare exotics, which beautify our gardens, and fill our corservatories with their delicious perfumes, are only obtained by a vast outlay of time and labor. So the rare qualities of the heart, which cheer us with their mellow light, are cultivated by the most unceasing watchfulness and care. "The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong," and many a man's plain, plodding common sense has far surpassed the erratic brilliancy of another's genius, which shone, like a meteor, over our heads, but before we could say, "Look, how beautiful!" was gone. This trait was eminently characteristic of the German Reformers. Such was their steady progress, despite the Papal bulls, and the unpitying advocates of Rome, that one remarks concerning them, "The mysterious power that urged them forward was irresistible; and the persecuted, quickening their steps in the face of exile, imprisonment, and the burning pile, everywhere prevailed over their persecutors." In this respect what perfect contrasts were Lords Campbell and

Brougham. The former was possessed of shrewd and massive sense, and a kind and good heart, but his unexampled success was largely due to his unwavering perseverance. The latter was unquestionably a great, dazzling genius, yet all must admit that his life was a brilliant failure. Disappointment, for some such there will be, should never cause us to despond. If we do not succeed at first, we should try again and again, and perchance our very importunity will gain for us the desired object.

But we hasten to consider, in the last place, the most essential element of success, viz., *prayer.* Prayer is usually considered to be rather an act, than a disposition or state of the mind, but we use the word here in a very comprehensive sense, as inclusive of all the obligations we owe to God, as our Creator, Redeemer, and Sovereign Ruler. While man is, in one sense, the architect of his own fortune, and the shaper of his destiny, there is a God, who rules supreme in the events of our lives, and, without His favor, we may expect failure and disappointment. True, many, who acknoledge no allegiance to Him, appear to reach the highest pinnacle of happiness and prosperity; and yet, if we follow them to the end, we will see that it is all vanity. There are many varieties and degrees of success, but what real advantage is it if a man "gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Success is not confined to this life, but comprehends within its range the great unknown world beyond. We are possessed of animal and spiritual desires, and there is a sharp line of distinction between the two. The former are finite, the latter infinite; the former are fixed upon objects in time, the latter upon objects in eternity. And yet the Christian has grounds to hope for a great degree of earthly honor and prosperity. The Scriptures, which he believes to be the word of One who is infallible, are full of such promises, and he sees their fulfillment among his neighbors and acquaintances. A superficial glance at the condition of mankind will suffice to show who are most successful in this world, the righteous or the wicked.

This subject is of immense importance, and deserves the careful study of every one who would attain unto true happiness. We have only been able to mention truths general in their application, and without which success is impossible. There is no royal road, and each must reach the goal in his own appointed way. In the words of Sydney Smith, "Some are borne along their path in luxury and ease, while some must walk it with naked feet, mangled and bleeding." God is glorified in the failure of some, and the success of others. Some enter upon the duties of active life with a flourish of trumpets, and fail, while others possess an easy self-confidence, and moderate ambition, which proves the stepping stone to still further advancement. Even though life be a complete failure in the eyes of the world, the eye of faith penetrates the veil which hides us from the future, and sees the glorified spirit, in the midst of that innnmerable throng, at rest beside the living fountains. Is not this infinitely preferable to the perishable monuments of earth? Be wise, then, in time, that you may chant the joyful pæans of success throughout an unending eternity. F.

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AMERICAN STATESMANSHIP—PAST AND PRESENT.

If it is true, as an old English poet has written, that "an honest man is the noblest work of God," it is no less true that an honest statesman is the greatest glory of the State. In the sphere of political life, where often we find the holiest duties of citizenship ministering to ambition, and the gravest responsibilities of manhood prostituted to unworthy aims; where venality, corruption and sycophancy are the almost inseparable accompaniments to distinction; here, in this school of unfaithfulness, to find an honest, sincere and fearless man, is a triumph for civilization, and a fact which finds an honored place in the history and the traditions of the nation.

Statesmanship is the moral and intellectual strength of a nation, and the index of its spiritual greatness, just as the teeming work-shops and the crowded sea-ports are the evidence of its material prosperity. The political complexion of a people, whatever it may be, regulates and tones the moral character of their statesmanship. There is no truer exponent of the influence and nature of national institutions and principles, than the moral character of the leaders they produce. Tyranny and vice will generate cunning and cruelty; ignorance and superstition beget despotism and the apotheosis of royalty; entailed wealth and the pride of lineage give rise to a privileged aristocracy and an inherited supremacy. Men are to the manor born of statesmanship, as if the texture of the blood were the measure of the man, while the crying infant of an hour is hailed by the enraptured populace, as the future lord and ruler of their children, and their children's children. Intelligence and independence, patriotism and purity, love of progress and the love of right, are the true measures of political greatness. Not the undeserved fortune of birth, nor the unearned heritage of power. These take their place among the fast-fading vestiges of despotism; and like the idle rituals, the blind symbols and the sensuous mythology of the past, they find no sympathy in the catholic, freedom-loving spirit of the present.

The Ideal Statesman, like the Model Republic, has always been a subject for ceaseless enthusiasm to every waiting advocate of the political millennium. In the early struggles of the Republic, during the lives and labors of those sublime men from whose great hearts this young nation first throbbed into life, when a public man was a warrior, a statesman and a christian, we do not wonder that hope should promise a bright future for the American statesman, and that prophecy should predict an unrivalled race of patriots and heroes. What that is noble and disinterested should not be characteristic of men who live under the teachings and example of such statesmen as Washington, Franklin, Adams, and Hamilton? Grand patriots they were, and would that the mantle of their greatness had fallen upon worthier men!

It seems to be a lamentable tendency of modern public sentiment to merge statesmanship in politics, to make no distinction between the aspiration of the patriot-statesman and the ambition of the political trickster; and as a natural consequence, the candidate for political honors is dependent for his popularity more upon his political cunning and party sycophancy, than he is upon his moral fitness and mental superiority. The love for gold has been interwoven into the very texture of the American nature; it has invaded every avenue of social life, and its contaminating influence is no where more sadly apparent than in the sphere of politics. Men of honesty and sincerity have come to look with contempt upon the purchased honors of the politician, and refuse to humiliate themselves to do the bidding of an exacting clique; they prefer the independence of private citizenship to the painted laurels of official station. This lamentable degeneration in the public character of our representative men seems to have been at first a gradual deterioration; but in these later days of astonishing material prosperity, the spirit of trade seems to have made appalling inroads into the fresh enthusiasm and the intrinsic purity of our early patriotism. But in spite of the growing deterioration in the political standard of the community, America has been, and is now, blessed with some noble statesmen. They have been scattered throughout her history, and their memory will be forever fresh and grateful to every lover of his country. They were men who refused to prostitute their energies in the organization of cliques and the construction of parties, when their duty was to labor for the general welfare, who scorned the gold of the politician, and would never condescend to personal aggrandizement when it was at the expense of patriotism and honor. Let America cherish as a priceless national blessing the memory of their lives and the record of their services. Let their pure patriotism, their disinterested labors, their long vigils at the shrine of duty, their sleepless vigilance at the outposts of danger, never be forgotten; let them have the patriot's best and highest earthly reward, a grateful and enduring place in the affections of his countrymen, and let their influence and example be a standing rebuke to the spirit of party allegiance and party plunder, which is the bane and curse of American politics. Will the people never realize that the nation is above the party? Are the intelligent people of the country always to be ruled by cunning politicians, who "smile, and smile, and act the villain?" If the honest man is a reality, why should the honest statesman be an idle myth? It is time that the American people should ponder these things. And may the terrible lessons of the hour teach to us the necessity of a higher standard of public morality, if we would accomplish the destiny which has been given us; and may we never hereafter fail to realize the inestimable value of disinterested and loyal statesmanship, both in times of prosperity and in times of adversity. In prosperity, that adversity may not come; and in adversity, that it may be the more quickly and successfully dispelled. D.

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PUBLIC OPINION.

Public opinion invariably changes with the progress of events. This is by no means an arbitrary or abnormal effect, but altogether as natural and uncompromising as the infallible law of gravitation, or as the direct influence of light and heat on the natural productions of vegetation. There is a great revolution and reformation now in state of progress in a large and important part of our national domains. This state of affairs has been induced without apparently or really the least provocation offered to the instigators. Conceived in iniquity and born in sin, it is being carried out in a spirit of the most bitter animosity and inveterate hate on the one side, and the most determined and just sense of truth and right on the other. The natural effect of these combined circumstances is to work a certain gradual and positively radical change in the politics of the nation. The history of all governments, especially of a republican form, contributes much to prove the general truth of this assertion. Referring to the past, France presents a most striking example of an absolute, radical change in national policy. There, as a popular writer remarks, "history was made in a day." Although this nation does not furnish a directly parallel case to America with respect to the ultimate designs of the French revolution and American rebellion respectively, nevertheless, it does most strikingly illustrate the principle, that opinion among the masses is moulded almost exclusively by the character and tendency of extrinsic circumstances. It is scarcely necessary to make the assertion, that America has indeed taken a most important and decisive step in the great political struggle for the dissemination of universal liberty. But yesterday, to speak of American slavery in connection with American liberty, was regarded as the most uncharitable, unholy act of which a free, unbiased and truly Union-loving citizen could possibly be guilty. To-day the scene changes, and in striking contrast to the infamous slave policy of yesterday, stands embossed in words of flaming characters, and supported by countless numbers of loyalists, the glorious proclamation of our true and noble President. To-day, justice seems to move the masses, and wisdom has usurped the power of ignorance and deprived the foul crime of its very quintessence.

This national stain is about to be washed out, but in justice to the subject and those responsible for whatever results may follow, certain essential and leading facts must not be overlooked.

The immediate operative cause obtaining to produce this inevitable *coup de main* on a locally popular institution, is not, as is artfully alleged by some, based on principles of philanthrophy, or the beneficial results accruing from a liberal and general offer of freedom considered solely as an act of humanity; nor should it be attributed, as is most ungenerously the case, to a malicious and unwarrantable spirit of envy or jealousy. It should be received with its true meaning, viz., as the only remaining Patholicon for the permanent establishment of republican institutions; the only possible means to the end for which the war is carried on; the "*ne plus ultra*" of our military bureaucracy. But it has been persistently denied that the system possesses the particular efficiency for which it has been adopted, and that it cannot possibly fail to produce the anticipated results. On the ground that these objections have been well taken, the system has been maliciously and shamefully opposed by a large class of the pseudo Union faction of the North. The action of this class admits of a very ready explanation. The object evidently is to deceive the masses, and how cunning the plan and skilful the execution, it requires no adept to perceive. In a question of such a character, where the interests of thirty millions of people are at stake, is it not reasonable to expect, aye, even to demand, that the people should have a full understanding of the nature and real character of the points at issue? This privilege has been withheld them principally by a certain class of men who boast most extravagantly of their abilities, and who hold themselves up as perfect models of human justice and intelligence, but who are not to be mistaken in the particular objects for which they employ those much vaunted powers. But notwithstanding these gigantic efforts of the few to disaffect the many; notwithstanding the powerful influence of prejudice arising from a supreme, almost servile, devotion to party; notwithstanding all the schemes which blind jealousy could invent or base ambition expose, nevertheless, in direct opposition to all these, it has been most overwhelmingly and positively declared by the whole voice of the loyal North, that "the Union must and shall be preserved." The recent change manifested in public sentiment is by no means of slight significance. It speaks in thunder tones to every recreant traitor and miserable sympathiser of treason on the continent. It pledges its endorsers to "an unconditional loyalty to the Government of the United States, to an unwavering support of the efforts to suppress treason, and to spare no endeavor to maintain unimpaired the national unity both in principle and territorial boundary." It strengthens the weak and encourages the strong, and it inspires all with a full assurance of support and confidence for the ultimate establishment of liberty and a successful experiment of self-government by the people. Thus is presented but one instance of a complete revolution in popular sentiment. Without entering into detail, this fact at least has been observed by every anxious patriot, that every movement of the Government which was at the first opposed and violently denounced, has now become the real standard of national action, and the popular will, formerly governed by passion and prejudice, has now become completely subservient to the just demands of reason. To-day the principles of justice and independence and the permanent establishment of freedom are based on a foundation firm and lasting, which time, with all its changes, cannot affect; a foundation cemented by the precious blood of our own fathers and brothers, and which owes to this fact the very power it possesses. With a just apprecition of the great sacrifices which have been made, and with a conviction that this blood should not flow unrevenged, the result of the fiery ordeal through which the country is now passing cannot be misjudged. To sue for a disgraceful peace, or to desert the cause of our country in this the hour of her trial and great tribulation, would be sacrilege in its lowest form, a base renunciation of every good and sacred motive of the human heart, a very dishonor to the memory of the gallant dead. It has become apparent to all, that this war must be supported to the bloody end. The questions involved plainly indicate the nature of the contest.

The foul stain which treason in its forward course has left behind must be washed out, even if liberty herself sinks bleeding in the fearful struggle. Inestimably better is it that freedom should die honorable than draw out a miserable existence under the crushing heel of slavery. As yet no good reason has been advanced why this war should be ended on terms other than those most honorable and consistent with the power and dignity of a great nation. Every attempt to restore peace on conditions other than these, has proved a signal failure, and the most sanguine peace-maker has utterly despaired of successs. The occasion which has called into exercise all the energies of a mighty people, is indeed lamentable, but the obligations are none the less binding, and the motto of our fathers should still be the motto of their children, "Right or wrong, our country." The policy now being enforced by the Government cannot, by loyal and patriotic citizens, be regarded as subversive of constitutional rights or social privileges, inasmuch as the benefits flowing therefrom are already beginning to speak for themselves. The questions might very naturally be asked, What mean these immense gatherings of patriotic freemen? What means this sudden outburst of loyal sentiment, and denunciation of treason? What great significance underlies this happy change in the sentiment of an opposing party? The question is immediately answered—The Administration is to be supported and the rebellion forever crushed.

Herein lies the indication of a fundamental and complete reform of the system of American politics. What opinion has been in the successive attempts to re-establish the unity of the States, and what it is, are diversities of feeling placed in most happy contrast. What the end will be it is not difficult to conjecture; nevertheless, all the prayers of a patriot, all the counsels of a sage, all the efforts of a philanthropist, must combine in one harmonious endeavor, in order to secure to coming generations that great desideratum of all nations as well as individuals—Human Liberty.

K.

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MOTHER.

Had I a song so sweet
'T would move the trees
And hold in breathless pause
The listning breeze,

A strain so pure
That when it reached the sky
The angels there
Would echo back the sigh;

Or if the muse,
That critics often tell
Moved ancient lyres
To play and charm so well,

Would but inspire my soul
To sing most clear
The name that first I lisped,
"My Mother dear,"

'Till little birds
With every winged thing
Should in their glee
Make all the heather ring,

And stars that deck
  The boundless sky
Would in their twinkle bright
  Send back the cry.

Then in my joyful song
  A verse should be
Telling how kind, how good,
  She was to me.

Another stanza too
  Should there relate
How rich and fair the gift
  How kind the fate

That placed so near
  My wayward erring side
An angel bright
  To be my infant guide.

Alas! my harp is dull,
  This throbbing brain
No fitting anthem does
  Or can contain

To sing of all
  My Mother's wondrous care
Which in my heart
  Lies fondly cherished there

Here let me drop my lyre—
  It has no sound
To speak the silent love
  My heart has found.

SIGMA.

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THE DRAMA OF LIFE.

When the spirit of poetry touched with her mystic spell the soul of her favorite child, and his inspired fingers wrote, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players," he gave to the world a picture that succeeding ages have only served to stamp as a master-piece of truth and beauty. Let us therefore, like travellers setting out upon a difficult journey, choose this excellent guide, and as the arch enchanter leads us through the various walks of life, let us strive to draw a lesson from the ever moving, ever changing scene. But ere the action of the play begins let us look for a moment at the temple in which it is performed, what splendid scenery! what depth of stage! what wonderful machinery! Look upon its lofty pillars towering to heaven, clothed with green, and capped with eternal snow. Gaze upon its lovely landscapes, winding rivers, and dazzling cascades. Let your eyes soar aloft to its proscenium of studded stars and golden fret work, and then listen to its orchestral music coming from the throats of myriads of warbling songsters. Observe for a moment how quietly the great Stage Manager of the universe moves the massive enginery of the drama. How quickly do those spirits of power, Hydrogen, Nitrogen and Oxygen perform his bidding; how mysteriously does the animated become a fossil; how easily, at his command, do the seasons change from spring to summer; from summer to autumn, and from autumn to winter. What stirring scenes in court and camp! what motley groups assemble upon the mart for traffic, or follow with nimble feet the merry pipe upon the village green! What mingling of strange noises; humming wheels, clicking cogs, jingling glasses, peals of laughter, screams of agony. What variety of costume! velvet and fustian, satins and sack cloth, rags and riches, splendor and squalor, all fulfilling an appropriate part in the great drama of human existence. On such a bustling stage as this, as the old prompter Time rings up the curtain, the mewling infant comes forward to lisp the first words of its role.

The first act of our existence is a fairy spectacle, a period of fancies of airy visions without a local habitation or a name; a season of sunshine and flowers, where king imagination reigns supreme. Who does not cherish some sweet recollections of *babydom;* who standing amidst the ruins of air built castles formed by the architect of infant fancy, who gazing for the first time upon the stern realities of life, has not wished for that little ideal world once more. How beautiful and fair was everything in infancy; how thrilling that first kiss that mother nature gave us; how sparkling the foaming goblet she raised to our lips, then there was no fear, no doubt, no suspicion, and our little motto was, "trust on, trust ever." Alas! the spell is too frequently broken, the goblet drained, and nothing then remains but the flavor of the liquor; yet even that is something; to have those pleasant memories of the past, that speak to the heart, and tell us that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." Now, although this is a "mewling age," and for the most part spent in the nurses' arms, yet it is one of the most formative periods of our existence. Babys, we find, are wonderful portrait painters, they sketch with all the rapidity of instinct; bubby in regimentals, and sissy taking care of doll babys, are living characters in flesh and blood, that teach us the child is father to the man. But why linger longer, the act plays short and we awake from the dream of infancy, to find ourselves the "whining school-boy." Let us take a peep at him as "with his satchel on his back, and shining morning face, he creeps with snail-like pace unwillingly to school." And why not unwillingly! shouts young America, what has youth to do with set forms and tasks; what cares he for books filled with dry statistics or antiquated maps, covered with spider webs; these are at best but symbols of a reality which he fancies he has already in his grasp. He worships objects and will learn from nothing else, nature becomes his idol; sunny days, streamlets and flowers his companions and friends. Shut him up from these and you make a prisoner of him. The walls of an academy become a dungeon; why should he choose the strait road, with its dry burning sand and monotony, when he can find lanes and glens and dells, where all is cool and shady holiday. Tell him not that schooling and discipline is the shortest road to his desires. He does not want a short one. Why should he hurry? No thoughts of death or age trouble that joyous heart—it has a feeling of immortality within it, and upon his escutcheon he writes the motto, "hope on, hope ever."

But the curtain is rising upon the third act, and as it does so we behold not the boy in jacket and trousers, with ball, kite, top and skate; no, these are flung aside, and our hero stands before us, "the lover, sighing like a furnace." The boy has suddenly become a man, the simple rustic changed by the fairies' magic power into the bright and dazzling harlequin, could not be more complete and perfect. What has wrought this wonderful transformation; what could have converted the former pigmy into the present giant? Need we answer, woman, the guardian angel of man's destiny; first to meet him at the cradle, last to leave him at the grave. Smile not at the picture you and I must pass through, or have passed; this melting period, none that live a score of years escape it. All are doomed to sigh like a furnace, and it will be found that old maids and old bachelors are but cinders on which some heartless flirt has thrown cold water. It is not necessary that you should marry; perhaps it is better that you should not; but that you must sigh like a furnace the priest of nature has proclaimed, and physical science utters a loud amen. Does not the chemist tell you that life is one continual burning, until at last the flame flickering expires and leaves nothing but ashes behind. Does not the anatomist teach us that we are, so to speak, walking stoves, that this wonderful mechanism, the lungs, is but the draft pipe to feed the flame with oxygen. Why then should we think it strange that youth must "sigh like a furnace?" When he is just budding into manhood, when the fire burns with its brightest glow, and the body is consumed with latent heat, are we more powerful than a Samson at the feet of Delilah or Hercules spinning with Omphale and all for love. We need scarcely speak of the "woeful ballads" made to the eye-brows of beauty; every one feels that somewhere hereabout is the well-spring of all poetry. Cupid's shaft surely was the first to strike the rock from which such fountains of poetry and song have issued; and yet are we not sure that the sweetest strains never found vent upon paper. Your true artist never comes up to his own ideal in execution. Those little songs played upon the harp of a thousand strings, those gentle harmonies that never reach the vulgar ear, these are the lover's true ballads, these the choicest music of the soul. Fain would we dwell longer on this pleasing scene, but already it is changing. The shrill trumpet sounds to arms! the din and roar of life's great battle awakens our lover from his trance and calls upon him to don the soldier's garb. Fame beckons him onward. Stern realities to be encountered, hard difficulties to be overcome, force him to grasp his weapons in his hand and "seek the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth." What contests to engage in! Contests for truth and justice; contests for time and immortality. Here the actor finds arrayed before him two great armies—Truth and Error—both seeking to fix their weapons within his breast; the one bright and beautiful as the morning star, the other dark and gloomy as the shadows of Erebus. No battle requires such heroism and discipline as that of life's great conflict. What stratagems! what ambuscades! what masked batteries to be encountered and overcome! Where is the sight more glorious than that of the soldier clad in the armor of the Christian warrior, standing up for holy principles and doing battle, on the field, in the work shop, on the floor of the senate chamber, in the sanctuary, or at the bar? Are not these scenes of action that require courage and skill? Must he not be a model soldier that comes off victorious and sustains the brightness of an untarnished reputation? Oh, alas! that there should be some in this important struggle for existence who wear the military badge and yet refuse to do a soldier's duty; men that like poor Wilkins Micawber are "constantly waiting for something to turn up," or like the lamented Mr. Barkis are forever "*willing.*" Such as these form what may be called the Home Guard of society, "Invincincible at home, but invisible at war." The parts which have now passed in review before us should, if faithfully performed, give man that experience and discipline which would enable him to impersonate truthfully his next great character namely: that of Judge "with big round belly and goodly capon well lined, with eyes severe and beard of formal cut, full of wise saws and modern instances." Experience should teach wisdom, and so we may believe it always would. But there are men in the world that never have any real active mental or moral experience; that kind of discipline that strengthens all the faculties and feelings of our nature. Is he fit to judge of human nature who knows nothing of its trials; is he fit to pass sentence on the deeds of poor fallen humanity who never himself felt "the whips and scorns of time?" Shall such "give law and gin to rule?" Shall dull and talking pedants, all theory but no practice, overawe and crush out a strong and vigorous manhood? Society, we find, is made up of two kinds of men—the active and the passive. The active man lives; the passive man only stays. And thus we find that when the time arrives for man to play the judicial part, to be the instructor, adviser and counsellor of mankind, that many are nothing but mere Dominee Samsons; full of wise saws and modern instances, they have received their opinions as a sponge takes in water, and now repeat them over like some cultivated parrot; or perchance they are like those Gratiano speaks of, "That therefore are reputed wise for saying nothing." Who can find it in his heart to look up to and honor these self-elected judges of humanity? It is fortunate, however, that we are not left altogether to their disposal, for there are honest and just men in the world, notwithstanding the keen satire of Diogenes and his lamp; men that have learned the great lessons of charity and faith from God's holy law, and who carry them into the experience of their lives; men that, while they may condemn, will yet drop a tear of sympathy upon the criminal; men that have mingled with all sorts of people, who have formed their judgments from earnest, active life. The decisions of such as these we feel we can rely upon, for they come from volumes as authentic as either Dwight or Blackstone. After we have reached the meridian of life, how quickly does our star haste toward its setting. Men grow old before they know it, and emerge from the soldier into the judge, and thence into the lean and slippery pantaloon, without having themselves perceived this change, and so it comes that old age often plays many strange antics. It is a sad sight to see old age trying to look young. Nothing is more ridiculous than to be still wearing our youthful hose, when they are evidently a world too wide for our shrunken shanks; or to be continually living in the past, and having no sympathy with the doings of the present; to be ever singing praises to the "good old times, the good old times." Oh! it is sad to be a straw, and be crushed by the car of progress; to have little boys write Pantaloon upon our backs with chalk, while the world rings out in jeering tones, Old Fogy! But this is the dark cloud. Let us look for a moment at the silver lining. There is an old age that, like the leaves of autumn, tinges the earth with a golden hue; pure metal, which having passed through the fire, comes out brighter and purer; the dross of passion burnt out, and the shining ore of virtue glittering as in a well-worn casket. There is a ripe old age, a mellow old, that fills all hearts with its hallowed presence. Blessed be these *whiteheads* of history. Their counsels come not to us with the taint of self. Their ambitions are o'er, their battles ended. They never seem to to grow old, but live over again with their young posterity. Cheery old men always joyous, always happy.

> "For ever young, though life's old age
> Hath every nerve unstrung;
> The heart, the heart is a heritage
> That keeps the old man young."

"Last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history, is second childishness and mere oblivion." That is all we can say of it. The strong man has again become a mewling thing, and lives only at the nurses' bidding. Strange that he, who has passed through all the various parts of the drama, and sustained successfully the roles of infant, school-boy, lover, soldier, judge and pantaloon, must now pass off this stage of time as well as when he entered, and yet there he sits as the curtain falls, chattering, chuckling, "sans eyes, sans teeth, sans everything," and so death closes up the scene. But what is death? Merely an exit from this stage of mortality to one of immortality; merely casting off the rind that the kernel may spring into full growth. Is there not something sublime and awful in this change. When we contemplate how great the faculties we are endowed with; how important the parts we perform; how requisite they should be performed faithfully. When we, that are grasping for riches, renown and honor, think how frequently we forget our responsibilities to the great manager of all, and to our brother actors in the scene. There is something in it that should make us pause and tremble. Would that we had strength and courage to renounce some of the baubles we are so arduously fighting for. Would that, instead of despairing from surrounding circumstances, we might exclaim,

> "Honor and fame from no condition rise,
> Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

SIGMA.

"NASSAU vs. STAR"—THE TRIP OF OUR NINE.

For some days after the victory obtained by the Nassau boys on their own ground, great doubt existed in their minds as to their success with the Stars at New Brunswick. Many were the surmises, numerous the prophecies, and countless the opinions expressed in regard to the match. Among the Nine there was a sort of tremulous confidence. All professing themselves ready to 'try it on,' at any time, their opponents invited them to 'come on.'

Different impediments prevented a trial for successive Saturdays, but at last the permission of our 'revered President'—that patron of sports—being secured, off we started. Though the sky was overcast, it was our expectation that in a short time the *sun* of victory would arise and witness a triumph over the *Stars.* What a gay old time we passed on the route! Songs, shouts, visions of a jolly day, a glorious return, etc., filled up the time. Soon the old locomotive stopped, and the train was relieved of the impatient ball-players. At the depot one or two of the other side met us. They looked rather blue, as, on account of the weather, they had almost given up all hope of seeing us. It may be proper to remark, that they looked *uniform*-ly blue throughout the day, and at the conclusion of the game particularly. However, the 'Committee of Reception' took us to their club-room, which they placed at our disposal. This, by the way, was very nicely fitted up, tacitly giving a suggestion as to the style in which some other B. B. organizations ought to manage affairs.

After disposing of various goods and chattels, we went out to see the Lions. We could not find any. Yet there was a Billiard saloon, in which a few beardless under-classmen of our little sister college were endeavoring to learn the mysteries of the cloth and ivory. It was really *cu*(*e*)*rious* to see them play. A few minutes of this fun sufficed some of us, so we spent the rest of the morning in examining the beauties of the rustic village. A number of churches and houses, plenty of Jersey mud, college, seminary, and a few pretty girls with skirts fastened (enchantingly) up to avoid the wet, were the principal objects of interest.

After dinner, the rain, which had continued drizzling all the morning, held up and preparations were made for the Match.

At the back of the town lay a broad common whose red clay was covered by a nice turf. This was the field on which the victory was to be striven for. The cent, 'almighty' on such occasions, was tossed, and breathless suspense held all till it turned up its fatal 'copperhead,' and the Stars won the choice. Accordingly they sent our boys to the bat, when play immediately commenced. Their Pitcher seized the ball, and swinging his hand behind him as if in an effort to dislocate his shoulder, put his head between his legs—almost—and running furiously, discharged the ball some yards away from the home base. This graceful operation reminded us of the old proverb, 'Little *pitchers* have long ears.' After repeating this action an indefinite number of times, our worthy Captain, who was batting, at last got a ball that suited him, and set a good example by a fine hit.

It is not our purpose, however, to detail the progress of the game. Suffice it to say, that in the first innings, five runs were secured, much to the satisfaction of the 'ins,' who thought that they were 'all serene.' But not so, for their antagonists obtained the same number, and the countenances of the collegians lengthened visibly. Then it was that in order to encourage them, one of their friends told the sole *fib* of his life when he said, "Never mind boys, we have a 'sure thing' on them." And sure enough his fiction became fact, for in the second innings thirteen runs were added and the Stars felt that they were 'going up the spout.' Here came in the most brilliant thing of the day. The batsman hits a good ball, making his first; then comes another and another, till there is a man on each base and the 'field' has a fine chance to get two out at once. But hold on, exultant Stars! Look at that little chap with the tri-colored cap, his clean muscles, shining through that thin undershirt he wears. He is very sober, for he feels that all depends on the strength of his arm and the accuracy of his eye. See how long he waits. That ball is too low, this too high. Ah! there's the one, whack! way over the Left Field's head clear out of reach it goes; and then one, two, three, four, come running in. That was a home run with a vengeance. Four at a crack. How freely we all breathe now. In vain do the gallant New Brunswickers fight. It's all of no use. They are doing their best, hoping to 'play dark' on the Nassaus. But the sixth innings comes; it grows dusky. They have hopes, but these are all blasted by that wiry Short Stop, who makes several catches in beautiful style, and the match is over. Poor fellows, though beaten by eleven runs, they cordially take their victors down to a certain snuggery, where a 'tip-top' supper is prepared. To this all alike, successful or defeated, do hearty justice, a thing the writer feels he cannot do. Next the ball was delivered in a very manly speech, the customary things were said on both sides, and the Nassaus were 'home ward bound.' Not relating how the generous Captain 'came down,' what a fine ride we had back, and how enthusiastical was the reception at home, we will hasten at once to the Peroration.

It is this: We have a fine Base Ball Club in College; it is a magnificent game in itself, and while other colleges have numerous other diversions, it is the only practicable manly sport at Princeton. Let then, the green sod of our Ball-ground be covered with healthy, hearty, happy players during the coming season, and let not the old laurel-crowned Nine lack anything that is necessary for further victories. B. P.

Editor's Table.

AFTER an interval of a few weeks, the MAG. again finds its way to our readers. It comes at a season when Nature is in all her freshness and fragrance. At the near approach of Saturnus, speeding onward in his chariot of fire to the Septentrional regions, Winter has disappeared, and Spring with its reviving and vivifying power has returned to beautify the earth. Radiant sunshine and gentle showers have unbarred the prison doors of Nature, and have thrown a green mantle over meadow and woodland.

> "From the moist meadow to the withered hill,
> Led by the breeze the vivid verdure runs,
> And swells and deepens to the cherished eye."

The air is filled with the delicious perfume of foliage and flowers; and gentle zephyrs are wafting to our ears the melodious strains of thousands of minstrels, who have left the South where the din of battle is heard, and where the slave clanks his chain, and have crossed over to the free hills and vales of the Loyal States. Gladly would we throw aside our Editorial robes, and exchange the labor which Fate has assigned us within the walls of our SANCTUM, for a ramble over the beautiful hills—covered with the sweet blossoms of the clover, and along the clear brooks—streaming forth in lovely meanderings among fruitful trees and blooming meadows, or through the sacred groves of Venus, where the comely Graces, joined hand in hand with the Nymphs, are leading up the dance. But the near approach of the calends of June admonish us that "the days of grace" granted by our worthy Printer have expired, or in other words, "time is up," and we are obliged to hasten on with our work.

Class day passed off very pleasantly. The weather was fine, and *fortunately* our worthy Præses was in a very good humor, which last contributed not a little to our happiness and to cur success in completing all that was desired. The programme of closing exercises was the same as that adopted by the previous Class, with the exception of the "Planting of the Elm." This exercise was instituted a long time ago, but for several years back has been unobserved. Our Class, however, has revived and rescued it from the oblivion into which it was fast sinking; and we trust that the signal success which crowned our efforts will be a powerful incentive to those who come after us to observe and perpetuate it even to remote generations. We congratulate the Orator and Poet on their success, and the members of the Class on the harmony which characterized all our proceedings. We return our thanks to the Choir for their charming music, and to our venerable President for his kind hospitality, and for the "feast of fat things" which he prepared for our entertainment. May he long live to preside over Nassau, and to see many more going forth from her time-honored walls. The Class of '63 has bid *adieu* to her Alma Mater, and her noble sons are scattered over the *wide, wide world.* But few remain within the precincts of Nassau and within hearing of the sweet-toned bell. Some have crossed the main, and are visiting foreign lands. Some are roaming over fertile prairies in the far-distant regions of the setting sun. Others are gathered in martial array on the sunny plains of the South, and are battling nobly for their country, and for the cause of Truth. Others still, cold and motionless in the embrace of Death, are quietly sleeping beneath the clods of the valley. Separated as we are, we can never hope for a reunion here on earth; but God grant us a happy reunion in Heaven, around the great white throne. Our College days are ended: we are done with the *ideal* world, and we have entered the world of *reality.* Pleasant have been the scenes through which we have passed; but Oh! there are glorious scenes beyond! Life's struggle is a grand one. Let us endeavor to prove equal to it, and in the end acquit ourselves with honor.

We stand in awe of the mighty events which are now taking place in the world. It is indeed an age of wonder. The time is coming—yea, the set time is near at hand—when the bondage of humanity shall be broken, and when the oppressed everywhere shall be made free. The Goddess of Liberty has ascended her chariot; arrayed in her beautiful garments she has gone forth conquering and to conquer, and speedily she will assert dominion over the whole earth. Europe presents to our view a grand and glorious spectacle. The people of Italy are yet singing pæans of victory over their land redeemed from the rod of the oppressor. The liberated millions of Russia also are chanting *Te Deums* of praise and thanksgiving in acknowledgement of their deliverance from servitude. Poland, long down-trodden and oppressed, has caught the inspiration of their song, and is eager to join the chorus. She has thrown off the yoke of Tyranny, and fired with new zeal for Liberty, she is struggling in the throes of revolution for Freedom and Independence against one of the greatest Powers of the earth. In our own land, also, the exultant shouts of victory are heard over the recent Proclamation of the Chief Executive of the nation, granting Freedom to the whole slave population within the States which are in rebellion against the Government. Yes, Slavery, thank God, is doomed; the *monumentum perrennius œre*, erected by Southern hands, has fallen, and crumbled in ruins. Restoration is impossible, whatever be the issues of the present struggle in which we are engaged. Should even the South be successful in gaining her independence, and in establishing a separate confederacy, still the institution can never be made permanent. Its prestige and power is gone; and its glory, like the far-famed Ilium, has departed. Like the antique Saturn, it has been hurled from its lofty throne, and its remains lie buried in the murky abyss of Hades. Weep and howl, therefore, Oh ye *Copperheads*, ye *haters of Liberty*, over the untimely destruction of the idol of your eyes and the joy of your hearts. Over its newly-made grave continue to shed the *sympathizing* tear, and to chant the funereal dirge.

"*Dearest Slavery* thou hast left us,
We shall see thy form *no more*,
For *Abe Lincoln* has bereft us
Of a good for nothing *bore*."

Propitiate the Stygian Ferryman by your continued supplications and earnest entreaties, that he leave not its *spirit* to wander for years innumerable along the shores of the livid lake, but that he may bear it safely across the boiling billows, and land it safe in the Elysian fields.

The February Editor has mentioned the sudden death of our friend DONE, and to his memory he has justly paid a glowing tribute. To what has been said we would add nothing, save the Resolutions which were unanimously adopted by the Junior Class relative to his decease.

WHEREAS, it has pleased Almighty God, in the mysterious, but all-wise dispensation of His providence, to remove from our midst our beloved class-mate, JOHN HAYNIE DONE; and whereas, we desire, however inadequately, to express our sense of the loss we have sustained by this afflictive dispensation—therefore,

Resolved, That in his loss, Nassau Hall has been deprived of one who had endeared himself alike to all, by his polite and courtly conduct; by his generous and obliging disposition, and proved himself in all his various duties that highest type of student life—a true gentleman.

Resolved, That the associations which for more than half a collegiate course, have bound him to the Class of '64, associations peculiarly dear, and ever strengthened by his unwavering kindness and fidelity, have proved him, not only a steadfast friend, but one whose abilities and literary tastes promised a future creditable alike to him and them.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the afflicted family of the deceased, in being thus deprived of a loved son and brother—a deprivation soothed, however, by his expressed hope of a glorious immortality in another and better world beyond the grave.

Resolved, That we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the afflicted family and be published in the *Princeton Standard*, *Baltimore Sun* and *Nassau Literary Magazine*.

C. McCULLOUGH,
A. M. P. V. H. DICKESON, } *Committee.*
H. J. SHELDON,

But alas! the death knell of DONE has scarcely ceased ringing in our ears, when suddenly we hear of the death upon the battle-field of our class-mate, CLAY McCAULEY, a sergeant in the 126th Reg. Penn. Vols. On the last day of the fight at Fredericksburg, and a few hours before the expiration of his term of enlistment, he fell nobly fighting for the cause of Liberty. Mr. McCauley entered the class of '63 at the commencement of its junior year, and at its close he went forth at the call of his country to defend her honor. Although with us but a short period, his correct deportment and noble christian character elicited the praise of all, and won for him many true and faithful friends. We mourn over his loss, but not as those who have no hope. On the altar of his country he has sacrificed his life, and his spirit has gone to join the innumerable throng in the land of Spirits. On the beautiful banks of the Rappahannock he is gently sleeping the sweet sleep of the Hero and Patriot—"testifying from the silent land beyond through the echoing halls of memory, how sweet it is to die for one's country." Over his grave the green grass is growing, and Spring is writing his epitaph in blossoms of *blue*, *white* and *red;* the bronzed bee is lingering to hum his praise, and the bobolink, bribed by the coming fruits, is staying to sing his requiem.

"Oh for the death of those
Who for their country die."

From our "special correspondent" we learn that our class-mate, Algernon Marcellus, has been promoted to a 2nd Lieutenantcy. Also, of the result of a Base Ball match, recently played between the "Nassaus" and the Atlantics, the champion club of Philadelphia, in which the "Nassaus" were victorious.

Having now accomplished our labor, dear Readers, we sink back upon our honors, and bid you *farewell.*

The Nassau Literary Magazine,

Is published by an Editorial Committee of the Senior Class of the College of New Jersey, every month, during term time. Each number will contain forty-eight pages of original matter. Connected with it are four prizes for the best original essays. None but subscribers are permitted to compete for this prize. The comparative merit of the pieces handed in for the prize will be decided by a Committee selected from the Faculty.

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EXCHANGES.

The following exchanges have been received:—Harvard Magazine, William's Quarterly, Yale Literary for March and April, Wabash Magazine, Beloit College Monthly for March and April, Hall's Journal of Health, and the Printer for March and April.

THE

Nassau Literary Magazine.

WILLIAM KERSHAW, JR., EDITOR.

Vol. XXIV. SEPTEMBER, 1863. No. 1.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

There are many moralists who extol the virtue of content, and think that to be a desirable state of being, in which the natural desires are subdued into permanent peace and tranquillity. However successful or popular this theory may be, it is only theory; for man's natural state is one of expectation. He was born to aspire, and to change this bent of the human soul would be more difficult than to remove the ocean from its bed, or to shake the mountains from their foundation.

Content is synonymous with satisfaction, and who is there that is satisfied? Who is there that feels resigned to his lot in life in each and every particular? Is there nothing we would change if we could? Nay, do we not all intend and expect, in the great coming on of time, to fashion and shape our dispositions to our desires? Surely man lives more in the future than in the present. Early in life he begins to live in the expectation of something that is beyond the power of his senses to grasp. Deriving certain ideas from the real and material present, he projects these forms into the glowing future: distance lends enchantment to his view, and they become the beautiful ideals for which he is willing to live and labor.

At first, perhaps, these expectations are dim and shadowy, castles built without much earthly foundation, airy structures, of which fancy alone marks the boundary line. But afterwards they assume a more definite shape, and become our intentions, colored with the glowing tints of the imagination. This quality of looking forward into the mysterious future, and endeavoring to read its hieroglyphics, seems not only to be a natural, but also a useful and pleasant state of being. All true manhood is progressive; it aspires, and never does it take one step in which it hopes to find continuous rest and content. The body may become exhausted and fatigued, but the soul's craving is more, ever more. Out of every attainment there springs the conception of something in advance. Every step we take in thought, skill, acquisition, or any other matter on which we expend our time and energies, gives rise to purer, and more perfect forms, which invite us still further forward. Even were it useless for men to plan and place confidence in their plans for the future, because what is to be will be, and chance must in a great measure decide our destiny; even then there would be no argument in favor of a satisfied state of being; for if the world is a lottery, surely nothing can prevent us looking forward to its prizes and its blanks with great expectation. But the world is not all chance; on the contrary, it is exactly what we make it, and he who is gifted with rare powers of mind and body should expect much as the product of his labor. Observe that expecting differs from hoping, in that we hope for what is desirable, whereas we expect both what is agreeable and what is not. Hence, the expectant man, when difficulties arise, is somewhat prepared to encounter them, and will probably never meet with a *surprise party* of evils. Then, again, how many good intentions we have; every man proposes to himself some great work in the future, and what he intends to do, that he expects to do; hence what more natural than this state of constant expectation. But it is also pleasant amid the trials and worries of real life, to contemplate and expect future bliss. This state of mind is everything. It is this which makes life worth the having. He that undergoes labor must solace himself with the hope of reward. It cannot be possible that the merchant would spend so much time in barter and exchange, did he not expect one day to reap the benefit of his labor. Does he not see in the distance another Sabine farm, with laughing waters murmuring through the woodland vast and shadowy; smiling meads, and blooming flowers; in the midst of which stands a princely mansion, containing the wife of his bosom, and the well-springs of his household? Are not these and a thousand other great expectations, the corks that buoy him up upon the great ocean of life, making light his labor, and refreshing his soul with glimpses of the bright pathway beyond.

These feelings will vary much with the advance of years, and it may be well to look at them when divided into those of youth, manhood, and old age.

When a little child tells us "To wait until he is a man," how much is meant by that simple declaration. Consider what a world of expectation clusters around the ideal manhood of a child. How he heaps up thick coming fancies, clothing and coloring them with the radiant pencil of the imagination, until they assume marvellous shapes, and indeed take forms in which he puts implicit faith. The saying that "Every American school-boy expects to be president of the United States," has much of truth in it. It shows the tendency of English boys, of Irish boys, of Scotch boys, and every other known kind of boys, to expect that they will one day make their mark. Yes, and make it a notch higher than any one else.

Again, when he arrives at that age in which love becomes the ruling passion, and golden curls, blue eyes, dimpled cheeks, and rosy lips are the elements that fill up his day-dreams, does he not expect that his lady-love shall be a model woman. Woman! Nay, there is no such woman as he expects, for the forms that fill his musings are angelic and divine. Or it may be that he has already made a choice, and as love is blind, expects she will realize all his former conceptions. Nor are the softer sex more exempt from these rhapsodies of thought. No man ever possessed such qualities, or sported such moustaches, as sweet sixteen will frequently conjure up in her maiden expectations. It may be, however, as it often is, that the object of desire is money or extended wealth, and that at the death of some near friend or relative, the aspiring youth is to become possessor of immense property. If it is so, what Arabian Nights' Entertainment can equal the splendor of the tales they tell of future enjoyment.

The longings of manhood, however, assume in most cases a more tangible form. They are our hopes and fears based upon past experience. We become more cautious, and look forward to clouds as well as sunshine, and the glances we cast from time to time into the future, have a direct bearing upon our pursuits and occupation in real life. For example, the lawyer just entering on the duties of his profession, pictures in the distance innumerable briefs, countless multitudes chained with eloquence, increasing wealth, and political notice, or preferment. The doctor, as he descends the steps of his medical Alma Mater, diploma in hand, sees the vast world stretching out before him, one mass of wounds, bruises, and putrefying sores; he feels that the harvest is ready for his pills and his nostrums, and that he needs but to be known to be appreciated. The minister of the gospel, if he be indeed such, has glorious expectations. Souls to be won! good deeds to be performed! and the circles in which he moves to be made nobler and purer by the blessed gospel. It is just possible, however, that he may find these divine flights somewhat mixed with visions of city churches, and attending fat salaries. So with the author, the artist, the mechanic; each and every one has his own high-blown hopes. Woman, for the most part, after marriage, mingles her hopes and fears with those of her husband and family. Their joys are her joys, their ambition her ambition. And yet it is true that a mother generally has some Utopian scheme fitted out for every little stranger she brings her well pleased lord. It is also comforting for her to believe that wherein she herself may have failed to accomplish past intents, her posterity will succeed; and often by the cradle-side does she sit and sing,

> "Sleep on, image of thy father; sleep my boy,
> No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
> No sight that rends thy father's heart and mine.
> Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
> In form and soul. But ah! more blest than he."

But old age, what can it expect? with so many withered hopes scattered in its path, can it look upward still? Aye, that it can, and look with firmer, surer faith, than ere before. If in the pilgrimage of life it has learnt the great lesson, "There is nothing true but Heaven," then the expectations of a virtuous old age can be nothing short of glimpses of the eternal city. For when life has been well spent, old age but throws off this mortal coil, which we can well spare; muscular strength, organic instincts, gross bulk, and the doings that belong to these. But the great central spiritual element, freed from these tedious obstructions, soars aloft, and enters even at the celestial gates. Say what we will then, there dwells in the human soul a sense, a faculty, a power, no matter what the name, which craves more than this world offers, and which gives birth to aspirations after something better than the events of our common life. And it should also be an agreeable reflection to us, that these sweets can never perish, that there is no satiety to them. The most luscious and luxurious sensual pleasures may soon pall, but there is no lassitude or weariness in ideal pleasures.

> "Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
> The promised joys of life's unmeasured way.
> Thus, from afar, each dim, discovered scene,
> More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;
> And every form that fancy can repair
> From dark oblivion, glows divinely there."

◆

TRUE GREATNESS.

"Regarded in one sense, all are great, whatever may be their situation or condition in life. Men are great as *men* wherever they may be. It is only our diseased sight that makes them little. We mean by this, that the grandeur of man's nature thows into the background all other considerations as of minor importance."

Here, then, we stand on a common level, and from a common height all humanity looks forth. But the world is moving on. Progress and Advancement are the watchwords, and each one must be his own director. Take your position at some great central depot, where converges the traffic and travel of thousands of miles around. There you see, side by side, the iron messengers preparing for their trip. They are, as it were, now upon the same track. They perhaps start in conjunction with each other; but as one advances directly forward, the others shoot off to the right and left, on their respective missions, and away over the land they speed their courses, now separated by whole tracts of country.

Thus it is with men. We all by nature occupy a position of honor and eminence, so to speak; but it is when we come to assert our individuality, to tread our own way, and to be our own engineers, that we become classified and distinct. Real greatness has nothing to do with a man's sphere. We have read of those who, by bold achievements and successful campaigns, have become notorious, and are recorded by the chronicler as the heroes of their age, who always have placed themselves in those positions whence a mighty influence could be sent forth; and yet, in some secreted spot, in some retired and unknown abode, away from the outer world, there has been exhibited a grandeur and dignity of soul, which, in in respect to true greatness, far outshone the mere display of pomp. And in these humble walks of life, where, because of adversity and trial, one would think that men would be apt to have less faith and confidence in God, even here hope often beams the more brilliantly, and truth, by opposition, grows strong,—that truth which,

> "Like a torch, the more it's shook, it shines."

The influence of greatness and of great men is not to be estimated or measured by the extent of surface which it may cover, but by its quality. There are many who spread their minds over an immense space, and yet possess a greatness (if it may be called such) of no essential worth. An inexperienced artist may fill a city with daubs, as the productions of his poor genius, and thus win for himself a flimsy reputation; but the true workman who leaves behind one living picture in which immortal beauty is embodied, exerts by far a higher and more enviable influence, and will live by the eloquence of silence. A Florence Nightingale, passing up and down through a thronged hospital, with the eye of faith toward heaven, and administering with her hands to the necessities of dying men, exhibits a nobler, purer spectacle, than ever belonged to the most ambitious of conquerors. Oh how much of the counterfeit of this real exaltation is circulating through the earth, seeming at times even to be above par, and eagerly grasped by the unthinking multitude as a pure currency.

It is a most lamentable fact, that numbers of men, who have breathed an atmosphere morally impure, make the determination to become great, as the world terms it, in spite of any thing to the contrary. If the path of honest endeavor and exertion fails to terminate at that destination which they had fancifully pictured to their minds, then a new highway must be thrown up, broad and capacious, where every desire can be gratified, and every base passion let loose. Tell them that by a patient and consistent course lasting honor can be secured, and they will dismiss you from their presence as impostors. They wish some more direct and accessible way, where the popular voice may always be heard, and the popular will ever indulged. They have made the resolve to become great, and if their eminence is of such a character as not to command the admiration and plaudits of the better class of society, they will even extort attention, at least by the novelty and boldness of their doings. They, as it were, throw out the challenge to humanity to keep their names in silence. In short, they must be notorious, whether as worthies or monsters.

Another form, somewhat less injurious, of this same erroneous principle, may be found in the fact of men placing themselves in spheres for which they are totally disqualified, and all to secure a name. They impetuously rush to the professional office, when their mission would be better accomplished in attending to its cleanliness; hastily ascend the sacred desk, when a pew below would be far more becoming. The world's machinery is full of such wheels, out of place, and for ever retarding.

Then there is a class of wavering, fickle-minded ones, who might be called society's pendulums, swinging to and fro, but never coming to a fixed stand or purpose. They are known only when bodily seen. Their influence is never felt. They fail of improving every golden opportunity, by awaiting some expected tide of fortune, like Macawber, ever delaying "for something to turn up." Many a sad experience has testified to the words of the poet,

> "'Tis better to be lowly born,
> And dwell with humble livers in content,
> Than to be perked up on a glistering grief,
> Or wear a golden sorrow."

We come then to the only way by which true greatness can be reached, and that is in the striving to educate the soul. When one, by the strict discharge of duty, and efforts to bless himself by blessing his fellow-men, can almost catch at times from the skies the "Well done, good and faithful servant;" then it is that he is laying the foundation of that greatness which, going beyond the bounds of time, will afford joy to just spirits through eternity.

Let us, then, amid all the conflicting opinions with regard to what constitutes a distinguished man, be careful that we make the right decision. Let us not be driven by every tide and current, thoughtlessly hurling ourselves into the multitude as it presses on after renown; but placing before our eyes a true, exalted, and noble standard, let the aim of our endeavor be to attain thereunto. Let this desire of elevation above the mass be rightly directed, and the question of importance be, not whether a popular name shall be won at all hazards, but rather whether respect shall be merited by the cultivation of the mind and heart. Let us then foster and cherish those principles, and live by such a standard, that when we lie down in death, the voice of a surviving people may with justice endorse the sentiment, "Died a truly great, because a truly good man."

DUKE.

THE WOULD-BE POET.

DEDICATED TO MYSELF AND MY FRIEND OVER THE WAY.

I wander by a woodland brook, and as
My limbs grow faint and weary, I recline
Upon its green and mossy bank to rest.
All nature, too, has ceased from busy toil,
And, save this stream that slowly gurgles by,
A silence still as death enshrouds the scene.
I feel a languor stealing o'er my frame,
A thick'ning mist is closing round my view,
And all grows dark. I am—I know not where.
But hark! A voice of winning tone in whisper says,
"Wouldst thou, O Youth, a Poet's art acquire?
Wouldst thou in rapture strike a living lyre?
Wouldst thou with thoughts pierce Heaven's bright studded vail,
Or wouldst thou rather Hell's broad way assail?
With Chaucer's gentle spirit wouldst thou mount
For flight sublime, to Poesy's crystal fount,
And there with Shakspeare, Milton, Shelley, drink—
There with them dwell upon its emerald brink?
Or wouldst thou with the sturdy Byron glide
On lofty wing o'er this bright, sparkling tide,
And then descend with mighty swoop, to lave
Your weary pinions in its glittering wave;
Your strength renew; then upward with him spring
As swallow from a lake with moistened wing,
And from your pinions drop poetic gems,
Far rarer than the costliest diadems?
Or wouldst thou there with Moore's gay, laughing sprite,
In endless pleasure, take a joyous flight?
Wouldst thou do this? Be with this poet throng?
These souls immortal made, by immortal song.
Come, then! assume bright Fancy's wing and soar
Away with me, and thou shalt have the power."

The voice is silent. My bewildered soul
Seeks vainly to discover whence it is.
But hark! I hear another voice—it says,
"Beware young man! Be careful how you act.
You would a poet be, but know this fact,
That 'poetry is an impulse, not an art.'
It comes quick gushing from a fervent heart.

'Tis not the finished offspring of a mind
To maxims or to baser things confined.
Nor can you e'er apply such perfect tests,
As pyrrhics, spondees, dactyls, anapests.
Ambition's voice has urged your soul to flight,
To bathe it in a pure poetic light.
Be not deceived. She, siren lyrics sings,
And o'er a soul her golden net-work flings.
Sweet Poesy's fount exists. Those souls are there—
But she can never guide you, so—*Beware!*
Remember—'Poets are not made, but born.'
And He, alone, who on Creation's morn
Flung into space a thousand million spheres
To roll in harmony through countless years,
Can give to verse the fitting garb of rhyme,
The strength superior and the thought sublime."

The voice has ceased. I hear but one thing more.
Ambition speaks. How bitter are her words:
"Oh! hated spirit of the fatal True
Arrayed in garments of the Good. Do you
Again deprive me of a soul? 'Tis lost,
Yea, lost to me."

The darkness flees away.
The stream still slowly gurgles at my feet,
And o'er the western hills old Sol just now
Is giving Earth's fair face his good-night kiss.
Ah! I have slept. 'Twas but a warning dream.

Klamak.

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OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE.

It is natural for the young, when starting on the voyage of life, to paint for themselves bright pictures of the future; and as they accomplish more and more of that voyage, to look forward to their closing days with the hope that they shall receive the respect of those with whom they are associated, and be possessed of that which shall enable them to spend the remainder of life in quiet and ease. There is a satisfaction to one immersed in the cares of business, troubled and harassed by the perplexing turns of fortune, whose mind is continually strained revolving plans and forming schemes, to look forward to a time when all this shall be laid aside, and life become quiet and peaceful—the mind find relief, the body rest. Many a man in looking forward, delights in picturing before him the scenes of a happy old age. Suppose his life to be in the turmoil of business in a crowded city; when the moments come that leave him to himself; when stocks, policies, dividends, and the long list of subjects that occupy his thoughts are all forgotten, his memory may call him back to the quiet country spot where he spent his boyhood, and rush before him, in a crowd of recollections, those scenes and incidents so unlike the present, yet so full of quiet beauty, that a chord may be struck in his heart, perhaps a tear brought to his eye. Then, as his mind in its softened mood revolves the events of his past life, and ventures into the unknown future, there will come a resolve, that before his hair becomes white, and the ride down-town fatigues him beyond its wont, he will leave the office with its cares and vexations behind him; and imagination brings before him some handsome mansion, with green grounds intersected with graceful winding paths, shaded with luxuriant trees, adorned with brilliant flowers, and rare shrubbery, with here and there perhaps a glimpse of water—all within an hour's ride of that city which he cannot forget, which he thinks he will take a greater pleasure in revisiting because of his seclusion from it.

When the lawyer relieves his brain of weary suits, and the unraveling of tangled evidence, if he permits his mind to revert to the future, and to form an ideal old age, *Otium cum dignitate* takes strong possession. He loves to think that when his projects and plans are accomplished, and the great end of his life is done, he can spend his remaining years in ease and leisure; and ever with that thought will be, that men will honor and respect him, that neighbors will hold him in high esteem, that his profession will look upon him as an ornament, the country as one of its best citizens, society as one of its main supports.

When the man of medicine returns home from his daily visit of pain and suffering, the same suggestion and the same bright picture may perchance come up before him. Perhaps he has in his mind's eye some honored man, who, in the enjoyment of quiet and delightful ease, can look back on a long life spent in the blessed work of relieving human woe. Revolving in imagination this calm scene, he determines that there shall come a time when his present inconveniences shall be forgotten; and instead of severe professional duties, the happy lot of the retired physician shall become his own, and he too pass his declining years in dignity and happiness.

And then the humble healer of human souls has his views of a happy old age. His is the pleasing consciousness that when his faculties fail, and his wavering voice and feeble limbs warn him that his work on earth is accomplished, his Master will not desert him, and then he has only to wait until he shall be called home. Then does he hope to enjoy his period of *Otium cum dignitate*—not that of the rich in this world's goods, nor that of men whom she has raised with honors, but the *Otium* given by a true heart and the sweet consciousness of performed duty, the *Dignitas* freely given by the wise, the noble, and the virtuous.

In the wide world of science and art, among all men who live to labor, is this feeling found. For this end will prudent men toil, and diligently watch the daily increase or loss to their hoarded substance; for this will they deny themselves present pleasure, and even endure much mental disquietude: for years following the instincts of an ambition which commands them to provide for more than their present life. Alas, that so many should be disappointed! It is to me one of the saddest pictures of this sad world, to behold one who, after having had the finest prospects of spending in dignity and honor a happy old age, has been reduced by the rough hand of poverty. When his gray hairs are falling, and the wrinkles fast increasing on his brow—when the projects of his youth and manhood have proved failures, his plans disappointed—to be dependent for subsistence on those whom he once considered inferior; to whom, perhaps, he himself once gave a helping hand, is indeed sorrowful.

Yet it is a principle of our nature to be ever aiming higher; and although many fail, that some succeed is the reason why we are not disheartened. Wealth, honor, and renown are the general objects of ambition, but the one central point toward which all these tend, and which is the object of every man's desire, is the *Otium Cum Dignitate* of our discourse, when found in a happy old age.

GESS.

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SELF-CONTROL.

The man who acts according to the rules of perfect prudence, of strict justice, and of proper benevolence, may be said to be perfectly virtuous. But the most perfect knowledge of these rules will not alone enable him to act in this manner; his own passions are apt to mislead him, sometimes to drive him, sometimes to seduce him, to violate all the rules which he himself, during his cool and sober hours, approves of. The most perfect knowledge, unless sustained by the most perfect self-control, will not, in all cases, enable a man to do his duty.

These passions may be classed under two heads: first, into those, which to restrain, even for a moment, requires a considerable exertion of self-command; secondly, into those which can, with the greatest ease, be controlled for a short time, but which, by their almost incessant solicitation, are apt to mislead into great deviations. Fear, anger, and some other passions, constitute the first class. Excessive fear and anger are often difficult to control, even for a moment. The love of ease and pleasure may easily be restrained for a short time, yet by their constant importunities, often lead to many weaknesses. The former class of passions may be said to drive, the latter to seduce us from our duty. The command of these sets of passions, exclusive of the benefits resulting from the control of them, has a beauty of its own, and deserves, for its own sake, some degree of admiration and esteem. In the one case, the strength and greatness of the exertion excites our estimation; in the other, the uniformity and steadiness of that exertion.

The man who, in torture at the approach of death, preserves his tranquillity unaltered, and suffers no word or gesture to escape him that does not accord with the feelings of the most indifferent spectator, of necessity commands a very high degree of estimation. The heroes of ancient and modern history who are remembered with the most peculiar affection, are, many of them, those who have met their end on the scaffold for the sake of liberty and justice, and who conducted themselves while there with the most perfect self-control and dignity. Had the enemies of Socrates suffered him to die quietly in his bed, his death would probably never have acquired the splendor in which it has been looked upon ever since. But this magnanimity does not only cast a brightness over the characters of virtuous and innocent men, it even procures some favorable regard in the case of criminals. When a highwayman is brought to the scaffold, and there behaves with firmness, though no one doubts the justice of his punishment, yet regrets often rise, that one possessed of such great and noble powers should suffer such a disgraceful death.

War is the great school for acquiring this species of magnanimity. When a man has conquered the fear of death, he has little else to fear. In war men become familiar with death, and therefore lose, in a great degree, that superstitious fear of it which is peculiar to the inexperienced. The dread of death is thus greatly diminished, and therefore men learn to expose themselves to it with less reluctance, are less anxious to get out of it, and are not so likely to lose their presence of mind while in it. We are at times interested in great warlike exploits, although conducted in direct opposition to justice; and some degree of esteem is excited in us for the men of worthless character who conduct them. The command of anger frequently appears no less noble than that of fear. The orations of Cicero against Catiline afford a striking example of the control of anger, and the proper expression of just indignation. But this just indignation is only anger restrained, and properly moderated, to agree with the feelings of the impartial spectator. The passion which goes beyond this, and vents itself openly, is offensive, and claims our sympathy only for its object.

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THE SONG OF SUMMER.

Sunlight and shade with the green grass blade
    Were playing together,
And the joyous bird was often heard
    'Mid the blooming heather.

Tripping o'er the lea, there came to me,
    The summer's song.
Hark! listen! where the waters glisten,
    And glide along.

"I am here pretty dear,
    Pretty rose-bud bright,
Let me woo you with
    My soft sunlight.

"And that tear, darling one,
I must kiss away,
That lies on your cheek
At break of day.

"Sweet lily, if you're chilly,
Soon my warm caress
Will make you forget
The world's coldness.

"For the trees I've a breeze
That will make them proud;
I'll draw o'er their heads
A nice cool cloud.

"Gentle rain for the grain,
And life for all,
With merry sparkles
For waterfall.

"Joyous hum, let it come,
From meadow-grass,
A full free chorus,
My singing-class.

"And at night, in the light
Of bright moonbeam,
The true lovers courting,
Fill up the scene."

Thus the summer-coy sang loud in its joy,
And I, in a quiet way,
Wrote down in the sand, in poor shorthand,
A sketch of this quaint lay.

SIGMA.

THE CONSTITUTION—ITS SUSPENSION.

All good governments are the result of growth. The most perfect systems now used for the protection of society were only reached by long periods of governmental development. In all governments there is a central power—an absolute will—which cannot be forcibly resisted, except by the right of revolution. We may, therefore, divide the growth of government, taken in an abstract sense, into two stages, in each of which the government is distinguished by the location of the central power or directing will. The first stage is characterized by the fact that the central power in the government is found in the will of one individual mind; the second stage, by the fact that it is found in the will of the majority. The former, therefore, may be termed the *absolute* period, and the latter the *republican.* We do not mean to say by this, that all governments which have existed were either republican or absolute purely—for many have been oligarchal—but that in all systems the principle of absolutism or republicanism has predominated. The absolute is the form which was first developed, and the only one which will meet the demands of a society bowed down by ignorance. The republican is the latest development, and is certainly only adapted to a people of high civilization and sound Christian principle.

The great blessings of this high governmental system are liberty and equal rights to all. There must, however, even in this free system, be some supreme controlling power; a source from which all things else in the government derive their power; a system of fundamental laws which, although they derive their power from the governed, cannot be swept away by any violent tumultuous uprising of the people—a CONSTITUTION.

The Constitution then, from its own nature and essence, is the fundamental law. If, therefore, you annihilate it, like removing the foundation, the whole national structure falls headlong into ruin.

The question, then, which we wish to discuss, is whether we are, for peculiar reasons, ever justified in suspending the functions of the Constitution, whether in a revolution like the present—for rebellion, if successful, is revolution—we may not temporarily do away with one or more of its provisions for the sake of preserving and perpetuating its authority.

The question to some may seem absurd, for the reason that the answer to it is so self-evident—that it is too much like inquiring in regard to one's own existence. But the days of absurd theories have not passed away, and so we find to-day statements as ridiculous as the hypothesis that man is an improved species of the monkey. We find that the political philosophers of some of the press of the present day, hold the opinion that the preservation of the Constitution by temporarily laying aside some of its provisions, is revolutionary, and that such a course of conduct by the authorities of the land is unmitigated usurpation, and that they would rather see the Union dissolved than preserved by such "tyrannical usurpation of the liberties of the people."

But do they speak truly? Is such an action by those who have sworn "to defend and protect" the Constitution a usurpation? If it is, then it makes little difference whether our Constitution is destroyed by revolutionary disunion, or by usurpation. Both should be violently resisted. Such an action, however, we claim is not usurpation. For the temporary suspension of the prerogatives of the Constitution, from its own nature, is not a permanent one, and the ultimate object is not to put the prerogatives suspended in the hands of the authorities suspending, as a permanent arrangement, but upon the Constitution, from which they were for a good purpose taken away, viz., the preservation of its integrity.

The character, then, of an action is determined by its intent, or the object for which it was performed; when, therefore, some of the provisions of the Constitution are temporarily taken away, with the intent, and for the purpose, of maintaining its perpetual authority, the act is not a usurpation, but simply a temporary suspension of its provisions.

We have thus decided a question which is of the utmost importance to our subject, viz., that such a suspension of the powers of the Constitution is not usurpation. If it were, such a course of conduct could not be justified, and the cries of "tyrannical assumption of power by the present administration," would make the blood of American citizens to boil with patriotic indignation. The same sublime "uprising of a great people" which responded to the echo of Sumter's guns, would be turned against "the powers that be," and the bayonets that now point at the heart of rebeldom would be stained with the blood of the usurpers at Washington.

We state, then, that in cases of civil disruption, of violent national throes, when the whole polity of the nation is threatened with destruction, the Constitution may be *justifiably* suspended, in whole or in part. We do not mean by this, that it can be done legally, but justifiably, *i. e.*, the action would be vindicated by reason. The case, however, must be extreme.

1. Let us enter somewhat minutely into the circumstances. Our country is in a violent civil war. The very existence of the nation, and therefore of the Constitution, is fearfully threatened. With its destruction, all safeguards to our lives and property are swept away, and anarchy and bloodshed are the inevitable results. The Constitution, therefore, is of inestimable value, for it gives worth to our property, happiness and security to ourselves. There is, however, something in this valuable code which stands in the way of its own preservation. It deprives its protectors of some power which they might otherwise use to maintain its integrity. Would it not, therefore, be the part of wisdom and reason to temporarily suspend these provisions, in order that the exigencies of the case might be met, and that the instrument which is of such intrinsic value might be preserved from its threatened destruction? We almost intuitively answer in the affirmative. Such, we believe, are the views of the subject which have been taken by the present defenders of our immortal Constitution, in their

efforts to ward off the nullity with which disunion threatens it.

2. The Constitution was made for times of peace, which is the natural condition of a country. Certainly a Constitution that was made for times of national upheavings and revolution, would be a very poor instrument for times of peace, and *vice versa.* When, therefore, a country is in the midst of a revolution, the Constitution leaves the authorities in the dark as to the course to be pursued. They cannot, therefore, act by rule. Should the government then stand still and do nothing, because the Constitution does not provide a rule of action, or because it has some provisions which prevent the authorities from doing all they can to meet the exigencies of the case? Certainly not. The spicy little speech of Maynard in Parliament, during the English revolution, fully illustrates this. He says: "We are at this moment out of the beaten path. If, therefore, we are determined to move only in that path, we shall not move at all. A man in a revolution resolving to do nothing which is not strictly according to the established form, resembles a man who has lost himself in the wilderness, and who stands crying, 'Where is the king's highway? I will walk nowhere but in the king's highway.' In a wilderness a man should take the track that will lead him home. In a revolution we must have recourse to the highest law, the safety of the state." The safety of the state, then, is the supreme law when the life of a nation is threatened, and whenever the Constitution comes in conflict with that law, we are justified, yea, we are in duty bound, to disregard it until the crisis is past.

Let us thank God that our country has not yet been brought to that terrible dilemma in which it is necessary for our people to go through the dark valley of suspended liberty, in order that the heaven-born beams of freedom may in time to come still warm our hearts, and that our institutions may finally be preserved. All that the government demands is a cheerful submission to some temporary inconveniences, and to give it a hearty support, while it stretches forth its hand to give the death-blow to the monster enemy of our liberties. Let the people remember that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." ID.

DEVELOPMENT.

Everything has its normal state, from which it proceeds to maturity. It seems to be a law of Providence, that all things should have a state of infancy and a state of perfection. Continual change makes up the intermediate state. This change takes place in accordance with natural principles. The closer these principles are followed, the more complete the maturity. This is the general rule, and the exceptions to it are where these principles are not regarded. The Almighty reserves to himself the absolute prerogative of giving existence on the sole condition, that when he returns he may receive his own, with usury; and if this condition is not fulfilled, the transgressed laws will be their own executives. We do not say, that there is one standard of perfection, to which all things must attain, or suffer certain consequences; for, as various as are the offspring of existence, so numerous are the stages and degrees of the required maturity.

The normal state of some things far surpasses the utmost capacity of others. And, therefore, since all things are not similar in their capacities, the same state of perfection is not to be expected. The different degrees of perfection are in the same ratio as the natural capacities. "There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory."

Now growth and development are the links that join the germ to its maturity. "Growth is increase by the addition of matter," while development is merely bringing into actuality the innate capacities.

In the vegetable kingdom, the time of growth and development is the season of cultivation—the season between seedtime and harvest. In the brute creation, animals, for a certain time, according to their species, not only make attainment in physical capacity, by training and exercise, but also from experience, gain what we will call an educated instinct. We all very well know that some animals, while young, may be so trained, that afterward it is impossible to train them otherwise. This proves what we have asserted, that there is a time in the existence of organized bodies, during which they are susceptible of development.

Now all that has been said concerning plants and animals, in reference to their physical natures, can, in substance, be applied to the mind of man.

The mind of man is capable of development, and its capacity is determined and bestowed, only by God. To one is delivered five talents, to another two talents, to another one; and the accountability of each is in proportion to what is delivered to him. For as there are diversities of gifts, so there are diversities of operations; although these gifts are granted, and these operations required by the same God. Also, the time of youth is the time for attaining maturity, or at least for beginning the foundation upon which the structure of relative perfection is based.

Very few seem to realize how responsible they are for their mental endowments, or how necessary it is to take advantage of their youth, in order to make the most of their capacities.

For instance, a person thinks because he is naturally endowed with extraordinary powers of mind, he can pass through life without positive exertion. He acts as if he were the special favorite of Heaven, destined to enjoy the glory of the celestial. He considers the bestowal of superior mental power as the token of his acknowledged preëminence, while in reality it is only a solemn evidence of what God will require of him when the day of reckoning comes. He forgets that ratio and proportion are scriptural rules; that according to his improvement the reward will be given; that he who received two talents and gained other two, will receive the same proportionate reward as he who received five talents, and gained other five.

The truth is, such an one ought to be just as diligent, just as desirous of making progress, as those who are less favored. It does really seem, sometimes, as if those who have extraordinary mental capacities, are physically so careless and lazy, that in the end "their glory is their shame."

Again, there are those of whom we say, "They have only common abilities"—individuals whose mental powers, although not quick and penetrating, are endowed with good common sense. By close application they are able to make a good degree of attainment in the arts and sciences. Now the question arises, why then do so few make this desirable achievement? While he who has superior talent is apt to be elated, those of common abilities are liable to discouragement, which arises from seeing him that is more highly favored, even in his negligence, making the same progress as themselves. O that man would learn that to his own Master he must stand or fall! Man's mutual relations were not intended to destroy his individual responsibility. The difference in natural endowments was not arranged to excite envy and partiality, but in order to afford that variety which is the spice of life. The activity of the world, as well as its progress, is attributable to this characteristic of God's dispensing providence. If there were no minds thirsting for novelty, what would lead to new discoveries and further invention? If there were no metaphysical talent in the world, what would become of mental and moral sciences? If no one had the gift of tongues, how would commerce and civilization be promoted? Would it suit our idea of propriety to have all mental faculties similarly developed in every individual? When we appeal to our own experience, we are forced to acknowledge that "He doeth all things well." Whenever we undertake to question the wisdom of God, we are convinced, after a full and impartial investigation, of the unerring omniscience of our Creator.

There is a peculiar adaptedness in the works of Providence which is not always appreciated at first sight. We see no inconsistencies in the natural world. A beautiful harmony seems to pervade every thing. If men were all similarly constituted in their moral and physical capacities, there might indeed be a sort of lifeless harmony existing among men; but as the case is, when the law of love is obeyed, men can derive their highest enjoyment from the mutual benefits for which they are mutually dependent. But if, after their hardness and impenitent hearts, by transgressing this law they pervert allotted blessing and joys into curses and misery, is it reasonable to reproach the God of love? A just and reasonable conclusion is, that men are responsible for what God has delivered to them—for their mental endowment, and the precious opportunities for its development. The difficulty of which men complain, is merely trouble borrowed from the morrow, which is dissoluble into as many atoms as there are moments in the future.

LINDEN.

CENTRALIZATION.

It is a truism too great to require elaborate discussion, that the present is an age of transcendent material activity. The marvellous results effected through the agency of steam and iron, the loadstone and the electric telegraph, have been so often held up to our astonishment and admiration, that the power of wonder has almost become dead within us. The stupendous inventions which astounded, in their inception, the minds of the previous generation, have so interwoven their strands with the fabric of our social life, as to belong to its texture and essence; so that we can only judge from history and tradition how men lived and worked in the infancy of scientific discovery, before the building of factories or laying of railroads. From such perpetual contemplation of the powers of nature working for the benefit of man, in bonds of his devising, arises a twofold mental result.

In the first place, we tire of the repetition which endlessly babbles in our sated ears, the story of the advance of civilization. Much as the intellect delights in the conviction of its supremacy over matter, every decade growing more and more absolute, yet the sweetest song will pall at length upon the hearing; and men of education and thought have abandoned the threadbare topic to mediocrity and dulness.

But another result has followed this familiarity, of more moment and consequence. The tiresome repetition has had effect to preclude that broad and thoughtful consideration of the subject which would place within our comprehension the scope and tendency which those influences possess, in their operation upon our moral and mental life. By the very force of habitual representation, is stamped upon the brain a belief in the unalloyed value of the benefits which these wondrous inventions have conferred upon humanity; and when the subject is laid on the shelf, we yet retain a conviction, founded not upon examination, but on trust, that the platitudes we weary of, are nevertheless true; that we are advancing, no longer gradually, but with rapid strides, to that full development of the nobler powers of man, in which only is contained a true civilization. Yet if such unreasoning faith should be succeeded by keen analysis and searching inquiry, the conclusion must, it seems to us, be far different. The truism will become a doubtful half-truth; the golden shield will show a brazen side as well. Man is not composed of intellect alone; heart and soul enter into the measure of a perfect humanity.

Shall we place the summation of enlightenment and progress in the mere discovery and employment of means by which the forms of matter shall be modified into shapes better suited for our earthly necessities? Stated in such a form, the proposition becomes a practical absurdity; yet no less an importance seems to be attached, in the popular cant of the day, to the machinery of communication or production. To all that is grand or elevated in the individual, such works are utterly foreign; they have no influence over his conscience, his affections, his standard of living; outside of his reasoning powers, they are utterly impotent. And not only this, but the order of intellect and range of faculties that they employ is essentially narrow and limited, having their province only in observance of natural phenomena, and in such power of comparison and construction as shall enable them to employ the great underlying forces in methods which subserve human interests. To metaphysics and its kindred sciences we justly assign the highest rank among the agencies which serve at once to elevate the mind, and having so raised, to furnish themes for its contemplation; for by such studies we occupy the loftiest capacities of our thought, and continually strengthen the intellect in considering the great realities of subjective existence. But in the mind of the constructor, the great theological and political problems, the chosen topics of great thinkers from earliest ages, have no place or habitation. *He* is concerned with the laws of the material universe—not in their nobler aspect, as the imprint of a divine power, the expression of infinite harmony and order, but strictly in their relation to man, seeking to use them for his convenience or profit; and thus the properties of steam and iron are his first consideration, while the intellect holds but a secondary place. A Watt or a Fulton studies how he may hitch his wagon to a star; a Plato and a Hamilton trace the bright orbits of the stars themselves, and see in every revolution around the central sun, that perfect harmony of motion which marks the unity of one controlling will.

But as we have tried to show that the benefits conferred upon man by the machinery of civilization, though great in degree, are low in kind, so let us proceed a step further, and examine whether there be not a positive harm and detriment to the individual, wrought by the operation of these agencies. The condition of social life which they inevitably tend to induce, is centralization. The whole bearing of their influence upon the character is to subject moral and mental individuality to the imperious claims of society. The tremendous acceleration of the facilities for communication afforded by steam and electricity, enabling the inhabitants of lands thousands of miles apart to interchange thoughts and feelings, as neighbors talk over the kitchen fire; the employment in factories, which daily brings into communion throngs of operatives; the system of division of labor, which almost of necessity associates those who pursue the same branch of business—all these prevail to turn the thought from the contemplation of the great realities and aims of existence, to the perpetual beholding of our fellow-men, and the reception of impressions from other minds. Agriculture, the principal pursuit two hundred years ago, has in a great measure become secondary to commerce and manufactures, both of which necessitate a continual intercourse, by no means incumbent upon tillers of the soil. In short, it seems the inevitable result of a natural law, that every invention which extends the rule of man over the material universe, also compels him to a closer conjunction with his species, in all the departments of industry with which it is concerned.

The increase of population in the more civilized portions of the globe is a coöperative agency to the continued intermingling of men in familiar intercourse. In a country, for example, so densely populated as England, the ability of escaping at will from associations which serve to keep the thoughts perpetually concentrated upon social life, in all the petty outline of its daily wants and habits, is a privilege attainable only by those whose circumstances exempt them from the incessant toil of the factory and counting-house. This is perhaps the less to be regretted, that the demands of our insatiate civilization employ the bulk of mankind for their gratification, binding them down to a routine of daily labor, which not only deprives them of opportunity, but even of inclination for a life of solitude and self-cultivation. No one can persistently starve any faculty, by denying it the slightest scope or exercise, without weakening and finally destroying it; and if the whole being and vigor of the individual be enslaved to the daily drudgery of trade, the higher elements of his mental and moral nature must infallibly diminish and disappear.

So then, by the concurrent agencies of machinery and dense population, the orbit of modern social life appears to be narrowing toward a central unity. It remains to inquire whether such a movement is truly beneficial to the individual and to the multitude, or whether it conceals, under the specious appearance of material progress, an influence so baneful to all that is grand or noble in the mental constitution, as to appal the soundest thinkers of the age with apprehension of its tendency and its ultimate result.

In the prosecution of such an inquiry, the first subject of consideration must evidently be the nature and relative importance of the faculties which are kept in action by continued association with our fellows. Man, it is said, is a social being; *i. e.*, he has by nature certain impulses toward fellowship with his kind, and certain powers which find their proper development in such fellowship. But are these impulses the highest in his nature, or those powers the most lofty and complete? A moment's consideration will, we think, enable us to give a negative answer. In society of any sort, and in any sphere, the subjects of thought and discussion will naturally be those things which are common to its members, and which each has more or less ability to understand. In any communion between individuals, the higher must stoop to the level of the lower, and adapt the general tone of his conversation to the other's capacity of reception; while in return they will receive only intellectual products of inferior quality. Moreover, in such intercourse, the vital idiosyncrasy which gives character and value to the thinking, will for the most part disappear before the social mandate which prescribes an agreement and concord in the outward appearance, often absent from the inner reality. A certain degree of conformity to the feelings and opinions of others is indeed the dictate of gentlemanly courtesy as well as of Christian charity; but how destructive to all originality of mind, how detrimental to all simplicity and honesty of thought, is a perpetual suppression of individual opinion, in deference to the prejudice or ignorance of another!

The power of correct and logical thought on topics of lofty conception and tremendous consequence, the ability to investigate the problems of metaphysics and theology, is not born of intuition; it is the result of that habit of contemplation which fixes the mental gaze on the eternal truths that underlie all forms of existence, and enables the understanding, strengthened by effort and practice, to rise from effect to cause, to trace in varied phenomena the operation of one efficient law. Such an exalted stand-point it is almost impossible for the operative, the tradesman, the lawyer, to attain; but should they reach it, by virtue of surpassing talents and indomitable will, and from its height look down upon their co-laborers in daily business, with what pity and kindly contempt must they regard them! Like draught-horses around a mill, they circle their daily orbit around some machine patented by custom or duration to meet the mental and physical necessities of social life; and with every revolution, the chains of habit that bind them to their monster idol grow stronger and more cumbersome.

There must be many a man in whom, at his entrance upon active life, lay a possibility of noble and symmetrical development, which, if urged by the force of kindly circumstances to the fulness of its perfect work, would exalt the whole being to the standard of an ideal excellence. Under the benignant skies of favoring opportunity, the bright spring-time of promise might have merged into a royal pomp of summer; an autumn, dropping fruits of power; a winter, calm and peaceful, known not by stormy days, but by the snows gently falling on the aged head. Such, I say, might have been his career; such it has not been. From the very outset his path has lain under the shadow of a grim necessity, that stood up like a wall of darkness between him and the happy sunlight. He may not worship at the shrine of intellect or art; Mammon demands an undivided homage; and hideous idol though he be, with hard glittering eyes, and ears that hear but the clink of the casket, what can the wretched votary do but kneel? "Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys." The subtle calculation of coming events; the quick appreciation of the moment and the opportunity; the keen insight into human nature; the calm persistent energy that overcomes the adverse Fates, are concentred for a lifetime upon the fluctuations of trade; and the powers which might have made a great statesman, a great philosopher, a great general, go down, year after year, to buy and sell in the stock-market.

Such are the evil and danger which this centralization brings, in an overwhelming current, upon individual ability and intellect. Of the terrible exigencies to which it exposes all the working organizations of society, we of the present generation will scarcely make light—we, who have heard Lancashire, the richest district in the richest country of the earth, cry aloud for help to save her starving laborers, because, forsooth, the cotton-bales to feed her mills and engines lay useless in a foreign land, girdled with steel and fire! The balance of delicate relation and wide-spread interaction established between demand and supply, has been graduated to such exquisite proportion, that half the globe is bound in the indissoluble fetters of commercial interests; so that nations whose every feeling is antagonistic, whose civilization is as far separated as the boundaries of their territory, are constrained into unnatural alliance in the unholy bonds of traffic. The iron despotisms and effete superstitions of the Orient are brought face to face with the keen intelligence and vigorous manhood of Western Europe. Exaltation of trade above the spirit of Christian civilization has demoralized every nation of Christendom. No longer do we see nations self-sphered, pursuing in harmony the even tenor of their way; desiring peace, indeed, but ready, in a just and noble cause, to stand up right manfully to the trial by battle. A gigantic wrong may lift its Gorgon head among the enlightened peoples of the West; the strong may oppress the weak; temporal despotism may join hands with spiritual against the liberty of a struggling state: and if an outraged public opinion dares to utter, through popular demonstration or publication of the press, its hatred of the deed and abhorrence of the doers, its voice is drowned in a howl from every tradesman in the land. The mill-owner trembles for the failure of the raw material, whose loss would silence the busy hum of his machinery; the merchant dreads protective tariffs and double dangers of the sea; the workman fears the fall of wages and the loss of employment. Every means is employed, every agency set in operation, against action which might commit the government to the alternative of war; and even when the last deadly insult has been offered, the last wanton aggression perpetrated; when cowardly quiescence has given place to hot wrath and shame, and the nation rises as one man to vindicate its outraged honor; even then, from the trader comes the sordid cry of "Peace—peace on any terms—peace at any cost!" as Patrick Henry described the contractor wandering about the camp at Yorktown, his voice, amid the joy-bells and pæans of a delivered people, crying, in mournfulest cadence, "Beef! *beef!* BEEF!"

If the description that we have attempted of degraded manhood and demoralized nationality even approximate to the truth, the mind will naturally turn to seek for medicine and relief. For either type of the disease, as it appears respectively in the man or in the community, there must be a specific remedy, differing in degree, to some extent in kind, from the application made to the other.

In proceeding to consider the methods of culture by which an individual may be saved from the debasing effect of too exclusive activity of the social instincts, let us quote a pregnant passage from De Quincey: he is speaking of the tremendous progress of material civilization:

"It becomes too evident that unless this colossal pace of advance can be retarded—a thing not to be expected—or, which is happily more probable, can be met by corresponding forces *in the direction of religion or profound philosophy*, forces which shall radiate centrifugally against this storm of life, so perilously centripetal toward the vortex of the merely human, left to itself, the natural tendency of so chaotic a tumult must be to evil."

In the words italicized is contained the secret of the cure. The mind tends to become absorbed in things common and trivial, in provision for daily wants and monotonous routine of employment; give it something outside of itself, something noble in its presence and great in its results, as the subject of daily contemplation and endeavor. Emanuel Kant, they say, composed the best of his metaphysical discussions sitting at a window opposite the Cathedral of Königsberg, that its grandeur of outline and harmony of proportion might shut out from his thought the baseness of ignoble cares, as itself shut out light and hearing of the busy street beyond. So should the life-work of every mortal be sanctified and ennobled by the perpetual contemplation of grand, consistent, regulative worth. Such contemplation will ripen into principle—will prove the very spring and source of action—will consecrate to all the noble use and sweet charities of life. And this elevating power will be felt, just in proportion as the object of thought transcends our sensual nature, and embodies the ultimate causes and elements of existence. Even when the thinking is based on false assumptions, and arrives at false conclusions, the very habit of mental occupation among such lofty conceptions will beget contempt for petty vice or frivolous meanness; so that if the philosopher err, he will at least err grandly, magnificently. The prince of German metaphysicians, though a stranger and an enemy to true religion, had yet that indignant scorn of falsehood, that never—save, alas! in one memorable instance—did he, in word or deed, depart from the literal truth. What then may we not hope, when to doctrines that give the intellect its worthiest employment, and mysteries whose depth the keenest eye can never fathom, is superadded a revelation of transcendent glory and unsullied purity to which all our moral nature rises in glad response? Christianity has this twofold advantage over philosophy in mental training, that its themes are more noble, and that its appeal to the moral faculty is more direct and powerful. Unenlightened philosophy reasons out its ethics, arriving at regulative maxims by laborious induction from conditions limited by imperfect knowledge; Christianity reasons not, but presents the highest ideal of excellence realized in the man Christ Jesus; and we wait for no proof, but kneel in adoring reverence, seeing in Him the brightness of the Father's glory. Of the heavenly joys and aspirations caused by the workings of the Holy Spirit, it is not within the scope of this essay to deal; but one thing we must say, as necessary to the proper treatment of our subject: trust in God is the most elevating, as well as the most consoling emotion of our being; a life of faith is the greatest possible security against the dissipation of the soul's energies upon the pursuit of trifles.

And now, in conclusion, one word as to the necessary condition of the upward progress. It results from the nature of the studies and habits of thought we have mentioned, that solitude is necessary to their acquisition. This solitude, the claims of humanity upon our daily life, the eager hurry of an age that hastens to be rich, the thousand inducements to mingle with our fellow-men, combine to limit and endeavor to annihilate: yet this we must attain, if we would reach the full stature of mental manhood.

"No man," says De Quincey, "ever will unfold the capacities of his own intellect, who does not at least checker his life with solitude. How much solitude, so much power. Or, if not true in that rigor of expression, to this formula undoubtedly it is that the wise rule of life must approximate." And no more illustrious exemplification of his theory can be cited than De Quincey himself, whose regal intellect received its choicest nutriment in the hours of "high-thoughted contemplation," apart from the haunts and the doings of men. Without this, there is danger that even our Christianity will assume a narrow and temporal type, becoming dim of sight in the higher regions of religious experience, and busied chiefly in providing for the wants of fellow-mortals,—very noble work, truly, but not the noblest. Whence comes such dull uniformity of devotion, such reproduction of the thoughts and feelings of others, if not from the colloquial and limited sphere of our meditation? "I sometimes think," says Dr. Alexander, "that we are more tied down to a conventional type of piety, than the very Romanists." Let us determine, that while for pleasure, social converse, business, and worship, we forsake not the assembling of ourselves together, we will also often go apart into the desert places of solitude, to study, to meditate, and to pray.

Of the remedy for that relentless pressure of population which turns plenty into want, and want into starvation, we have neither space nor ability to speak. Political economy for two hundred years has vainly sought it; but the problem, to this day, remains unsolved—the crisis every year becoming more urgent, and the interests that depend upon the answer more momentous. Such a problem was proposed to the French government in the last century; but they refused to see that there was any problem at all—until at last, in 1789, the people grew weary, and cut the knot they could not unravel. Such a problem is presented to England to-day. Will she deny its existence, or set about finding the answer?

We do not overlook the great, evident advantages of material civilization to the world. We know that where it has brought the disease, it may also bring the remedy; that the steamer may convey corn to starving Lancashire, and Bibles to perishing India; that the telegraph may flash tidings of victory, and messages of good-will; that the railroad car may be freighted with letters from distant friends, and comforts for sick soldiers: in a word, that all the machinery of civilization may be used in the cause of charity for the benefit of the race. But there is little danger that these things will be passed by or underrated. They are palpable, lying at the surface, capable of estimation by statistics. But on the debtor side are no statistics: injury to mind and heart is incomputable. Not the less dangerous, therefore; inward bleeding seldom has frightful symptoms. England, they say, is becoming a nation of tradesmen. God save the gallant old mother country from such a gloomy fate! God save our own beloved land from the trader's heart! For as surely as it comes upon us, so surely will national prosperity follow national honor over the brink of perdition. ROTANEV.

PAST AND FUTURE.

In these times when great revolutions threaten, and the nations of the earth seem about to be convulsed in one mighty struggle, it is a natural task for one to look forward into the future, big with coming events, and try to discover what the end will be. The mind of man, ever unsatisfied, is not content with any limitation, but would endeavor to satisfy itself with a knowledge of all things. There is a desire prevalent among all enlightened people of the present age, for some one who may ascend some Pisgah height, and, looking beyond the present, may discover the great and final result, and, in prophetic language, publish abroad a revelation of his vision; and the interest which attaches itself to the present state of affairs throughout the world, must of itself force every one possessed of intelligence to regard with the deepest anxiety the course of human events.

It is our great privilege, in this advanced stage of the world, to have the experience of all past ages for our guidance—an inexhaustible fountain, "whence rich supplies of knowledge flow." The student of history, as he wanders through its many and wide spread fields, gathers plentifully, and comes forth laden with spoil. Regarding the great principles of action and the workings of the machinations of man's genius in the past, we may, without an assumption of prophetic power, make a fair conjecture of what will be. Although the past is unrelenting, and

> "Strong the barriers round its dark domain,
> And fetters sure and fast,
> Hold all that enter its unbreathing reign,"

the lessons derived are fertile and useful, and the warnings given should not be unheeded.

> "Far in her realm withdrawn
> Old Empires sit in sullenness and gloom;
> And glorious ages gone
> Lie deep within the shadow of her tomb."

The glory of grand empires, mighty kingdoms, and of the renowned deeds of individual men, shines out from every page of her history. Their glory yet remains, but they have perished:—as when a glittering light invokes our admiring gaze, long after the star from which it was reflected has ceased to be. Ruin, the inevitable concomitant of time, is stamped upon every feature. Wherever we turn our eyes we are struck with the desolation of the scene. Egypt, while she tells of her former glory, by her lofty pyramids and the cities of dead under our feet, tells us also of her ruin by the feeble remains of her once powerful cities.

Rome and Athens have crumbled into dust, and even the "City of the great King" is like the tented field. From these unmistakable emblems, we need scarcely be told that the end of all things will be destruction; that the future will unravel one ruin after another until there is nothing left to fall. But here revelation, given by the finger of inspiration, adds her sure testimony to the signs of the times, and points in one direction with our experience. We are assured that the whole earth shall be rolled together as a scroll; the moon shall "cease to give her light," and the stars fall from heaven. With mother earth shall wither and die all that is therein. The mighty cities and uncultivated forests shall share one common lot. Her fair sons and daughters shall one by one be gathered to their last resting-place, and a few,

> "In the twinkling of an eye
> Shall put on immortality."

These truths, long sounded in our ears, have grown familiar, and lost that attention which their nature demands.

We are particularly engrossed with the more immediate result of passing events. What will the present state of affairs accomplish? Nations are gathering together for war. International strife and animosity are increasing, threatening to produce scenes of bloodshed, carnage and slaughter. What use the future will make of this state of affairs is, of course, involved in obscurity. And yet we may make some conjecture of what will come to pass, from our knowledge of what similar causes have produced under similar circumstances.

We are told that the undulations of air, produced by various causes, never cease entirely, but for ages and ages continue their silent motions, and tell the story of their existence. The concussion caused by the downfall of the mighty Roman empire comes yet with almost stunning effect to our ears.

The undulations of the revolutions of Europe have not yet spent their force. Wafted across the Atlantic, they join the kindred waves of commotion that rise from our own land, and, with a strange but true symmetry, combining their force, startle us from our lethargy, and move us anxiously to inquire: Is this, too, our fate? The tide of destruction has threatened to engulph us, and the fear has prevailed that soon perhaps might be felt all over the world, the mighty undulation which should tell to all coming ages the story of our destruction. But while we are thus troubled for the future of our country, the light of encouragement is reflected from the past. It presents to our view nations, in some respects the prototype of our own, which, torn and shaken by internal and external strife, until they seemed almost ready to fall, have suddenly put on their might, and come forth from their scourge stronger than ever before, and better prepared to perform their part in the history of the world.

Two periods of glory have preceded our own. The Semitic, in which the ancient nations of the East grew powerful and learned in all the elements of the wisdom of that day. This was the Oriental world, in which the sway of despotism and obedience was well-nigh complete. Gorgeous empires were constituted in such a way that one only, the ruler, was conscious of the spirit of freedom—of his own individuality.

The next period of glory was that of the Grecian and Roman. It succeeded the ruins of the Oriental period, and was one step in advance. Freedom was more generally appreciated, and the idea of individuality more widely extended. Beauty in form and matter was the great object of attainment, and man the object of worship, among the Greeks; while among the Romans, the grand idea was man and government. Here we see freedom in conflict with aristocracy, and democracy, and the abstract idea of government. It was destined that the glories of this period should also pass away, and ruin follow.

We are now brought down to the "Middle Ages," that troubled period of transition, in which new ideas and institutions struggled into existence, upon the ruin of the Roman and Grecian period of glory. Here we see Christianity planted, and growing in strength and stature. The last mighty struggles of the "powers of darkness" with the "powers of light;" the rapid spread of the spirit of Christianity and of freedom, as exhibited in the Crusades and the Reformation; the gradual march of civilization westward, were the forerunners and preludes to our own period or stage of development—even the magnificent accomplishments of the nineteenth century.

Freedom is now known by all, and its influence is widely felt. Individuality is cherished for its own sake; enters into the very being of the man, and exalts him to almost a divine personality. What wonderful developments and vast achievements does the past reveal! and to what a high position is man brought! What a blessing is Christianity, and how it exalts the condition of an immoral world!

The teachings of the past might seem to indicate that this period of glory also would gradually decline, and be succeeded by a time of desolation and ruin. But we hope for better things. We are persuaded that the indications of the past, closely considered, the natural deductions of reason, and the teachings of the great Creator, tend to show just the opposite of this to be true.

Each nation has had its part to play, each its peculiar work to perform; and when that work was done, the pride and strength of that nation passed away. When the nations of the East marched westward in their course of civilization, they met nations from the North, of entirely different dispositions, manners, and pursuits. The *physical structure* of the country was such as prevented these nations, by mere intercourse and contact, from becoming united. Indented by bays and gulfs, with its arms stretching out into the ocean, and with its inland seas dividing its very centre, the country was evidently intended for the habitation of different nations, dissimilar in interests and in pursuits; and such is Europe. Here, then, are wanting those elements of union, that firm broad basis on which may be built a grand universal empire. Manifestly another continent, more adapted to this great plan and purpose, was needed. We believe that America, happy in the possession of a suitable physical structure, and of the other elements, will be the theatre in which will be enacted the greatest events the world has ever seen. We believe that the great work of Europe is to convey to America all those diverse elements and principles of nationality and government of which she is in possession; and that in America these different elements will, under the genial influence of freedom and Christianity, be transformed and developed into one grand whole, having as its chief characteristic, *spiritual freedom.* The duty of America manifestly is to send abroad this grand principle, until it permeates and revolutionizes the whole world, and prepares it for one great universal empire, to be ruled by the "Prince of Peace." We are strengthened in our opinion, moreover, by what seems to us to be true, viz., that every other continent has performed its work, or nearly so, and that America alone has yet her work to do. We have seen that the physical man was first developed, and then the mental; and it remains for the future history of the world to record the development of the moral man. And where will this be accomplished, except in America? And what country is better adapted to this work?

If then we have rightly received and understood the teachings of the past, and rightly divined the future, we have great reason to be encouraged with regard to the future prospects of our country, and are brought to the conclusion that it is its high destiny to bring about the closing scenes of the earth's existence. We regard its present trouble only as a scourge, a purifying fire, whence it will come forth stronger than ever before, and more fully developed in respect to the principles of freedom and Christianity. Our nation, not yet having arrived at maturity, is already giving signs of its adaptedness to the work, and of its capacity to perform it.

May the Sovereign Ruler of the universe be the guiding star of America, and her source of might and power, until there is accomplished the complete reformation of the world.

W.

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NATURE.

How sweetly does nature accord
  With our every varying mood!
Dispensing to man, as her lord,
  For each passion appropriate food.

For the gay do the butterflies dance,
  And the swallows dart by on the wing;
For the joyous the sunbeams glance
  On the opening flowrets of spring.

For the pensive the autumn leaves fall,
  And the shadows flit over the sky;
For the sad is the dull leaden pall,
  Which foreshadows the storm-king nigh.

The contemplative mind also finds
  Richest fields for its exercise here;
In the sunshine, the rain, and the winds,
  As they play around earth's rolling sphere.

Within and without—all around,
  Are wonders minute and sublime;
Spread out o'er the sky's utmost bound,
  And disdaining our cycles of time.

Here Reason much beauty beholds,
  Which to others less gifted is lost;
Nature's order and laws she unfolds,
  Where all in confusion seemed tost.

While Faith, with unfaltering view,
  Looks beyond all these changes and laws,
To that power to whose spell they are due,
  Even God, the Supreme, final cause.

DELTA.

ALARM CLOCKS.

Reader, you have, doubtless, often been aroused from your quiet morning slumbers by the rattling of your alarm clock. You have suddenly started up, amazed at the noise, and asked yourself or your chum, "what's this?" The alarm speaks for itself, however. The time has come when it is liberated from its restraint, and with the customary revolutions of whirring, jingling, and rattling; then rattling, jingling, and whirring, it spends its strength, and all is silent.

What a tumult is here!—a tumult all made by a little rattler, whose very existence in the clock a careless observer would not have noticed. For hours it has been standing on a strain, wound up, and only waiting for the time to come when the mechanism of the clock would allow its discharge. Now it bursts forth like a liberated fury, with a noise which drowns completely the voice of the main clock, and as though it would fain persuade us that it is the sole inhabitant of the little case. But its strength is soon spent. Its voice has scarcely attained its highest pitch, before it begins to fail, and soon is wholly lost.

It is relieved by the discharge, and doubtless (if we may suppose it capable of emotion) it is with no little satisfaction that it relaxes its strained nerves, and settles down for a day's rest. Its work is done, and it is of no further use till wound up again. Meanwhile, the main part of the clock moves on in the even tenor of its way, not stopping to notice the loquacious little rattler, nor being affected by it, for good or evil. What, then, is accomplished by this ebullition, so far as the work of the main clock is concerned? Nothing.

Are there not some men who bear the same relation to society that this alarm bears to the clock? It is not uncommon to see a man, before almost unknown, suddenly start up, and, throwing himself astride some hobby, come clattering along at a furious rate, drowning every sound of ordinary character, and apparently drawing all attention to himself. He is one of society's *alarms.* After lying dormant from birth, he has, by some means, been *wound up,* and the world having moved on to the point at which he is *set,* off he goes, at a rate which threatens to surpass all the common horde with which the world is peopled, and to cause them to sink into insignificance. His zeal, however, is of short duration. He soon sinks beyond the reach of observation. His work is done; and, unless *wound up* by some new excitement, he will no more disturb the even current of events.

But how is the world affected by this commotion? It is not affected at all. It neither derives benefit or injury from these impulsive movements. As the clock may be jarred a little by the movements of the alarm, so may society by the operations of the individual in question; but as soon as noise and active movement cease, all is over, and no further effect is felt. Such are many reformers. They adopt some strange and visionary theory, and imagining the world to have arrived at the proper point, they attempt to force it into operation; in other words, they *go off.* Their power is soon expended, and themselves and their theories forgotten.

There are many political alarm clocks. Desire for political preferment is the key that winds them up. They are set to *go off* just before elections. They *go off* and are no more heard of.

The world of fashion has its alarm clocks. A belle or an exquisite is introduced. They flourish for a time "the observed of all observers," and then *run down.* They, too, pass from the scene of action and from notice.

Science is not without its alarm clocks. They *go off,* occasionally, with a rattle about some new discovery, and before we can understand what it is, they are done.

Examples might be multiplied, *ad infinitum;* but enough have been mentioned. Our analogy is not perfect, for the alarm clock does accomplish some good; it arouses the sleeper. But these *society alarms* neither benefit the society of which they form a part, nor do they benefit anything else, outside. They only relieve themselves. Whence the cause of this failure? It is, simply, want of principle. The life of their action is impulse. This, instead of slowly and steadily unwinding itself, expends all its force, as it were, in an instant, and is then weak and powerless.

They must be wound up, and prepared to operate at certain times, instead of being always ready for action. It is to them a matter of indifference when this time comes. Give them an impulse, *wind them up,* and you may set them going at any time you choose. Our faith compels us to believe that such were created for some wise end; but what that end may be, we must consider as yet to be discovered. G.

Editor's Table.

ONCE again within our College history has our *sanctum* been called upon to witness the loss of individuality of one of its occupants, and if it had but tongue wherewith to speak, no doubt but that it would exclaim, with gloomy visage,

> "Those melancholy days are come,
> The saddest of the year."

Since the reign of the former Editor, *tempora mutantur* somewhat, the Editor's Table and Chair have become a little more rickety, his Drawer filled with rubbish, and his Chip-Basket in such a state, that it requires to be seen in order that its confusion may be realized. Therefore, gentle readers, laboring as we are under many such difficulties, you must expect from us no profundity of research, no brilliant corruscations of thought, or elevated flights of imagination, equal to those of some of our illustrious predecessors. We do not fancy our brow to be twined with "the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield," and, therefore, shall not attempt to pluck flowers from these soaring regions, since we are convinced that they are like certain exotics, which only grow spontaneously, and cannot be forced.

And now, having made our very best bow, in rather an awkward manner probably, we would, "wan and faint, but fearless still," pitch in *media res*. As it seems to be a "necessary appendage" to an Editor's Table to say something of his inability to win golden opinions from all sorts of people, we would simply remark, in the language of Horace, "*Non omnes eadem mirantur amantque*," without attempting to mystify that which is so plain that it cannot be explained.

Old Nassau Hall has once again girded on her armor to march forth and do battle against the armies of *Ignorantia*, which are much larger than usual this year. (No offence to the Newies.) Her leaders (the Illustrious Nine,) having had ample time, during the eight weeks' truce, for grave reflection and deliberation, are determined to carry on the fall campaign with unusual vigor. To this end, they have supplied their forces with guns of a huge *bore*, and reorganized and reanimated them generally. Already the enemy has felt their power with terrible effect, since, in the first fire, Hoarnspree, one of his well-*tutored* generals, was mortally wounded, and a number of his aids taken prisoners and held as hostages. No doubt but that success will attend them in the pursuit of the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," and that the remembrance of *Ignorantia* and his followers will soon be lost,

"Gone glittering thro' the dream of things that were."

Commencement was a grand success, and passed off satisfactorily to every one. The J. O's did honor to themselves, to '64, and to Nassau Hall, and, judging from the number of bouquets received, were well appreciated, at least by the fair sex. Their department of the exercises

"Above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stands like a tower."

The members of the graduating class seem to have combined their energies into one grand effort, determined that their last act should be their best, and have done well their part in perpetuating that good name which our Alma Mater has always enjoyed. The address of the Hon. J. T. Nixon on "Endurance," merited and received the praise of all, and affords another proof that the sons of Nassau are among the world's greatest and best men.

Vacation, with all its joys and pleasures, has passed away, leaving behind for many of us, only happy remembrances of hours spent in enjoyment. If it were not that we feared being egotistical, we could give descriptions of many interesting times, which when we recall, our thoughts wander far away, and many happy moments are lived over again—moments which shall ever have a comfortable seat at memory's fireside. Most of the students seem to have returned in good spirits, and whilst we write, everything is going as "merry as a marriage bell." The Newies, whose hearts were bound up in the "bonny blink o' their ain firesides," seem to have got over their home-sickness quite manfully, and are now ready to take *first*, or smoke out their friends according to taste.

Another of our classmates, A. C. Fuller, formerly Captain of the Nassau Cadets, has gone to the war, and what with one thing and another, old '64 "lies bleeding at every pore." May success attend him! The Nassau B. B. C. has thrown down the gauntlet before all the Colleges in the country, challenging them to play a game of base ball during vacation. The fame of the Nassaus has already reached the remotest confines of the country, and even beyond the *Stars*, and their games are better than the *Olympic.*

"Full from the fount of joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings,"

and scarcely had our pleasant vacation passed, ere the sad intelligence of the death of Lieutenant John M. Williams was received. The deceased was a member of the class of '63, and in company with some others of our brave boys, enlisted as a a private in the Anderson Cavalry about a year ago, and on account of his bravery was promoted to a Lieutenancy in the 17th Kentucky Volunteers. He died at McMinnville, Tennessee, of typhoid fever, on the 9th of August. Known as he was to most of us, he needs no words of ours to speak his praise.

"A thousand glorious actions that might claim
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
Confused in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguished die."

Now, kind readers, we feel our individuality slowly but surely returning, and are warned that the Editorial Mantle, with all its associations, must be handed over to our successor ere the divine afflatus deserts it. May it fit him better than it has done us! On retiring behind the scenes, we would thank you for your kind aid and support, and ask that whilst you partake of the viands we have prepared to the best of our ability, you will find as little fault as possible with your well-wisher,

THE EDITOR.

THE

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WILLIAM J. BRIDELLS, EDITOR.

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MAGNA CHARTA.

It was a beautiful day in early summer. All nature had assumed its cheering garb of green. The birds were singing their liveliest songs. The whole world had thrown aside its mourning robes of winter; and fresh, and sweet, and gay, with the genial breezes of spring, was preparing for the rich holiday of harvest.

Not far from the noisy din, and dirty, dusty marts of old London, half-way between Oxford and Staines, stretches a wide, green plain, then almost unmarked, now memorable and classic, whose name, "familiar in our mouths, as household words," competes for renown—though dearer, far dearer to every lover of liberty—with the famous field of the Cloth of Gold. The plain of Runnymede! What recollections, what priceless, and exalted, and eternal blessings, does the very mention recall! The Mecca of "merry England," toward which the feet of every pilgrim to the shrine of freedom tend; and as each weary wanderer presses its sacred soil, with what thanksgiving does his beating heart thrill and leap, as the mind's eye runs back to the bright day we speak of.

It was the 15th of June, 1215, when over this spot the morning sun cast its sparkling rays, and clearing off the early mist, revealed a martial scene. Two camps, in all the panoply of defiant hosts, displayed themselves to the view. One, small, but glittering with the gaudy ensigns of royalty; the other, large, distinguished only by the stern splendor of steel armor. One, the smaller, was the camp of the base, degraded John, King of England, whose character, the strong pencil of Hume has told us, was a complication of "cowardice, inactivity, folly, levity, licentiousness, ingratitude, treachery, tyranny and cruelty;" the other, the larger, was the camp of his own rebellious, but noble and invincible, barons—men determined to be free,

> "Men, high-minded men,
> With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
> In forest, brake, or den,
> As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;—
> Men who their duties know,
> But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain."

How differently must the breaking of that glorious morning have appeared to those different camps. It was to be a day of humiliation and bowing in the dust, to the monarch; a day of triumph and immortality to the iron-clad nobles.

They had been encamped for several days. A delegation, at an early hour, was in waiting for the king. Though they had met by agreement, John, ever wavering and undecided, had hesitated and shrunk, at the last moment, from giving up to his nobility the rights of his prerogative. The time was fast passing, and no assistance was at hand. Should he refuse, it was his only chance; war would soon desolate his empire, and sweep him, he well knew, from his usurped and incompetently filled position. The die was cast. The delegation entered his tent. The king, with downcast eye, and averted head, never daring, in his humbled pride, to face the looks of his warriors, who stood, "with all their armor on," before him, drew to his side the fatal parchment, that lay spread open upon a table, and seizing a pen, with the convulsive grasp of a madman, scratched his signature at the bottom, and pressing hastily the seal of England, delivered to the eager knights the MAGNA CHARTA.

To Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, are we indebted, in no slight measure, for this happy success. To him we owe its inception; and it was his unyielding spirit that nerved and animated the Barons in their claims. When Henry I. mounted the throne in defiance of the right of his brother, he gave to his people, as a soothing matter of policy, a charter, which conveyed to them certain great privileges, and reaffirmed the laws of Edward the Confessor; those mystical statutes, whose import is now very doubtful, but whose memory was dear to Englishmen. At a private meeting of the barons, in London, Langton produced a copy of this charter, which he had found in a monastery, and exhorted them by all his powerful and irresistible eloquence, to demand its observance from their present sovereign, and obtain a concession of the rights of humanity. A solemn oath bound them together; and it was resolved to lay before the king, after the festival of Christmas, a statement of their solemn demands. On the day appointed, the hardy barons met at London. The king, taken by surprise, replied that his answer would be given them at the festival of Easter; and as a pledge for the fulfilment of this engagement, he gave them three of his lords as sureties, and ordered them to disperse to their castles.

When the time of Easter arrived, the barons assembled at

Stamford, over two thousand knights with numberless retainers, and advanced in a body to Brackley, fifteen miles from Oxford, where the court then was. And when demand of what the liberties were, which they asked, was made, they delivered to the king, by his hostages, a schedule, in brief, of their wants, John was so enraged at what he considered their insolence, that he refused to grant them anything. The cause of this refusal was the promised assistance he had, in the meanwhile, received from the Pope. As soon as the first demand had been made, both parties had applied to the Roman Pontiff, and the party of the king had received support and favor, for John was merely the viceroy of the see of Rome, having shortly before so disgracefully and sinfully delivered up himself and people to that imperative power; and any attack upon prerogatives of the king, was, of course, an insult to the Pope.

But, notwithstanding this powerful lever had been applied to aid the cause of the king, the barons at once declared war. And so completely victorious were they, and so entirely deserted by all his nobility was King John, that no half-concessions would be taken; and he, overpowered, was compelled to arrange between them the meeting which we have described.

The deed of the Magna Charta is a somewhat lengthy document, securing certain vitally important privileges to the great orders:—the clergy, the barons, and the people. It would be impossible, in a brief article like this, to enumerate all the liberties vouchsafed, much less to explain their relations and importance; for they were connected with the whole feudal system and the past history of the British empire. We can but glance at the most momentous —one which is, to-day, the basis of our free institutions and of republican governments, and which affects, as it is respected or dishonored, the lives and fortunes and happiness of mankind, through all time.

Among the rights secured to the people, we find the following provision: "No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, or dispossessed of his free tenement and liberties, or outlawed, or banished, or otherwise hurt or injured, unless by the legal judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land." This was the death-blow of despots and the knell of tyranny. It was, simply, a declaration of the liberty of the citizen, and a confirmation of that old legal right, which has come down to us, from the far-off feudal times, that "every man's house is his castle." True, it was not respected—indeed, the whole charter was afterwards disregarded—but it was seed cast in good ground, destined, as ages rolled on, to bring forth healthy and abundant fruit. King after king, as they succeeded, trampled it under foot; until, finally, on the 30th of January 1649, Charles I., on the scaffold at Whitehall, was compelled, with the sacrifice of his life, to realize its eternal sovereignty. The principle is as old as the Christian era—it was the very religion of Christ. He came not into the world to save king and nobles only; but that, through him, *all* might be saved. In his mission, peaceful, and holy, and godlike, no distinction was drawn, but unto all races, and classes, and grades, was the eternal life of heaven to be given. If then, in eternity, all were to be equal, enjoying the same blessedness and immortality, how could it be right, in the pure and sinless eyes of God, that some should be bound down by the crushing weight of misery and despotism, and in death, afforded no decent burial; while others were to enjoy the riches of earth and ride to their celestial abodes in golden chariots. The divine right of kings never had existence, save in the besotted brains of tyrants; and thanks to the stern hearts and sinewy arms of those undaunted barons, and to the many heroes who have worshipped at their shrine, long since has it been cast to the winds—a false, exploded humbug.

Fearful is it, yet true, that there is cause to doubt, whether the people of the nineteenth century, so long accustomed to the blessings which this mighty charter has conferred, are wide awake to the vitality of the liberties they enjoy; whether they, like the knights we have told of, are not growing silent, having wrested their rights from the hands of power, to the gradual, but still sure, regeneration of conquered despotism. The signs of the times are dark and lowering. All over the wide world, we see "wars and rumors of wars;" and far above their bloody strife towers the cruel form of oppression, riveting its chains upon the limbs of its innocent victims. Never was their need greater than now, that this Magna Charta—its history and its realities—should be studied deeply and sincerely. Its success, and weighty sacred consequences, are entitled to our acknowledgment and firm, unyielding love. Think of the exertion it has cost; the blood, the treasure, and the time, which have been expended to accomplish the triumph of freedom; and then pause and answer: Can you, silently or knowingly, lend a hand to the resurrection of slavery, to the reinstitution of tyrannical government, to the destruction of all the hopes and happiness and securities of your fellow-man; and can you sweep away, at a blow, the life-work of every age in the olden time, and consent to see committed to the flames, by the hand of the executioner, the memories of that glorious gala day, on the plain of Runnymede—the dear and holy and eternal Magna Charta?

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THE PEN AND ITS USES.

There are certain maxims which, once heard, ever after keep sounding in our ears, and when we sit down, pen in hand, gazing into space, in the hope that there we may find that most desirable object, a theme, these old familiar faces will come up and plead acceptance—and why should we not accept them! We see no reason why the well-known pen, asserting its superiority over the well-known sword, should be left out in the cold, while we rack our brains in search of novelty. Pen, then, and sword, let it be! not much sword, because literary bodies have an aversion to cold steel, and no more pen than shall be requisite for the limits of this article.

These weapons are emblematic—the one of force, the other of persuasion; in one we hear the tramp of marshalled millions, the din of battle, the cries of perishing humanity; in the other we see the pale, studious man, sitting at his desk, wan and weary, his eye lit up with a strange, unnatural brilliancy; we know that a silent power is leaving him and mingling with the ink upon the paper; we realize that while one drinks blood the other drains the soul.

The sword, undoubtedly, has a mission to accomplish, and ofttimes a great and glorious one; but it is the pen that raises, with its silent power, the arm that is to strike the blow. In that little ink-stained minister there is a spell like that of Aladdin's Lamp. Let him but scratch it, who understands the secret of its power, and at once mighty spirits perform his bidding—nay, where are the splendid palaces, the golden pippins, or emerald pears, that can compare with the fruits of the pen? Standing in some dimly-lighted library, we may look around upon the incarnated spirits that line its shelves—we may commune with Plato, read the tale of Troy divine, talk with dear kind old Chaucer, sit at the feet of Shakspeare, or catch glimpses of heaven with the sublime Milton. But where shall we find the power that has been sent forth by these noble minds? how shall we measure its height—how discover its depth? Silent and mighty their spirits walk among us, although often unseen and overlooked by the *profanum vulgus.*

What supremacy does the pen stamp upon the possessor—how it individualizes him and sets him apart from all other creatures! An obedient servant, it records his emotions, writes his histories, crystalizes his thoughts, and plays with ever-varying music upon the harp of letters. It is this little monitor that reveals to us that man's sympathies are spiritual—that his noble heart beats for lofty company. With it we may take ærial flights, shake hands across the gulf of ages, and converse, though separated by mountain chains. And yet, as the bright Damascus blade, in its case of curious workmanship, may serve for no other use than that of, upon parade day, tripping up the heels of its honorable possessor, so the pen may often be but the means of showing the writer's ignorance and inexperience.

Such, too frequently, is man's desire to win a place in the world of letters, that he attempts to use this small but powerful weapon in public, before he has had the requisite practice. It is not surprising therefore that under these circumstances many should fail. Perhaps it may be said by some, that if a man can think well, he will write well. This, however, is a great mistake; many men who can think and reason profoundly upon important topics, cannot write a respectable letter. Jonathan Edwards, once the honored President of this institution, attributed his success as a writer to his habit in early boyhood of composing constantly, and always reading and studying with his pen in hand.

But to return. The use of the pen is undoubtedly one of the best means of cultivating the intellect—it exercises thought, it corrects expression, it expands the mind. We frequently hear young people say that their correspondence was too large; but if that correspondence was with sensible and high-toned relatives or friends, we venture to say that it would be better to neglect almost any minor study than such a correspondence. For two persons to exchange their impression of books, of society, of what they see and hear, of what they do and feel, is a plan that no other method of mental improvement can surpass. How hard it is for most people to write a letter:—what kind of literature is more acceptable than well-written letters? how we all thank the publishers of those quaint, cheery scratches of Charles Lamb, those polished epistles of Pope, or the sunny missives of Cowper. Be assured then that the pen is the finest kind of mental discipline. It marshals our thoughts and puts them in harness. If you have any new ideas, strange ideas, odd ideas, put them down; give your airy nothings a local habitation and name. Thus you will discover new veins of thought; your little pen will become a Columbus to you; worlds within will be brought to light, vast in their richness and variety. It cannot be possible that even the Myriad Minded knew all that filled his soul until the pen revealed it; therefore mark down your thoughts and crystalize your fancies.

The pen is also a great companion and consoler. With it we may commune with ourselves, give vent to our emotions, feelings, passions. When the heart is dry, and the tears will not come, and your pent-up feelings labor for deliverance, whisper them along your pen, make your hopes and your pen your lover, your confident, your refuge. Have you never heard of persons who could not dispense with the use of the pen. To genius, to passion, to all welling up of feeling from the heart, it must be almost an angel-minister.

The great difficulty with beginners in using the pen, appears to be, that instead of being natural in this art, they start in an unnatural manner; instead of choosing some subject with which the beginner may be familiar, one on which he has been burning for some time to give his friends *a piece of his mind,* he soars to lofty flights and matters most profound.

Jones, Brown, and Smith, have written elaborate essays on Geology, Metaphysics, or Political Economy; therefore Jenkins, the new candidate for authorship, must do likewise; but it so happens that the three first-mentioned individuals have thought on nothing so long and deeply as on the subjects upon which they wrote, and therefore it is very natural that they should wish to give their thoughts to the world. But alas! poor Jenkins, you have never given a moment's thought to either of the aforesaid subjects, and therefore it is very unnatural for you to likewise wish to enlighten the public. The early writers, and even those of modern days, who have the stamp of genius, owe nearly all their success to their natural and unstrained style. True, we cannot expect such harmony and beauty as they produced, except it be in bright exceptions, yet we think every man has enough talent, if properly brought out, to make at least an acceptable writer.

"It is an important thing," says a modern writer, speaking of life, "*To start right,*"—this is the idea that every champion of the pen should have when first he endeavors to wield it. If this plan be adopted, the country will not want for forcible and original writers, and the new aspirants for literary fame will not be doomed to see their works neglected and forgotten.

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IN THE EVENING TIME.

When Evening cools the balmy air,
And when the woods are clothed in brown,
When hazy grows the landscape fair,
And Nature wears a twilight gown;
The murmurs of the village bell
Far distant, charm my listening ear,
'Tis then the plaintive heavenly knell
Sounds many a long—a last farewell.

I am alone—alone I hear
At break of day, the lark's clear song;
Alone, I see the forests sere
Waving their countless leaves—a throng.
The slow meandering brook purls by,
The willows drooping shade its bank,
A tear ofttimes makes dim my eye,
Alone I am—they in the sky.

Oh! I have had a mother's kiss,
And a mother's heart once beat for me,
And I have felt what loads of bliss
Dwelt in the words, "love tenderly."
But, as the violet's closing eye
Opes once again at morning dawn,
Love lives anew, though here it die,
Love dying, lives up in the sky.

O Eventide! sweet Eventide!
When tinkle bells from lowing herds,
When the wide landscape seems more wide,
When love expresses love in words.
Oh! thou art dearer far to me
Than morn arrayed in sparkling light,
For thou dost teach humility,
And what I am—and ought to be.

ENAMMA.

THE SPIRIT OF CRITICISM.

Probably throughout the varied and extensive list of circulating proverbs, none contains in it more of truth than the simple declaration, "To err is human." As long as a corrupt nature is in our possession, as long as within us there have been planted seeds of depravity, that must germinate and produce after their kind, so long will defect and incompleteness be stamped upon our every movement. The pure original image has been lost, and must be restored, ere we can hope to approximate to the noble and true. Perfection has never had its dwelling upon the earth, save in Him who was its very embodiment, and hence all that we are capable of doing, is somewhat to shorten the distance between ourselves and the pattern set up for our imitation; to lead, as it were, a life of gradual approximation, to be warmed and vivified by here and there a scattered ray from the golden sun of Truth. God alone is immaculate, and Humanity is doomed for ever to bear upon her forehead, the deep wrought brand of Imperfection. Thus we see, that as our actions and words are but the mere outward expression of the thoughts and feelings within, they must of necessity be fringed with a dark hue, and as life's stage is a public and conspicuous one, so must these actions be open to inspection, and invite the assent or rejection of the multitude. Opinions are formed, judgments are made, and by these must we stand or fall.

The object of true criticism, then, is to rectify that which is wrong, to make the crooked straight, and to lead the wandering into paths of light and joy. Natural gifts and talents to some extent, but education and training to a much greater, draw a wide line and open a deep chasm between different classes of men. As in an extensive tract of country, the sloping hill, the rolling valley, and the level plain, all go to make up the landscape, so in society we can discern height and depth, sunshine and shadow, different grades in the region of mind. Among all these diverse and widely distinct courses, criticism points out one, preferable to the rest, her standard is erected, and in our endeavours to reach it, she gives a helping hand, rebuking when we swerve from the right, and encouraging every true effort. This spirit is in the highest sense a desirable and praiseworthy one, as it keeps distinctly in view the progress of good principle, the supporting of those in need of aid, and the lifting up of Humanity to a higher and more exalted level. It is true, that each one might become his own corrector, were it not for the evil influence of Pride. Self has such a powerful hold upon the entire man, that it would overlook grievous error, and lead unconsciously to erroneous conclusions. The prayer of Scotia's child of nature becomes us all:

"O would some power the giftie gae us,
To see oursel' as others see us,
It would from many a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

It is not more difficult for the leopard to change his spots, than that a person without prejudice or bias, should look his every fault square in the face. The false judgment of ourselves is woven into our very being. It constitutes a part and parcel of us, and its dictates are loud and imperative. To see the danger of submitting ourselves to such a pilot, one has only to mark the effect of flattery on men—that poison than which there is not a more effective one made use of, for the accomplishment of an end. One has formed of himself or his works an exaggerated estimate, and while he is glorying in his superiority, he has a host of parasites to do him reverence and homage. They perhaps have an object in view,—men of whom it has well been said, that "they trample on Self in small print, to gain Self in capitals," however he imbibes the largest dose, and with his feelings worked up, and his views of himself confirmed, he ascends into the dignity of a hero at once, and looks down condescendingly upon his inferiors. How often do we see men of extraordinary powers, and of marked ability, the mere tools and menials of flattery, who can be twisted and turned in almost any direction.

This, then, settles at once the fact that partiality forbids any man being the proper judge of his own capacity. Indeed Providence has so ordered it, that of necessity we must to a certain degree be dependent on each other. The machinery of the world is so compacted and arranged that all the wheels and portions have their appropriate functions, and sustain to each other a close and vital relation, so that the movement of one affects the movement of the whole. We cannot, if we would, absolve ourselves from this connection. There is uniting the whole brotherhood of man, a "*commune vinculum*," which it is impossible to tear asunder. Our duty then is to act in consonance with this, and what we do to do with our might. There exists what we might call the true and the false spirit of criticism. Truth is sublime and grand wherever it is found, permeating and purifying whatever is imbued with it, and criticism, when it embodies the principle of truth, becomes at once a mighty power for good. Indeed it is only when of this character that it at all accomplishes the purpose which it is intended to secure. With it there must be mingled something of common sympathy and fellow-feeling; not that indulgence which, by overlooking and misrepresenting, thwarts the very design of it, but an entire absence of cold and stolid indifference with respect to the one criticised. Peculiarity of life and circumstances must essentially modify the attitude of the critic; for if cutting rebuke and bitter invective is administered without regard to one's disposition, although he may merit rigid correctives, yet he is in danger of yielding suddenly to despondency; and a feeble star, which perchance would have become a bright luminary, sinks for ever into the cloud of oblivion. On the other hand, the whole truth, though bitterly oppressive, will often be welcomed, when given in kindness and simplicity of manner.

> "Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily."

It is wonderful how much can be read in one's countenance and tone, when dealing out reproof, as to whether the intention of his heart is a right one, or whether, as a mere lifeless machine, he is turning out material unconsciously. No truer friend can be found than he who, with candor, and in the spirit of genuine affection, tells us of our deformity. His particular judgment may be wrong, or he may not be qualified to detect that which in our case should, beyond a shadow of doubt, be set right; nevertheless he has within that animating principle which is the life of true criticism. But as in all things human, the evil predominates, so in criticism the false spirit has the mastery, and its very end has become basely subverted. Its sacred enclosure has been stealthily entered by the monsters Jealousy and Hate, and in it they have taken up their abode. In the unpretending garb of an impartial critic, men have sent forth, as from an inner Vesuvius, streams of deadly fire, mingling, as it were, in one fatal combination, all the bitter and rancorous ingredients of which the human heart is possessor.

It is curious to see the cunning and device of corrupt minds, in disguising themselves with an unassuming dress, and as the serpent is never so fascinating as when it is about to seize its victim, so these double-faced vipers must be kept at a distance, lest we be poisoned by their slimy touch. Probably the worst form of this false criticism is found existing in that class of persons who seem to be self-constituted authorities, and who bitterly descant upon every act brought under their inspection, making known far and wide their judgments, save to the particular one who should receive the benefit (if any) of their rebuke. Such criticism is of the lowest and most cowardly kind; so mixed with prejudice and the satiating of personal enmity, that to believe it, would be to sink under it. They would make a man so distrustful of himself, as that he would apologize for the unpardonable presumption of being in the world. Some seem to be determined to make their life miserable by dealing misery to others, and any way in which they can effect this, meets with their approval and adoption. Let one get the idea that because of his superiority to his neighbor, it is his prerogative to sit in judgment upon his every action, and measure him at every point by his own level, truly his condition is far from enviable. As therefore a perfect life can be claimed by none of us, let our efforts be for each other's advancement. Let us recognise each other as alike members of the great commonwealth of humanity, and putting our shoulders to the wheel for the progress of pure principles, make the happiness of our life consist in being true to God and to our fellow-men.

DUKE.

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PERSONAL INFLUENCE—PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

To every human creature there has been given, by the great Creator of our universe, certain innate faculties and mental attributes, by which each one is to regulate his own course, as well as assist in making up the grand force which moves, sways, and directs the tide of the world's movements in its great and constant flow and ebb. But not to every one in a like degree have these faculties and attributes been given; nor are they at all the same in nature and kind. One man is profound as a jurist, or erudite as a scholar; eminent as a statesman, or skilful as a physician; and yet there may be others distinguished also in these very respects, but not to so great a degree. So, too, there is a vast difference in the kind in which men excel, or for which they are renowned. This one may be an excellent artist, and yet know very little of the knotty intricacies of the law; and in like manner that one, whose words are attentively listened to, and whose opinions carry immense weight in the august council of a nation, may know nothing whatever of agricultural pursuits and the duties of the farmer. Now this difference of degree and kind is not limited or restricted to any class of men, to any sect, or any profession; on the other hand, it is common and universal, reaching and penetrating to all, and is exhibited in the mental, moral, and social character and bearing of every man.

The effect of the exercise of these faculties is INFLUENCE; and consequently as these natural gifts (affected more or less by education) vary in character and importance, so, also, does the exercise of them produce various effects; and hence the influences which men exert are also diverse. But, although every man does not wield as great an amount of influence as his neighbor, it is nevertheless true, that, as every one possesses some gift by nature, he must also have some influence, whether it be displayed by efficient action, or by passive inertness.

Every man exerts some influence. Having established this, let us proceed to the consideration and proof of another important and essential division of our subject, viz., that, *Every man is responsible for the influence which he exerts.*

The natural ability and genius which an all-beneficent Creator has conferred upon us, and the influence which their exercise effects, have been placed at our own disposal, and under our own control. We are left free to exert them, in whatever channel and for whatever purposes our judgment, fancy, or passions, may prompt us. It is left entirely to our own discretion, to do good or to do evil; to become famous for great, good, and noble actions, or to debase ourselves by low, vile, and degrading conduct. And therefore it follows that, as we govern and direct our respective energies and powers, that is, as we are agents entirely free and unrestricted in this matter, we too are responsible for the effects which our influence produces. For it has been proven that we all possess some influence; and if each one is not required to bear the responsibility of his own conduct, then this responsibility must fall on some ulterior power—some force beyond himself, and yet acting through himself. But this is contrary to the doctrine of man's free agency. For man thus becomes a mere tool in the hands of this ulterior power. *But there is no ulterior power;* every man's conscience tells him so; and hence the argument of personal responsibility is perfectly valid.

This point gained, let us consider the nature and character of this responsibility. For what are we responsible? and to whom do we owe this responsibility?

The first of these questions does, indeed, admit of a manifold answer, and a complete enumeration of its various component parts would require a much more extended recital than the limits of our essay will admit; we must, therefore, be content with a brief statement of the principal parts.

We are responsible, then, for *what we do,* and for *what we do not do*—by commission and omission.

What we do, includes all things in the accomplishment of which we have exerted our influence, whether in a channel good or bad, moral or immoral, righteous or unrighteous. And these things are either devotional, political, social, or personal in their nature. What we do *not* do, comprises both restraint, by positive refusal, and omission, from sheer carelessness. The former will generally be found to be prompted by motives which are noble and laudable, as well as from a desire to prevent mischievous results. The latter is simply a neglect of the various duties and responsibilities obligatory upon us.

But to whom do we owe this responsibility? To whom are we answerable for all these conformities and non-conformities? Here the answer is twofold—to God and to man. The most weighty and important responsibilities which we are called upon to bear, are those which every man, as a creature, owes his Creator. For he has, of his infinite goodness, showered upon us such an innumerable multitude of mercies and blessings, that we are placed under the most binding obligations to act, speak, and think, in such a manner, as to promote his honor and glory as far as it lies in the utmost strength and power of each one of us; and when we have done our very best in this matter, we have accomplished very little towards lessening the awful weight which this responsibility imposes.

But we are also responsible for the influence which we exert over our fellow-men; and here we must place ourselves respectively in the positions of an individual, a citizen, an officer, (executive, judicial, or legislative,) and a member of society. From each of these stand-points, (and there may be more,) must we contemplate the responsibility of man to man, and of one generation to another. The vision will appear in very many phases, embracing the influence which every one exerts in his every-day walk and conversation; in his business transactions and commercial intercourse; in his political actions and constitutional observances; in his decisions, judgments, ordinances, and enactments, as an officer of the law; and in the social circle, as also his conduct with regard to society's requirements, conventionalities, and observances. In these respects is man responsible to his fellows.

We have now gone over (imperfectly though it be) the whole ground embraced in our theme, and it only remains for us, briefly, to state the *moral,* which this consideration enables us to deduce.

As each one possesses a certain degree of influence, let him exert it with a careful and considerate appreciation of the responsibility which its possession entails, always remembering that the greater the influence which he wields, the greater also are his obligations to God and to man. Let no false, misapprehended notion, lead him in a perverse and wicked way; but having fully determined what is RIGHT, let him exert all his powers for its accomplishment, and there will be no responsibility to fear.

VIRTUS.

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PARTING FOR EVER.

Under the trees
In a summer rain of shining pearl,
Two hearts were sunk in grief,
Swam in its whirl.

They were parting—
No word that he might speak, or she could hear,
Would make his love more strong
Or her's more dear.

Their lips had met—
Were joined in wild, enraptured kiss;
Her eyes from his drank in
Sweet conscious bliss.

Leaves trembling shook,
That, hanging far above, had heard their sigh,
And felt these hearts beating
That last good-bye.

The birds above
In kindest sympathy stopped their song,
To sing, when lovers weep,
Tunes surely wrong.

Thoughts came and went
Like lightning flitting o'er the summer's cloud;
She trusted all to him,
And he, how proud!

"No more to meet!"
Those words drove all her joy away so far,
The future dark hung out
No hoping-star.

Nor as he spoke
And said, "Remember me when far away!"
Could she then realize
A parting day.

But there she clung,
Like ivy winding 'round the sturdy oak,
Until his last sad words
Her young heart broke.

Then on his breast
The little startled fawn lay down to die,
While heaven hung with black
The weeping sky.

SIGMA.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

The world is full of the devices of human wisdom, knowledge is running to and fro in the land. Science, the handmaid of Religion, is stretching out her fair hand towards all nations. We live in an age which affords facilities for improvement, the like of which the world has never seen. Our common schools, our academies, and colleges, are thrown open equally to all; and the son of the humble contends in lawful and laudable competition with the son of the great.

But more than this, it is an age in which *moral worth* is more thought of, commands a higher price in the market, than *mere wealth;* in which a clear head, and a good heart, are more highly esteemed than a full purse with an empty mind. True, wealth possesses a *seeming,* and with some a *real* power. It has its charms, it has its claims; but alas! that any should so abuse the high qualities of the soul as to yield to it an ignoble, cringing homage, for its *own sake.* Give to it all the respect which courtesy and kindness ever call for, but lower not the standard of manly independence; no, not an iota. But, removing all that is merely superficial, it will be seen that moral excellence is justly accounted to stand in a higher rank than any outward circumstances. See that young man of good character toiling up the hill of knowledge; a host of difficulties throng his path; a lion is in his way, for *poverty* drags its gaunt form before him, and threatens the destruction of his cherished plans; but a host of *friends* cluster around him with the devotion of true hearts, and generously sustain him; so that he may go onward in the accomplishment of his purpose with a light heart and indomitable energy. Under this genial influence he presses his course to the end through many an obstacle and many a trial.

Money is most lavishly spent for outward show, for mere tinsel, for the adorning of the exterior, so as to attract the eye of others; and with some this passes current in the streets. There is also a sickly sentimentalism, a feeble affectation of excellencies, an *assuming* the possession of *noble virtues,* which covets frequent opportunities to display itself before the world. It has its admirers, it has its imitators. It is too true, that much of that which now courts admiration, which dazzles the eye, which pleases the fancy, and which too much commands the servile obedience of some, is merely external, the shell without the kernel. Far too many are captivated by a showy exterior, a dashing appearance, the mere glitter; and oftentimes when there is no inward excellence, no loveliness of spirit, no greatness of soul to correspond with it; the *blossom,* but not the *fruit.* This is, indeed, one of the greatest reigning faults in the whole framework and constitution of society, and there cannot be too much said or written against it. It is acting like the child, pleased with the glistening, radiant beauty of the *shell,* but never thinking to look for the still more beautiful and radiant pearl within it. It is like admiring the stately, well-garnished and perishable palace, but bestowing not a thought upon the still statelier, imperishable inhabitant thereof. Nay, it is a perversion of that which is the true order of things; "honor to whom honor is due," is the rule of the Divine government, which concerns itself with the heart, and not the outward state, and it should be the motto of the human also.

But what is true of some in this respect, is not true of all. Beneath all this erroneous view, and alongside of it, is the deep, broad current of opinion, of the controlling masses, which regard moral worth as the test of character, position, and influence. And if to this there be added a comprehensive, intellectual mind, the possessor will sooner or later succeed in overcoming the obstacles of poverty and rank, and rise to that dignity and splendor of influence which these were designed to give. This feature of our nation, and of our age, affords such encouragements and inducements, that none need despair.

It is an age of progress in all that is really good. True, some errors are still sweeping onward in their devastating course, carrying along with them, in their tumultuous current, a host of adherents; and vice, in its hydra-headed forms, takes captive many who otherwise would be an ornament to society, and a blessing to the world. But, however sad is the spectacle of single cases which meet the eye, or which might be gathered up from the great theatre of human woe and misery, and held up in dismal but thrilling pictures before your minds, it is nevertheless true, that the march of truth and goodness, through all those mighty agencies which are now in operation for the lifting up of the creature to companionship with excellence and with God, is onward, glorious, triumphant. And whatever may be the appearance to the eye of man, let it ever be remembered, that above all the strife, and darkness, and turmoil, of this scene of clashing interests, there is a hand which directs and controls all the issues, and an omnipresent eye which will bring order out of confusion, light out of darkness, and overruling glory out of present dishonour. Without this knowledge, that the resistless power of Omnipotence, before which the earth will melt, and the heavens roll together as a scroll, will overrule all things to the eternal triumph of truth, all faith would droop, energy wither, and hope restrain itself from its long ærial flights on the silver wings of desire. But with this knowledge, we behold upon every cloud a silver lining, and in every dreary discouragement, the finger of the King of Nations pointing to victory, and to the assembling on the golden pavement of heaven of that great multitude who shall shout, with palms of triumph in their hands, "Halleluia; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

KAPPA.

UNNOTICED LEAVES.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," says a distinguished writer. True, indeed; but then we perceive it not. A more tangible maxim might be taken for present use.

Humanity lies about us in our lives.

There are thousands of truths around us which we never notice. "Books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." Nature is almost redundant with silent preachers. Great rugged mountains tower with their lofty heads, to teach us the powerful lessons of stability; glassy pebbles in brooky beds, with happy wavelets tripping over their sparkling breasts, tell us the opposite. The quiet moon, beautiful emblem of constancy; the king of the forest, from the acorn up, speaking pillar of perseverance and firmness; the hillock and plain, snow and vapor, wind and storm—all carry with them their weight of information and truth. But we heed them not, as the brute that perishes, we pass indifferently along, as though we were alone, the world and nature but our menial.

Can we not stop and look?

Here, in the golden glade of the autumnal season, when nature gives us more true light than in any with which she decks her year; day after day we pass over the gently fading grass, and tread beneath our careless feet unnoticed leaves. The crackling of them in our walk is pleasant to the ear, but oh, we are blurring, destroying, step by step, the most brilliant pages of the volume of the Creator. They hang above us in beauty, they drop around us one by one, and we know them not.

Throughout all the landed surface of this extended globe are these myriads of orators to be found; they are scattered broadcast at the feet of every nation and every tongue. Princes, potentates, slaves, and starving poor, meet them at their very doors, and tread them out—how unnoticed, how unheeded!

That which others stamp upon with cold neglect, cannot we of all this vast concourse take to ourselves. The very plurality of them evinces their untold importance. Not alone can we gaze in rapture, and glean from them the solemn teachings of the Divine mind; but all in every land, if they will but look, may behold glories unthought of, within the depths of their every forest, and by the sides of their chosen streams. But no, their eyes are blinded, for they will not see. Thus all of us, chained by our selfish minds, see nought beyond our narrowed, soulless circle, and these drive away our living moments back into a dead eternity, with nought to cover them but the tattered rags of our vapid selves. Unnoticed leaves carpeting each hollow ravine, painting each rugged hill-side or gentle slope, and floating away upon the heaving bosom of every stream. How numberless in magnitude! In this countless stateliness what grand variety!

Here in themselves their moving beauty lies—the varied shades which deck them as they recline so calmly upon their grassy couch, those delicate tints which artists have for ages in vain attempted to portray. What shall we say of them?

If the practised pencil of skilled painters have signally failed, where shall the pen of the literary novice commence? How glorious they appear, lying in careless ease upon their mother earth! Representing each its parent stem, the droppings of the sturdy oak, the stately hemlock, the slender ash, the maple, poplar, beech, and all the long array of noble trees, well represented by these leafy indices, which tell no truant tale.

We note in every leaf a different shade. Thick, heavy leaves, fade not so soon as weaker ones; so tracing down, we find a lighter shade, and lighter still, until we reach the leaves of frail and slender trees, which are so weak and colorless, as to seem just ready to fall apart. As are the trees, so are the leaves; their strength or weakness is borne down even to these little wind-tossed messengers, and shown as plainly as in the settled trunk. Time deals with all alike. Some are soon vanquished; a week, a day, an hour, will quite suffice to end their term; while others are more ruddy, and resist him well. Eventually, he conquers all, and beneath his heavy hand they bend, bow, wither, and quietly die away.

The leaves that remain have a ruddy tinge,
  A sere and a yellow glow;
Just barely hanging upon the boughs,
  Or bespangling the grass below.

They are dropping, dropping, one by one,
  And a gloom o'er my heart is cast;
For each one sings, as it gaily falls,
  "The autumn is fading fast:

"The autumn is fading—hour by hour,
  It gently passes away;
We linger long on its silvery verge,
  To utter its parting lay."

Leaves are but types of men. In spring-time they blossom, strengthen, and grow into midsummer maturity. The glare of the dazzling sun, the sprinkling of the refreshing rain, is bestowed equally, and in the fulness of life exist but to be enjoyed. The midsummer strength and beauty presently passes by, and autumn comes. The finger of time marks them for his own. They swing to and fro in the air of time, wither, and silently fall upon the grassy sod of old age. Lingering along, they shed their varied tints, dark or golden, upon the placid landscape. There the leaf from the tree of a misspent life, faded, worn, and unable to raise its drooping head; there the brilliant leaf from the life of faith upon the Son of God, strong and beautiful even in decay; there from the tree of self-esteem, of morality, hypocrisy, sin, righteousness—all plainly betokening the strength or weakness of the source from whence they sprung. The winds of heaven toss them hither and yon; some are trodden down, and ground to the earth by the heel of adversity; others remain, and wither quietly away, while all soon mingle with their native dust.

As the little leaves that fade upon our pathway spring up again in early spring, with brighter hues and renewed vigor, so shall we, in the opening spring-time of eternity, arise again in cloudless immortality, enrobed in vestments white and pure, and in living vigor and eternal strength, to be completely and for ever joined to the omnipotent Source of all.

Q.

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SELF-CONCEIT.

Wherever men are brought together, either in large or small bodies, for the purpose of education, or business, or pleasure, we must expect to find a great many phases of character, a great many peculiarities of mind and disposition. Some we find to be noble, agreeable and attractive; others, mean, disagreeable, and repulsive. Among the latter class, together with many other obnoxious features, may be found that strange, unnatural element, commonly called Self-conceit, which seems to me to be peculiarly odious and deserving of the severest rebuke.

Although it would be difficult to specify all the instances in which it manifests its disagreeable presence, yet the most casual observer cannot fail to notice it both in the conversation, appearance, and general deportment of some individuals. Those who are so self-deceived as to be slaves to this ridiculous conceit, in all their oral communications, betray a stiffness and unnaturalness; the voice is keyed up to an unnatural pitch, and a delicate nicety of expression is sought, which, although intended to please, yet never fails to excite disgust. They try to imitate the tone and style of utterance of the great, or those they may happen to fancy, vainly supposing that they can palm off upon others the qualities which they assume. It is further seen in the ostentatious display of learning; by assuming familiarity with almost every branch of human knowledge, and venturing observations at random upon topics of which they are almost totally ignorant, as though they possessed the wisdom of the sages. It manifests itself also in the fanciful, fastidious appearance of some men; in the delicate nicety and extreme exactness of posture if sitting, and of gait if walking; in the frequent arranging of the hair, fixing of the cravat, and endless survey of the attire. Their general deportment would seem to indicate that they belong to a nobler race, and are acting as God's vicegerents upon earth. When you see them walking the street, the head swings majestically to and fro, like unto the nodding of Jupiter Olympus. This action is supposed to be owing to the softness of the material inside. It exercises a very great influence upon a man's social position; if he is puffed up with too high an opinion of self, he is prone to estimate his own ability at quite too high a rate, and, as a consequence, to undervalue the ability of his fellow-men. He thinks he knows more than any one else, and refuses to receive instruction, hence he becomes bigoted and narrow-minded. Now it is a fact too well established to admit of dispute, that that intercourse is most agreeable and profitable, where men come together on a social equality; but a conceited man considers himself a little bit better than anybody else, how then can he admit his would-be inferiors to an equality with himself? Thus, even though talented, and in other respects capable of doing great good, he loses all that wholesome influence which he might exert upon the world, by foolishly having forfeited the respect and esteem of his fellow-men. It is closely allied to Affectation and Pomposity, indeed these latter almost invariably accompany the former, and aid in rendering their victim the more despised and contemptible. It argues, also, a want of that essential element known as common sense, for surely no right thinking man will voluntarily bring upon himself ridicule and reproach. It is never a part of that man's composition who possesses true greatness and real worth. To search for it in the actions and characters of such men as Chalmers and Newton, would be a fruitless task; for they, being truly wise and great, had arrived at that stage of mental development, from which they could see that their own attainments were but as a drop of water to the "great ocean of truth which laid undiscovered before them." The greatest men the world has ever seen, have also been the humblest.

Why does every one admire the simple, artless actions of a child? Because it assumes no airs of self-importance, follows no studied programme, and is void of all affectation. And now, having considered this characteristic in some of its relations, we ask what end a man can have in making himself an object of ridicule and hatred by all who know him. It is surprising, yet only too true, in how many ministers of the gospel and teachers of morality we are able to detect this vain conceit and silly affectation; and to such the poet expressly addresses himself, when he says:

> "In man or woman, but far most in man,
> And most of all, in man that ministers
> And serves the altar, in my soul I hate
> All *affectation;* 'tis my perfect *scorn,*
> Object of my implacable *disgust.*"

K.

ON THE BRIDGE.

Steadily—Steadily—
Tramp—Tramp—
As the sentry treads his weary beat,
With the roaring waters beneath his feet,
No heart to cheer—no soul to greet—
In that silent midnight hour.

Steadily—Steadily—
Tramp—Tramp—
And at every step, his heart rebounds,
As he hears the echo, which clear resounds
Thro' the old, old bridge, 'mid its timbered rounds,
In the lonely dead of night.

Steadily—Steadily—
Tramp—Tramp—
No gentle moon, no beaming star,
Gleams out from the darkened vault afar,
Not a ray of hope or light, to mar
This bleak, black stillness 'round.

Steadily—Steadily—
Tramp—Tramp—
And his heart from out of the darkness hies
To a dear little cot, 'neath the azure skies
Of his native hill; where his treasure lies—
There is no black darkness there!

Steadily—Steadily—
Tramp—Tramp—
But his soul is away from his hourly care—
He is greeting his own loved darlings there,
With their dimpled cheeks, and their golden hair,
His jewels of life and love.

Steadily—Steadily—
Tramp—Tramp—
Still, in dreamy thought, does his spirit roam
Thro' the sacred paths of his happy home:
'Tis fancy's palace—he gains the dome—
And the spell is broken there.

Steadily—Steadily—
Tramp—Tramp—
All alone—he feels with a tenfold power
The void in his heart. Hark! the passing hour
Is marked by the bell in the village tower,
And his heart is cheered again.

Steadily—Steadily—
Tramp—Tramp—
Now he merrily steps, for his guard is brief;
Unnoticed the waters dash over the reef:
The Corporal comes with the "third relief,"
And his gloomy task is o'er.

QUIGGLE.

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TASTE.

By the aid of our intellectual faculties we can pursue our inquiries in almost any direction, to a very considerable degree. We can extend the limits of science as far as it has been permitted by our Creator. But unless there was some degree of pleasure connected with the cultivation of our mental faculties, science would not have made the progress that it *has* already made. That innocent pleasure which accompanies the employment and cultivation of our mental faculties, is a great inducement to us; it is a charm which, after having been once influenced, we cannot resist.

Now, this pleasure we experience through that endowment which is called *taste.* It is very intimately connected with the intellectual faculties, but is in fact simply an endowment or sensibility, by means of which we can distinguish the beauties and imperfections in nature and art; deriving pleasure from the one, and pain, so to say, from the other.

You will notice that we do not regard taste as a faculty, for that implies the *power* of doing something, or of accomplishing some change, which is not the office of taste.

In treating this subject we will endeavor to show,

I. Its true nature;

II. Its proper objects; and

III. Its standard.

Many theories have been advocated by different writers on this subject; but after careful investigation, it seems that they can all be classed under two heads, making but *two* distinct theories.

The majority of the English philosophers, among whom are Hume, Alison, and Burke, maintain that matter is not beautiful in itself, but derives its beauty from "the condition or expression of the mind;" that what appears beautiful to one person, may appear deformed, imperfect, and even disgusting, to another. So that according to their doctrine, there can be no common standard of taste; but all tastes are equally just, provided each person pronounces that beautiful, which he feels to be so. It is, then, according to these writers, but the expression of individual sentiment, or the result of individual fancy; and every person is allowed to exalt to the rank of beauty whatsoever, in his own eyes, is pleasing.

The German, and greater portion of the French philosophers, take just the opposite ground, and maintain that taste is "simple, absolute, and immutable." Were this not the case, what inducement would there be to the artist? Indeed, if the doctrine set forth by the English philosophers was true, the fine arts would not have reached that degree of perfection which they *have* already reached, for the artist would not labor so earnestly, if he was conscious, before entering upon his work, that it would appear beautiful and pleasing to him self only. In fact, such a doctrine, if true, would be an impediment to *all* the arts and sciences.

When a person beholds some object, such as the rainbow, and exclaims, "It is beautiful," he gives vent to an emotion, not special, but *universal.* All persons, in contemplating the unity, variety, and moral notion connected with this object, are affected in the same manner, though perhaps not in the same degree; for the amount of pleasure derived from the observation of such objects, varies by association and culture.

Now, this pleasant emotion which is experienced on beholding such objects, is occasioned by the appreciation of their beauties; and this appreciation of beauty, as we before said, is *taste.* So that taste is *not* mutable and special.

II. Its objects.

The objects which the Creator has made to awaken the emotion of taste, are innumerable. The heavens above, the earth beneath, the mighty oceans, the majestic rivers, the lofty mountains, the ripple of the brook, and the warbling of birds, together with the thousand objects that meet us wherever we turn, all minister to its gratification, and awaken within us emotions of beauty and sublimity.

But the objects which excite these emotions, like the emotions themselves, are of a two-fold character—objects of beauty, and those of sublimity. These two classes differ both in *kind* and *degree,* and can be readily distinguished from each other. Sublime objects are great and noble, and excite in the mind sentiments of awe and grandeur; whereas objects of beauty awaken calmer and gentler emotions, and the pleasure arising from them is much more lasting than that derived from sublime objects. Every one can at once perceive what a vast difference there is between the emotions awakened by the sight of a small fire, and that of a volcano, pouring out from its boiling furnace whole rivers of liquid fire; nor can there be any difficulty in understanding the immense difference in the feelings excited by the appearance of a small and pleasant rivulet, and those excited by the mighty cataract of Niagara. The one is beautiful, the other sublime.

III. Its standard.

The question has frequently arisen, whether a standard of taste is possible?

When we compare the taste of childhood to that of youth and manhood, and the taste of civilized men to that of savages; and when we note the vast difference in taste, even in the civilized world, we are, at first, inclined to think that there can be no common standard. But, after reflecting for a moment, we see the absurdity of such a belief. When we see the common classes preferring ephemeral novels to the works of Milton and Shakspeare, or an ordinary song to a beautiful opera; and when we note that some forms and colors are more agreeable to mankind than others, and that some modes of thought and expression are pleasing, while others are harsh and painful, we begin to think that there must be some standard by which all can be judged.

What, then, is the standard? Is it a system of arbitrary laws dictated by authority, which all the works of art must imitate, and by which their merits must be decided? Certainly not. But it is "the concurrent tastes of the majority of mankind." Among the different civilized nations, in all ages, there is found to have existed a general agreement on certain questions in aesthetics, and from this it is inferred that as mankind possess similar faculties, they also possess, to some degree, similar tastes. So that laws deduced from the general agreement of mankind, on questions of taste, will form a safe guide to the artist, and a test to our individual decisions.

VIRTUE OF PATRIOTISM.

When, in the history of nations, great events are transpiring, which call into exercise those master passions by which whole peoples are carried along as by the force of an irresistible current, it is often both interesting and profitable to examine with care the characteristics and effects of these passions, and at this time it seems proper for us to inquire into the nature of that patriotism which has within the last two years worked such wonders in our land. It is my purpose to take a brief survey of this passion in this article.

Patriotism is love for one's country.

It has its seat in the moral nature of man. The love of God takes precedence. Next in order stands philanthropy, and under philanthropy, viewed as a genus, stands Patriotism as an important species. It is a warm and generous passion, arising from the intuitive perception of truth. Here it is distinguished from a calm, dispassionate conviction, on the one hand, and mere blind instinct on the other. It is lasting, and is thus elevated above the numerous transient passions by which man is affected. It is an original and universal principle. It depends neither upon the experience of advanced life, nor the refining influence of civilization.

Time, space, sex, age, and condition, are all at fault, and fail to limit it. Perhaps it could not be more universal if it were an insidious and subtle fluid imbibed from the mother's breast, or an impalpable gas inhaled from the air we breathe. Indeed, the question of the poet is an apt one, when he asked,

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> That to himself he ne'er hath said,
> This is mine own, my native land?"

Patriotism is a virtue, because it is an original, universal principle, implanted in the nature of man by the Creator himself. In this respect it is similar to the principles of religion and self-love in man, and analogous to the instinct of self-preservation in beasts.

Again, it is irreconcilably opposed to selfishness, and all that is mean in man's nature. It calls men to the performance of duties of a high order. Under its influence they are led to the most utter self-abnegation. The soul is aroused and filled with the most generous impulses—he rushes to the performance of deeds of heroism and devotion, which call forth the unbounded admiration of contemporaries, and are handed down for the applause of generations to come.

When his country is threatened with the horrors and dangers of war, the patriot forgets himself in his eager solicitude for her welfare. He cheerfully leaves the comforts and delights of his quiet home, and despising ignoble ease, takes his life in his hands and hastens to her defence; and when peace is restored, and he is permitted to return, it is to stand as a wakeful guardian, ever watchful and anxious for her best interests.

This sentiment may be shown as virtuous by the company it keeps. Wherever religion, temperance, moderation, bravery, fortitude, frugality, prudence, or self-sacrifice are found, there will patriotism be. On the contrary, let a people forgetting to be wise, enter into the practice of vices, and the green tree of patriotism loses its pristine vigor, turns pale, and dies from the effects of the poisoned atmosphere. When Greece, in ancient times, poor and insignificant among the nations of the earth, battling with powerful foes for the very right of existence, was compelled by the force of circumstances to practise virtue, patriotism thrived, and a Leonidas could live. When Greece, proud and haughty, forgot her virtuous ways, and fell into the practice of vice, patriotism disappeared, and not even the thunder-tone of a

Demosthenes' eloquence could arouse her slumbering sons to the protection of their liberty.

The Romans in their earlier history were remarkable for their rigid adherence to the practice of the sterner duties; then Rome was unsurpassed in the patriotism of her sons. But when she became corrupted by the luxuries which flowed into her territories after her magnificent conquests, patriotism sank with manhood, and the foul crimes of a Cataline were substituted for the sublime self-devotion and lofty patriotism of a Regulus.

The object of patriotism is praiseworthy.

This is to promote the best interests of one's country. It seeks to do this by defending the country from the attacks of its enemies, external or internal, by the maintenance of its laws and institutions in their purity and vigor, by ensuring the amelioration of the condition of its citizens, and by the development and protection of its material interests. If these are its objects, how can it be other than virtuous?

Its effects are in the highest degree beneficial.

In times of peace and prosperity men become deeply involved in private pursuits, and are too often deaf to the call of duty, and forget their country in the greedy pursuit of gain, or giddy whirl of pleasure. But when danger appears, the scene changes. A wave of patriotism sweeps over the land. Man's nature seems changed. His whole being is aglow with the fires of a noble enthusiasm, which purge out the accumulated dross of years of self-seeking, and urge him forward by an irresistible impulse to the exercise of virtues of which they seemed incapable. The indolent become suddenly active; the selfish, self-sacrificing; the avaricious, generous; the vacillating, resolute; the weak, strong; the careless, thoughtful; the drunkard, sober; the pleasure-seeking, prudent; the fanatical, reasonable.

When patriotism hides her head, men in their blindness turn themselves to other gods. The demons Mammon, Belial, Lust, Pride, Corruption, and all their hideous clan, come forth from their foul hiding-places into the broad glare of day, erect their shrines in the market-places and public thoroughfares, and marshal their devotees by legions. Then is the high carnival of vices. Now let the radiant form of the Goddess of Patriotism appear; let her temple, in all its magnificent proportions, rise on the startled vision; let the goddess wave her wand, and the effect is magical. Down into the ignominious dust in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, tumble the strange temples. Back into their execrable haunts shrink the bedazzled demons, while their disenchanted followers rush headlong to the temple of their triumphant rival. Surely this passion, which makes bad men good men, and good men better, cannot but be virtuous in its nature.

Throughout every age it has received the unqualified admiration of all good men. "*Dulce et decor' est pro patria mori,*" sang ancient Italy's lyric genius, nearly two thousand years ago; the same sentiment has been resounding from millions of responsive hearts ever since. Whose breast has not heaved, whose heart not swelled, whose eye not flashed, when reading or hearing of the deeds of a Tell, a Washington, or a Garabaldi? Who has not triumphed in the triumphs of Switzerland, of the Netherlands? Who has not suffered in the spasmodic throes of distracted Ireland, or in the desperate struggles of dissevered Poland? Who would not shriek with freedom, when a Kosciusko falls, or hide his face in shame for his species, when a Benedict Arnold unmasks his damnable treason. Indeed, so excellent is this patriotism esteemed, that we are compelled to admire it even in our enemies; and there is also a certain kind of admiration even for those brave, honest, enthusiastic and devoted men, who, through error in judgment, attach themselves to a bad cause. There certainly was a touch of sadness in our rejoicings at the death of Stonewall Jackson, and it is permitted us, like Brutus, to have tears for the man, and daggers for his cause.

Many of the benefits of this virtue have already been exhibited in this discussion, and it will only be necessary briefly to mention them here. How it drags a man from the miry pit of self-indulgence, into which the long-continued whirl of self-seeking has engulphed him—leads him, in his holy fervor for a good cause, to the abandonment of his besetting sins, and to the earnest practice of every virtue. It teaches him to be wakeful, self-denying, forbearing, patient, and hopeful. These improvements in the individual are soon made manifest in the elevation of society. Men are raised to a point far above the blinding and perverting influences of the busy whirl of conflicting passions and prejudices. It shines, with all the brightness of a mid-day sun, on the path of every honest man, enabling him to steer a straightforward course, to select whatever will prove of advantage to his country, and to reject everything baneful. The blind, fanatical partizan, relinquishes his narrow views, becomes liberal and conservative. Men forget themselves, in their zeal for the general welfare.

From these facts it must be evident to all, that patriotism is of the most incalculable benefit, if not essential to the very existence of every nation. In times of war, the strong arms and stout hearts of patriots form for her a surer defence than adamantine walls, a more potent champion than legions of hirelings, impregnable fortresses, or invulnerable iron-clads. In peace, it is the sleepless, faithful sentinel, standing guard at every avenue at which invidious enemies might creep in to fasten on the public vitals.

Since, then, patriotism is so useful, nay, so essential a virtue, how incumbent is it upon all men to practise and inculcate it! How shall we escape a dread responsibility before men and God, if we neglect it? How, then, you ask, shall we advance the interests of this virtue?

First: by our example; by letting a pure and enlightened patriotism shine out in every public act of our lives.

Secondly: by striving to instil a sincere love of country into the heart of every one with whom we may come in contact; by exhorting and strengthening one another; by enjoining it upon our friends; by teaching it to our children.

Finally: there can be no more effectual means of ensuring the display of patriotism, than by promoting religion and education among the masses. Let men be conscientious in the discharge of their religious duties, and there is no fear but that they will recognise the claims of this virtue. Enlighten them, and you will not fail to awaken and successfully direct the germ of true patriotism. Everett, Webster, and other great and good men, unite in saying, that upon religion and the education of the people depends our very existence as free people. While these are upheld, our foundations are as firm as the everlasting hills.

MY.

◆

ON SELF-CULTURE.

When Socrates, closing an argument on wisdom, drew the conclusion, "Every man is wise therefore, in that only of which he has a knowledge," he meant that only by the accumulated acquisition of knowledge a man could become really wise. The truths which this distinguished philosopher proclaimed, are as well supported by the judgments of the sages before him, as they have been sustained by his successors for two thousand years; and his maxims on what we will call, for the moment, personal attainments, may be safely adopted by the candid and the earnest. Accepting, then, his present conclusion, our attention is directed to the acquisition of knowledge.

The particular form which we intend this subject to assume, is a brief discussion of knowledge in its relations to the possessor, as contradistinguished from its relations to mankind in general. We call its acquisition Self-culture, and will endeavor to see what it is; why it should be acquired; and the means by which it may be acquired.

I. Self-culture is the employment of some labor or means for individual correction, improvement, or growth. This is the definition of self-culture in general; but we wish to speak of mental self-culture, as distinguished from the physical or moral.

Mental self-culture, then, is a phenomenon of the mind. It is placed under cognition, through the several processes of which it may be traced. To practise it, is to enjoy one of the highest perogatives of man. It may be styled an increasing approximation to perfection. We say approximation, for the perfection to which it tends, it can no more reach, than traverse the realms of infinitude of the Infinite itself. Though the grand agent in the improvement of the nations, yet in the comparative progress of our fellowmen, the greatest is no greater than the least before perfection itself.

The degree of self-culture depends on a predetermined plan, a strong resolution to acquire it. And so in this process, strength of will will rank at least as high as brilliancy of intellectual powers.

II. In support of the proposition—self-culture should be acquired—we find the following proofs, here arranged in the rhetorical order of their value.

(1.) As fallen beings, we are constantly gazing toward perfection as the guiding-star in our intellectual night.

When we feel the need of becoming something better, purer, nobler than before, we are led into a consideration of cause and effect, from which we find that a careful cultivation cannot fail to ennoble us. Now, that "a careful cultivation cannot fail to ennoble us," is an *a priori* proof why self-culture should be acquired.

(2.) Do we not, when our bodies are concerned, esteem physical culture of the highest importance, and devote the greatest attention to it? For this reason, among the ancient Greeks, a nation celebrated for its skill in war and devotion to manly pursuits, the youth received their whole education in the gymnasium and palaestra, while athletes were held in the highest repute. And as the training of a lifetime was necessary to make a victor at the Olympic games, so should we devote all our time, all our powers to that mental self-culture which is to crown us victors in some future intellectual struggle.

(3.) It is related of Cicero, that even when the acknowledged champion of the Roman forum, and yet later, when at the height of his senatorial glory, he still performed the daily rhetorical exercise of his youth with the utmost punctuality and care; and more remarkable, he continued these exercises up to the very day of his death. So persuaded was the greatest orator of Rome of the importance of unwearied self-culture.

Democritus bestowed his large patrimony upon the State, that, untrammelled by domestic cares, he might pursue his favorite study of philosophy.

The gifted Fox, at one time the brilliant leader of the British Parliament, was most particularly observed to let no single fact, in his extended business, escape him, which could possibly be of use to him in his comprehensive profession.

III. A powerful aid in self-culture—this most difficult of processes—is a frequent and critical examination of oneself.

To investigate the hidden springs of action; to scrutinize actions and question motives; to arrange and re-arrange the stores of knowledge; inspecting and analyzing; to place each article, each fact, in its own place, on its own shelf, (on the doubtless familiar Napoleonic mental drawer system); and above all, by constant practice to be able to grasp at an instant's notice, the particular article desired; these are indeed important means for a noble end.

At Delphi of Ancient Greece, there was the most celebrated oracle of the world. On its wall this apothegm is said to have been inscribed—*Gnothi Sauton.* Its Pagan author has indeed perished, but he has left his direction, an immortal fragment, ready for our hands.

(2.) The next means are observation and comparison; to collect and classify; to cull from every quarter choice material, and decide its functions and uses. It is indeed a noble field, and comprehends much under the present inquiry; but as it is the most extensive instrument, so is it the most readily seen; as it is the most simple, so is it the most easily handled.

(3.) The final means is an earnest search after TRUTH—whatever is necessary, whatever is noble, whatever is good. In heat and in cold; in deserts and floods; in pleasure and joy; in trouble and despair; your search must go on until you have bathed in the waters of that fountain which is purer than morning light.

In these thoughts we have endeavoured to show self-culture as a phenomenon of the mind, and depending for its degree on strength of will; that it should be acquired for its ennobling effects; and this is sustained by illustrious examples—and that it may be acquired by examination, observation, and an earnest search for Truth.

Let us judge it then, the greatest interest in man's advancement; his best friend in the past; his only friend in the future.

P.

Editor's Table.

Oh for a quill equal to the touch of Midas! So sighed our pathetic soul as we dropped *instanter* into the editorial chair, and endeavored vainly to preserve a kind of equilibrium not laid down in the course of higher mathematics. No point of application is visible, yet the intensity of the force is equal to that communicated to the sensorium, by the vibrations of yon bell, about quarter to seven in the morning. This is especially so, when you have nestled your head in the deep folds of the coverlets ten minutes before, and now over the pathway of budding dreams flit some nymph, naiad, or grace.

Excluding all vagaries from our mind, we dip once more our "Protean." Within the focus of one optical is secured for future encouragement the invisible prompter—invisible except to the mind's eye.

Confidence + Effort = Success.

The other, restless as an Aspen leaf, is free to roam where wildest fancy inclines it.

The feast of our table comes to you prepared over the seething of a Quarterly's cauldron. If pale faces indicate the severity of this omnivorous process—technically denominated cramming—then the great institution, Quarterly, has in part effected the object of its originators.

But pale faces are not synonymous with hard study. Men may impair their faculties, become sadly imbecile in mind, and lose their bloom from their *inactive* habits.

If the prodigious feats of "mechanical memory" exhibited on such occasions, be an adequate proof of its improvement, then the result—a perfect examination—compensates for the loss of "nature's balmy restorer," experienced during its preparation, together with crest-fallen faces and contracted muscles.

The possession of such a memory is like unto unwrought gold, and a thing not to be despised.

"But what avails such giant power
To wrest the trophies of an hour."

Rhapsodists are eminently distinguished for such attainments. History abounds with stories of their achievements.

We cannot, however, substitute a mechanical for a constructive memory.

An intelligent acquaintance with standard opinions, puts us in possession of useful power, yet cannot equal that power and importance of original opinions, which are derived from personal experience or observation. Steel may be magnetized by contact with the magnet, and a pseudo power of attraction be imparted. The Loadstone alone possesses the original power, and can be made to impart it to inferior substances, in proportion to the texture of the material to be magnetized.

Quarterly, then, in these respects is a failure. Out of it has grown two increasing evils.

The first one is rather neoterick, we confess—quarterly is over, hurrah! and your auricles catch the pleasant sounds, "Are you going home?" So œcumenical has it become, that one-half the number of fellow-students go home on "pop visits." Four days leave of absence are granted—a week taken—and three days more are required on your return, to become domesticated. The pleasure of your visit is succeeded by the pain of a week and a half's accumulated lectures and recitations. Those who remain must close up the decimated ranks, and bear the blunt of the class-room battles. Going home, then, while the college curriculum is rolling on, is prejudicial to discipline.

The second evil resulting from this system is—many regard it as a substitute for daily preparations. The Herculean task of acquiring facts, which underlie the laws that govern beauty, and those principles which should regulate human conduct, is with them a legerdemain practice. Presto, change! *multum in parvo*, and they have accomplished the task. A month elapsed, this knowledge is required for use—the pen is in hand, the eyebrows contract, the mind is set to work, but lo! it has vanished like a mirage in the desert. Under-classmen give heed! Independent of the Auto de Fa torturing of the brain, is the enervating result—mental dyspepsia, or distaste for mental exertion. Be the soul of example. Strive to deserve and to gain a higher, nobler state of mind.

The sad lot of recording the demise of a fellow-collegian has devolved upon us.

We allude to John L. Thompson, a member of the present Junior Class, who virtually sacrificed his life in the cause of humanity and freedom—not a victim to the hand that impelled the steel, but fell disease, contracted while defending his native soil from traitorous feet.

Fifteen months ago he graced with his presence the identical hallowed walls, which, at that time, encircled the life and beauty of commencement-day, where to-day his requiem was sung.

We transcribe entire the resolutions adopted by Classmates, together with those of the Cliosophic Society, as better expressive of the high estimation in which he was held, than the opinion of only an acquaintance.

At a meeting of the Junior Class, held October 5th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The Almighty has seen fit in his infinite wisdom to take from our midst in the bloom of his life, our much beloved friend and classmate, John L. Thompson, of Pennsylvania: and *whereas,* it behooves us who have known him so long and so intimately, to express, though feebly, our deep sorrow at the loss we have sustained; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in his death not only we as a class, but all who have moved in friendly relation with the deceased, have met with a loss which words can but inadequately express.

Resolved, That we admire that ardent patriotism which led him in the hour of his country's need to the field, where was contracted that disease which proved so fatal.

Resolved, That the associations which have endeared him to us as a classmate have been genial and pleasant, and that his abilities, had he been spared, would have made his future creditable to himself and his friends.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his afflicted relations, and with them express a sincere hope that our beloved classmate has but left his friends on earth to meet those among whom partings are unknown.

Resolved, That we, in token of respect, wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and be published in the *Lancaster Express, Philadelphia Inquirer, New York Observer, and Princeton Standard.*

S. Campbell, Jr., N. Y.
Edward G. Cook, N. J.
J. N. Stratton, N. J.
G. L. Simonson, N. Y.
C. H. McClellan, Va.
Committee.

Cliosophic Resolutions.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, in the exercise of an infinite and mysterious providence, to remove from time to eternity our late brother,

Resolved, That the Cliosophic Society has heard with mournful hearts of the untimely death of their lamented brother, whose noble bearing made him an object of our affections, and an ornament to our society.

Resolved, That as the bright anticipations of his relatives have been turned into utter disappointment, we do solemnly deplore their irreparable loss, and would fain soothe their sorrow by mingling our tears with theirs.

Resolved, That as a slight testimonial of our loss, and respect for our departed brother, we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That the above resolutions be published in the *Philadelphia Press, Newark Advertiser, Princeton Standard,* and that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

Vincent Pratt,
Lewis B. Halsey,
Frank K. Howell,
Committee.

All honor to old Nassau! We have received intelligence of the late contest between the first nine of the *Nassau,* of Princeton, and *Resolute, Star, Excelsior,* and *Atlantic* Base Ball Clubs of Brooklyn. The result is a series of triumphs for the Nassaus, terminating in a brilliant victory, with one exception, the game with the Atlantics, which was not a full one, only seven innings being played when darkness compelled the umpire to call the game. The score was,

First match, Nassaus, 13—Resolutes, 9.
Second, " 12—Excelsior, 11.
Third, " 16—Stars, 7.
Fourth, " 13—Atlantics 18.

One word about the "Mag." The want of interest manifested by an interesting class in this community is painful. College literature, it is well known, does not possess a character so enchanting as the Arabian Nights, Mysteries of Paris, etc. This is no plea for not supporting it. We owe much pleasure and instruction to the simple suggestions of its pages, and the time consumed in reflecting upon the thoughts therein expressed, comes back to us in after years with compound interest attached to the principal. Contributors nobly perform the toilsome duty assigned them. It yet remains for you, gentle reader, to encourage them. The raven makes the scanty water in the hollow of the tree rise to its beak by dropping pebble-stones into it. You who are *par excellence* in wielding the pen can, like the raven, elevate its standard by suffusing its pages with rich thought, and make it, in the language of the erudite De Quincey, the "literature of power."

The Editor.

THE

Nassau Literary Magazine.

RICHARD S. HUNTER, EDITOR.

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EXPERIENCE.

Education has long been looked upon as the great panacea of all social evils. In this opinion the intelligent masses have for the most part agreed, although they have differed widely as to the best method of applying the cure. How to educate, and what are the best means of education, are questions that have agitated the public mind to no small extent, furnishing themes for country editors, popular lecturers and dignified essayists, *ad infinitum.* Many and varied are the theories advanced and proposed, and all, or nearly all, have found their advocates and disciples; yet still must it not be acknowledged, that whatever merit many of them contain, none has as yet arisen so brilliant as to make us forget that oft repeated adage, "*Experience is the best of teachers*"?

Who then is this pedagogue, upheld as the *ne plus ultra* of learning? Where does he keep his academy? and what are the costs and benefits of his teaching? These, dear friends, are the inquiries, in making which, we ask your company. Assuring you, although our little paper road may be somewhat dry, and not have many wild flowers to adorn its borders, yet we shall endeavor to make it straight and soon arrive at a *terminus*.

In inquiring into the genealogy of the object of our attention, we will find that "Experience" comes from no mean family, and that through his Latin ancestors, *Experior* and *Experientia*, he might claim, with Paul, a Roman citizenship. Or a loving philologist, searching among the heraldry of the past, might find another branch of the family in the Grecian isles, wearing for their coat of arms the word *Πειράω*, and no doubt the Hebrew or Egyptian ancestors, with a name no less clearly known or defined; thus you see this teacher has at least some claims upon our notice, as a living survivor of an ancient and respectable house. So much so, that we may without exaggeration claim that his progenitors existed coeval with the progenitors of mankind. In fact, at this early period he had already obtained the highest chair in this mundane university, and the lessons of mingled joy and sadness which he first dictated to our progenitors are too well known to need rehearsing. Here it sufficeth to say, that from a paradisaical home, where the varied landscape, made joyous by the songs of birds, gave from its bosom the sweetest perfume distilled from a thousand petals rare; they, by sad experiences of a shipwrecked faith, were driven from the silent council chamber of an angry God, and cast forlorn wanderers on an unfriendly world. From that time Experience has ever been the most effectual teacher of our race, and so close has been his company and silent his influence, that you will not recognise his appearance until defined as knowledge derived from trial, use, practice, or from a series of observations. Of his ability as a teacher we have enough testimonials to fill a respectable circular; one, however, will be all that we can offer on the present occasion. Shakspeare writes thus of his skill: "He cannot be a perfect man, not being tried and tutored in the world. Experience is by industry achieved and perfected by the swift course of time."

The school-room, in which he applies his lessons with such rigid exactness, we need not tell you, is the world above, the concave vault studded with shining pearl; below, an emerald carpet of never-fading texture. Here, through stately groves of nodding trees, beneath the prattle of the sparkling waterfall, or in the softened light of the mountain shade, Experience leads his pupils in quiet reveries; or in the beating heart of the bustling town, pours his lessons of sorrow or of joy. That the academy is well adapted to his purpose, no one will deny. Blessings to enlarge and swell the soul, trials to cleanse and purify it, abound on every side. Other places of learning have models and charts; but here are found the living originals. Other colleges may boast of vast and extensive libraries, but here are found "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." The lessons taught are too numerous even for a mere mention of them. Everything that goes to make up life, to develope manhood, or prepare us for eternity, finds a part in this extensive curriculum.

Man is selfish, is written on the black-board of history in fearful characters of blood. *Life is short,* in bold round-hand, peers at us from the tablets of the churchyard; and that *Earthly joys are fleeting,* is graven in imperishable hieroglyphs on the pages of memory. That the course is an expensive one in many cases, we will not deny, for although it is true that "experience teaches wisdom," it is also true that "experience is dearly bought." Pain, want, fatigue, both of body and mind, are too frequently the concomitants of this never-failing tutor, and many a pupil has increased his experimental knowledge at the expense of life itself.

The quality, however, of the teachings, and the indelibility with which they enroll themselves in the records of the mind, repay us in a measure for all our castigation. If we would be sifted as the wheat from the chaff, we must experience *tribulation;* if we would be urbane and polite, we must experience the buffets and frowns of the inhabitants of *Urbs,* or the descendants of *Πολιτης.* In this school, if we would know, we must learn by studying opposites, and comparing, to ascertain their value, pain with pleasure, joy with grief, and then *vice versa.* Call to your mind for a moment the picture of one who, from early childhood, has experienced the blessings and comforts of home; one who has been wont, on shivering nights, when mournful winds go prowling round the house, to draw his chair within the family circle, and make one in that band of love, whose glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes rival the burning anthracite upon the hearth before them; and then go forth into the howling storm, and follow the poor wanderer, who never, even when a little child, had known the comfort of a mother's kiss, or felt the heavings of a mother's bosom, as with pale, wan visage, and hollow, sunken eye, his feeble limbs carry him with staggering gait along the dreary pavements. Mark how his eager, famished gaze, drinks in the light that, streaming from yonder cheerful parlor, dances on his brow in painful mockery. And think you that, could these brother actors on the stage of life but change their characters, the first would not feel most intensely the pain of his situation, and the second know well how to appreciate the benefits of fire and food, after the experience of the life that had gone before?

And now, why all this teaching? why this varied, and ofttimes painful experience? why must we "bear the whips and scorns of time, the proud man's wrong, the pangs of despised love, the law's delay, the insolence of office, when we might our quietus make with a bare bodkin?" Because, kind companion, if you have accompanied me thus far, we are here on probation, we are being tried and tutored as to whether we can endure life; not a hum-drum, common-place life, but a life of right thinking, right acting, and right speaking, in order that we may be allowed to enter that higher realm of life and light in the land of the hereafter. This is the great preparatory school, from which it is requisite we should take a diploma, in order to enter the higher university of heaven: and who is there so foolish as not to long for such a noble experience as to know God and enjoy eternal life? I seem to see an aged pilgrim, with silvery locks and features scarred with many a wound from the battle of life. He is dressed in the costume of an ancient bard, and as he sits with his harp just beyond the river, he sings a joyful song, whose trembling melody is burdened with the sweet experience of heaven.

Beyond the river, all is past—
  All that the world can do or dare.
Safe! safe! in heaven, my home, at last,
  Where souls ecstatic know no care.

Beyond the river, oh, how sweet!
  With kindred spirits there to rove—
The great, the good, in conclave meet,
  To bathe their souls in seas of love.

Beyond the river, weary heart,
  Thy broken spirit may find rest;
Experience joys that ne'er depart,
  And be with God for ever blest.

Souls of the oppressed and weary—souls of the glad and joyous, will you not by faith anticipate this pleasure, and join the minstrel in his gladsome strain?

S.

◆

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

An army had waited, and suffered, and fought,
An army lay bleeding and dying for naught:
Deprived of its leader—its idol—its friend—
Little hope—little comfort—did Providence lend.
The heroes of Malvern—Antietam—Chantilly—
Who'd fought for the Lion, or bled for the Lily—
Whose sires for old Erin had shed their heart's blood—
Whose fathers repose 'neath a Waterloo's clod.
From village, from hamlet, from prairie, from plain,
From the old Granite State, from the shores of Champlain;
From mountain, from valley, from river, from vale,
They had rolled as the billows are borne by the gale.
From the land of the Frenchman, the home of the Dane;
From the lakes of Wisconsin, the forests of Maine;
They'd fought for their country, they'd fought for their laws—
They'd rallied, they'd bled for America's cause.
  The fathers, the brothers, the sons of the North,
Arose on the morn of the glorious Fourth,
To battle with traitors, to struggle with foe,
Till victory should crown them, or death lay them low.
Their homes were invaded, their hamlets on fire,
What wonder their bosoms were swollen with ire!
As they swore, in defence of the colors they bore,
They'd conquer or die 'mid the cannon's wild roar;
And they vowed, when they thought of the innocent maid,
Defenceless, exposed to that terrible raid—
When they thought of the hearts that were broken and sore,
And the widows and orphans that wept for the war—
That living or dying, their cry still should be
For their country, the home of the brave and the free.
  With huzzas for their banner, they entered the strife,
And many a gallant there laid down his life;
And on the red field, 'mid the carnage and death,
To his country and lover each breathed his last breath;
'Mid the roar of the cannon, the scream of the shell,
And the wild battle-cry, which above them did swell;

'Mid the charges of chargers, at thunderbolt speed,
And the trampling of squadrons and galloping steed;
'Mid the wild-wreathing smoke, and the gun's ruddy glare,
Without a protection—their bosoms all bare.
To the charge! with a vengeance, the enemy rushed;
For an instant the noise of the battle was hushed;
Then sudden there pealed from the guns' brazen throats,
An overture, tuned to the fiercest of notes;
And across the long line like the lightning it dashed,
And right through the ranks like a whirlwind it crashed;
But they swerved not an inch to the left or the right,
And onward they rushed, in the pride of their might:
With their colors on high, they advanced on the field,
On which they had sworn they would die, ere they'd yield.
  But firm as the rocks of their own native land,
The men of the North unflinchingly stand:
To the brunt of the fight they their bosoms expose,
While their volleys they pour in the breasts of their foes.
  As the waves of the ocean are borne to the shore,
With their clear, curling crests, and monotonous roar,
That host was advancing, in order, with might,
To vanquish the freeman, to trample on right:
As the waves of the ocean, when dashed on a rock,
Are scattered to spray by the force of the shock,
That host in an instant in death was laid low,
By the breath of their gallant victorious foe.
That night, through the air of that battle-stained plain,
From the heaps of the wounded, and dying, and slain,
There murmured a wail full of sighs and of moans,
Full of anguish, and torture, and torments, and groans.
  From the hills of Vermont to the plains of the West,
The glorious triumph was echoed with zest;
While the nation arose, the earned homage to pay
To the sons of the goddess who'd conquered that day.
Shout aloud in their praises, ye men of the North!
Break forth into singing, O land that brought forth
The heroes who've won on your National Day
A victory whose memory will never decay!
And then, when the war and its battles are past;
When the carnage and bloodshed are over at last;
When brother with brother in friendship shall grasp
The hand which of yore he was eager to clasp;

When the soldiers return, with victorious tramp,
From the scenes of confusion, the hardships of camp—
With their fathers, and mothers, and children shall meet;
When the lover his lass with affection shall greet;
With their colors all faded, and tattered, and torn,
And their flags 'mid the smoke of the battle outworn:
When Peace o'er the land her soft pinions shall spread;
When conflict and carnage for ever are fled;
When in friendship and love comes our glorious Fourth,
Shout aloud in their honor, ye men of the North!

TARTAN.

◆

ABOUT POETRY.

MR. EDITOR—It has become my pleasant duty, as the Secretary of the "Association for Poetic Reform," to communicate through you to your numerous patrons the proceedings and result of a meeting held by us, on the 18th instant, at the Castalian Spring, on Mount Parnassus. The Muses had long been grieved at the degeneracy of modern poetic literature. They, its tutelary divinities, could no longer behold it as it limped in crippled metre, and trembled in weakly sentiment on tongue and printed page. Their resolve was accordingly made. A solemn conclave was held. Apollo, guardian of all Art, presided, and, after mature deliberation, the assembly dispersed. The result was this: Calliope, the fair-voiced, was sent to inspire me with a desire to be the minister of the Muses among mortals; to be the instrument for effecting a remarkable renovation in this particular sphere of letters. She performed her work, and I accordingly set about my task, and soon had around me a number of kindred spirits, all anxious to purify this now degraded heavenly gift.

When Calliope made the result of her effort with me known to the "Sisterhood," a call was immediately issued from Olympus for an assemblage of divines and mortals at the classic waters of the Castalian Fount. Then swift-footed Mercury sped away at once to the habitations of men, and I soon had laid before me this astounding order:

"MOUNT OLYMPUS, *November* 18*th*, 1863.
Ye mortal reformers at once must repair
To Castalia's Fountain. The Muses meet there.
Now do what is right. Do what I'll approve,
And blessing be yours.
(Signed) OLYMPIAN JOVE."

This was irresistible; and as I had kept my followers by me all the time in anticipation of something like the above, I had only to read the order to them, and we were ready. We stepped to the door, and there found Fancy, with her winged chariot, ready to waft us from the abode of mortals to that of gods. We took our seats, and soon were transported away from the regions of Humanity.

As I have written a description of the time of day we made our journey and held our meeting, I will give it to you here. It will bring that momentous period more clearly before your mind than in any other way I could present it.

'Twas grand! 'twas glorious! 'twas sublime the scene
That to our gaze appeared, as through the deep
Blue sky, old Sol—chief Ruler of the Day—
On chariot throne, rolled slowly down and sank
With august grandeur and sublimity,
Into the placid bosom of the mist
Which rested languidly on western hills,
So like a thin, transparent veil, drawn o'er
The bosom of a virgin. Then he wrought
Around it bright and dazzling wreaths of light.
  Down, down the chariot wheels in silence sped,
He sank beneath, and rosy-fingered Hours
Shut down the golden gates of Hesperus.
And Twilight, as we journeyed swiftly on,

Protecting from the chilling clutch of Nox
The fast departing splendors of the god,
Let fall a veil, by unseen beings ruled,
A misty one, dividing night from day.

Night drew with regal dignity
Her sable robe around, and decked
Its chilling beauty with bright stars
Which twinkled merrily in the folds
Of her dark drapery. The moon
Rose queen-like, from her Orient couch
To keep her nightly vigil o'er
A silent, slumbering world. A calm
All nature seemed to woo. The hum
Of busy active world had ceased.
The deafening click of rattling looms
Was no more to be heard. The sharp
And ringing anvil of the smith
No longer clanked. The massive forge
Had ceased its mighty strokes.
Life's huge
And restless pulse had ceased to throb,
And silence universal held
The world. The moon, with pensive mien,
Moved slowly up the blue-arched vault
Dispensing wide her silver light,
And wearied nature felt the power
It soothingly and gently gave.
The night-clouds coursed in wild career
Athwart pale Luna's face, as if
To hide her beauty. But she yet
Gave mark of presence, by the wreath
Of God's first gift to man, she threw
Reproachfully around the form
Of each her envious foes.
Yes, it
Was beautiful.—Oh! Night, I love
Thy hallowed power. Thou dost exalt
The finer feelings of the soul
And plant them 'mid bright realms
Of Poesy, there to hold a long
Uninterrupted converse with
The God of nature.

The distance was soon passed over, and we were safely landed at the entrance of the sacred enclosure, within which were Castalia's classic waters. But before we were permitted to enter the mystic realm, an oath of secrecy, as to a revelation of its appearance to mortals, was exacted. This given, we were conducted within.

APOLLO was there, and around him sat in pensive silence, yet with hopeful look, the graceful NINE, the divinities of Art. We were received with a becoming welcome, and conducted to seats close by the feet of the Master. We were now relieved of our overcoats and hats by light-footed attendants, and presented by Hebe with a refreshment of ambrosia and nectar. During the repast, I could not but mark the intense interest manifested in us by all the celestials there present. This was an important epoch in the history of all of us. Humanity and Divinity side by side, both enlisted in the sacred cause of Progress.

Supper at length was ended, meerschaums were lighted, and we of the "Association" at least were ready for business. I know the divinities were horrified at our conduct, but the nobility of the cause we had undertaken, sufficiently atoned for all improprieties. So silence universal held this wonderful assemblage, broken nowhere save by the monotonous puff of our pipes, and an occasional cough from one and another of the immortals, as they happened to inhale the most novel, fragrant, yet suffocating effluence of nicotine. At last the Master arose, and striking his lyre to command attention, thus spoke:

"This meeting must begin. But oh! alas,
That this dread thing should e'er have come to pass.
That noble manhood should—hush! hear me now—
Should ever fall so low as this. I vow
That I am bored, completely bored, and yet
That they are mortal, too, I can't forget.

'*Humanum est errare,*' teaches me
That in my judgment I should lenient be.
But then sirs, misses, you all know full well,
That modern poetry has lost the spell
It had long years ago. That wondrous power
Of rhythm and sentiment, which only our
Abilities can make. Where it has gone
I do not know, and yet I seldom con
One single line of beauty or of grace,
A single sentiment that I would trace
Yet farther than its words. We must reform
These matters. But I'm getting very warm.
Hebe throw the windows open. Let some air
Into the Hall—a little higher—there."

All faint with the exertion made, Apollo sat down. For a moment no one spoke. At length "my friend over the way" arose, and deeply conscious of the need even of a personal reformation, thus addressed Calliope, the muse of Poetry:

"Sweet muse of Poesy, fanciful Deity,
Aid me, I pray thee, to sing thee a song:
Grant to my lyric a spirit of gaiety
Rising unearthly, its soarings prolong.

"Help me to sing of the joys and the pleasures,
Taken from well-springs of holiest love,
Endless, exhaustless, as are those soft measures,
Sung with sweet harps by pure angels above.

"Then shall I joyfully, free from anxiety,
Sport long and oft with bright fancies above,
Joys, pure and holy, all fraught with variety,
Shall soothe and bless me while 'mid them I rove."

And then, as if forgetful of the object which had taken him thither to that august convocation, he burst forth into singing—

"'Twas not thy beauty, fairest maid,
That threw this charm around my heart;
A chain of glittering links, inlaid
With jewels bright from true Love's mart.
Ah! True Love's mart! I'm wrong—I'm told
That love is never bought nor sold.

"There is within thy bosom placed,
A jewel Time cannot destroy—
'Tis GENIUS, by pure Love embraced;
Oh! may its brightness never cloy.
To this my heart is forced to bow,
And worship everlasting vow."

Astonishment, amazement, and joy at once overspread the countenances of all present, celestial as well as terrestrial. The long pent-up fountain of poetic inspiration at length had been unconsciously opened.

'Tis touched—there gushes forth those heavenly strains
Which, mute, the listening multitude enchains.

The key to the great prison-house had just been found. It was genius—pure, matured, intelligent genius. "My friend over the way," unconscious of it himself, had broken down the barrier heretofore existing in the world of letters. He had burst asunder

The brilliant chain of gaudy links,
That holds the mind from its rare sphere, and sinks
It into nothingness.

All felt the happy effect. Pensiveness shrank from the pale brows upon which, all this time, she had sat enthroned. The Muses smiled, and were ecstatic. Calliope bowed her head, and wept for joy. Apollo, to cap the climax, threw his lyre aside, jumped up and shouted out aloud to me,

"Go thou quick, tell all the nations,
That hereafter all creations
Of the mind, in rhythmic metre
Measured by poetic feet, or
Any other queer contrivance,
Must not have the least connivance
With 'machines' in any measure,
But let GENIUS be the treasure
Of all poets. This, my fiat,
Has gone forth. Go! herald, cry it."

Then, gazing around upon his hearers, joy lighting up every feature of his face, and new pride swelling his bosom, he continued,

"The art of Poetry has been redeemed
From lost estate. *Jocundus nobiscum.*"

There being no further need for conference, the assembly was at once dissolved, and with the order to publish the unexpected flight of our distinguished friend to the world, we were hurried out of the apartment, tumbled into my dame Fancy's chariot, and soon we heard the charioteer cry out,

"Here you are, sirs; and all right, sirs;
Come, get out, sirs—there—good-night, sirs,"

and found ourselves snugly ensconced in our cozy assembly chamber.

Before the memory of the glorious hours just passed should grow dim, we organized an "Association for Poetic Reform," based entirely on the inspiration of Genius, and we have made our initiatory steps full of hope and confidence. We are perfectly confident of a final overthrow of existing laws and forms, and the substitution of an entirely novel system, on the extraordinary inflation of my friend. Should any of your patrons wish to connect himself with our glorious "Renovator," he can do so by subscribing to our novelty, and endeavoring to conform as strictly as possible to the manifestation of the divine inspiration, always made as clear as a sunbeam, when in the presence of a member of the "Association for Poetic Reform."

Years may pass by, but still in memory's store
That glorious time shall teach its lessons o'er,
And modern verse must lose its cankering power,
When memory dwells upon that happy hour.

Yours officially,

SIR CILLI MANNE,
Sec. A. P. R.

THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

Actuated by a reverence for the Constitution of our country, second only to that for his Bible, the writer ventures a few words on the constitutional question opened in the September number of the Magazine. The subject is one of such practical moment as to demand the candid consideration of all.

The argument in question seems to be faulty, because it leads to a justification of acts and measures which we all hold to be wrong. On page 19, the author says that "it makes but little difference whether our Constitution is destroyed by revolutionary disunion or by usurpation. *Both should be violently resisted,*" and with this premise argues on page 20, that "such a suspension of the powers of the Constitution is not usurpation," because no bayonets "are stained with the blood of the usurpers at Washington." We deny that in our form of government, usurpations are to be *violently* resisted. For who shall decide whether a given act is an usurpation? Not the men in power, for their decision would, of course, be favorable to themselves: not always the judiciary, for they can regard only the strictly legal bearings of the case. If every citizen is to be the judge, (as will always occur in practice,) the doctrine of violent resistance to usurpation would justify acts of Nullification and New York mobs. In fact, our great complaint against the people of the South, is that they resisted what *they* believed* to be usurpation by the *sword,* instead of by the ballot. No! The ballot-box is the place for American citizens to resist encroachments on their rights, and when no protests are entered *there,* then will we concede that the people endorse the suspension of the Constitution as justifiable.

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* In the address of the South Carolina Convention of December, 1860, we find the following language:

"The truth is, they (the Northern States) having violated the express provisions of the Constitution, it is at an end as a compact. South Carolina deeming the compact not only violated in particular features, but virtually abolished by her Northern confederates, withdraws herself," &c.

Near the foot of page 19, the writer justifies a suspension of the Constitution, on the ground that the intention or the end justifies the use of the means in question. Or, in plainer language, *to accomplish a good result we may use what means we deem proper.*

In like manner Jesuits argue, that to secure the purity of the Church they may resort to the Inquisition, to falsehood, theft, and even massacre. We apprehend the truth to be, that if the means proposed be of a questionable character, we should clearly ascertain,

1. That it is necessary to the accomplishment of the desired end, and the least injurious in its tendencies of any expedient at hand.
2. That it is tolerably certain of accomplishing the end.
3. That the good certain to be attained will surpass the dangers arising from the use of the means.

Without examining these or any similar tests of the propriety of the means in question, the writer assures us that he has "*decided* a question which is of the utmost importance to our subject, viz., that such a suspension of the powers of the Constitution is not usurpation." He thus summarily disposes of the question at issue.

But with respect to the first of these propositions, we hold that the means provided in the Constitution have been proved sufficient for the maintenance of a war with a belligerent, or for subduing a local insurrection. As Courts, President, and Congress concur in regarding the Southern people as belligerents, the same powers should be sufficient in the present case, as in former wars. Even if further powers were needed, two years is surely long enough to have obtained them in a legal and unobjectionable manner from the people, acting in their sovereign capacity. Suspension of the Constitution is not, then, at present necessary, nor is it the least objectionable means.

Of the second head, we remark, that such suspensions are not certain, nor even likely to secure the end desired, viz., the preservation of the Constitution and the Union. Will you preserve a glass dish by breaking a piece out of it? Will the respect of the people for law, (the great basis of our peace at home,) be increased by the example of rulers breaking our law? And I venture to assert that the breach of constitutional guarantees on our part, is a great source of strength to the rebellion, and a cause of that lack of hearty support in the war, which the writer so justly bewails. Thus far such suspensions have *hindered* the attainment of the end desired.

Thirdly. In our opinion, the dangers arising from the precedent, (if endorsed by the people,) are immense. If the "good of the people" justifies the suspension of one article in one time of war, it justifies the suspension of *any* article in *any* time of war. Shall we give to every future executive the power, in time of war, to invade the courts of justice, to forbid the assembling of Congress, or to close the ballot-box? Truly the case *must be extreme* to justify such a precedent. The suspension is only temporary. Napoleon, under circumstances of the greatest necessity, caused the *temporary* suspension of the Council of Five Hundred—and the first Consul became Consul for life.

We call attention to the fact that if a means of questionable character be either unnecessary or uncertain of producing the end, or be full of dangerous characteristics quite as great as the good to be accomplished, *in either case* the use of the means becomes a doubtful or unjustifiable experiment. The breaking of one link (if I have accomplished no more,) destroys the chain.

Finally, the writer tells us that the Constitution was made for times of peace, and is therefore unfit for times of revolution. If this be true, what mean the provisions giving power to Congress to raise armies, provide a navy, to suspend the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus? what means the statement that *one* article *may* be suspended in time of war, if the fact of war gives the right to suspend all? True, the instrument does not *say* that it shall not be suspended, neither does it *say* that no State shall secede. Both may be clearly inferred. Yet even supposing his premises as stated to be true, his argument applies only to the seceded States, not to us. *They* are inaugurating a revolution, not *we.* They are out in the field, amid quagmires and hidden pitfalls; we claim to be in the safe and beaten track of duty. Why leave it? Why suspend the Constitution, and thus break the only chain that binds them to us?

One remark further. In the last paragraph of page 20, he says: "It (the Constitution) deprives its protectors of some power which they might otherwise use to maintain its integrity." I deny the proposition. On the contrary, the Constitution *gives* to our President all the power which he possesses, either civil or military. In the writer's own words, it is the "*source* from which all things else in the government *derive their power;*" it is "from its own nature and essence the fundamental law. If, therefore, you annihilate it, like removing the foundation, the whole national structure falls headlong into ruin." And mark the warning voice of Webster: "If *these* pillars fall, they will be reared not again." See to it, fellow-citizens, that this foundation be not injured.

A . . .

DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS.

Life is a trust. By the beneficence of a kind Creator we are placed in possession of that which comprehends under it all conceivable blessings. When God breathed into the nostrils of man the breath of life, and made him a living, active being, he also gave him a never-dying soul—that which elevates him above the level of the brute creation, and makes him an intelligent, a rational, and an accountable being. This it is which makes life so precious to every one. For this reason we should strive to the utmost of our power to live while we live, and not squander away so precious a boon in idleness, or live merely for the gratification of base and selfish motives.

True, there is no one idea of the proper aim of life common to all; speculations regarding it are as varied and numerous as the different classes of men. The merchant who makes gold his idol awaits with mingled emotions of anxiety and joy the arrival of ships from every quarter of the globe, which shall empty their rich cargoes at his feet, and make his well-filled coffers to overflow with that which is proving a curse to him. He may be a Dives, but in reality he is poorer far than the beggar who eats the crumbs which fall from his table.

The desire for wealth rules with imperial sway in almost every breast. This is the dominant impulse; and it so influences most men that they will turn their thoughts and employ their time in the manner best adapted to its most speedy and certain attainment. The gold and silver of the miser only prove to be the shackles which bind him to the earth, and eventually their weight drags him down to everlasting perdition.

To some the fascinations of a life of pleasure present such temptations that they cannot be resisted. Those who think only of the present, and let the morrow take care of itself, seek the maximum of happiness in the wine-cup. Little do they think that as they drain to the very dregs the poisonous liquid, they are quaffing with avidity the gall of bitterness; and in their nightly orgies they hear not the echo which comes back from their revellings, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee." The pomp and pageantry of war so dazzle the eyes of some men, that all things else are considered of secondary importance when compared with the achievements of a victorious conqueror. The names and actions of many illustrious heroes do emblazon the pages of history, and will live while the world exists; but is there not a higher, nobler aim in life than the acquisition of mere popular honor? Look at the conquests of Alexander, and the brilliant campaigns of Napoleon, and compare them with the philanthropy of a Howard. Aye, better be an humble peasant, whose heart has been enlightened by the rays of the Christian religion, than the prince who sits upon his throne and courts popular favor, which, like fickle fortune, exalts and casts down men at will.

Can we not from this form some estimate of the immense value of life, short as it is, and decide how it may be best employed? Surely God did not place man upon the earth that he might live only for himself; forgetting by whose instrumentality he was brought into existence, and to whom he is indebted for all the happiness which attends his life. No! The creature is commanded to coöperate with the Creator; to benefit fallen humanity, and make himself and them more worthy of the kindness of their Maker.

To make a life most profitable, we must set out with some definite end, and pursue it with a constant purpose; and not launch out on the great ocean, only to be tossed about on its troubled bosom. Many a frail bark has passed down the calm river of youth in safety, but when forced to contend with the storms of adversity which agitate the ocean of manhood and of life, has been overwhelmed because of indecision and wavering.

Besides this all-important quality of singleness of purpose, self-culture is necessary. The situation in which we are placed for the culture and development of mind and body, should be fully appreciated by us, and not be passed by as of trivial importance. We live in an age in which civilization and science have advanced to the very highest point; when we are surrounded by numerous advantages for the acquirement of this cultivation, which, when properly made use of, enlarge our sphere of usefulness, and increase our capacity for conferring benefits on our fellow-men. In addition to all this, innumerable examples are before our eyes to arouse us from the lethargy which so easily steals over us, and to stimulate us to life and activity in the short period of our mortal existence—examples of men who have risked, aye, sacrificed their lives in their zealous endeavors to spread abroad the blessed truths of Christianity, and in defending those sacred principles of right which are the only sure foundation of any government.

At one of the darkest periods of the world's history, when superstition had engulfed Europe, and the people were drowned in ignorance and error; when corruption and crime, the effects of the mighty power wielded by a bigoted priesthood, ran riot through the land; then it was that Luther, in the majesty of his newly-found faith, dispersed the clouds which had so long wrapt in darkness the nations of Europe, and the genial rays of the Christian religion became a welcome beacon to guide those who were tossed about on this tempestuous sea, and warn them from the quicksands and rocks on which their destruction would be inevitable.

The world's history is adorned by the record of the deeds of many such men, whose example we should follow, and whose virtues we should emulate. The ability to accomplish good, and to attain to the true ends of life, is not confined to any one class of men. Opportunities will offer themselves to every man, in whatever sphere of life he may be placed, which will call into play those powers for promoting the welfare of others which have been so liberally bestowed upon him by an all-wise Creator. But the time must come when man must retire from the arena of active life, and withdraw his name from the lists, either a conqueror or conquered. When childhood, with its innocent amusements, its smiles, and its tears, which were only the suffusion of joy, is past, and youth, buoyant with hope and cheered by the bright prospects of the future, "when the days were woven into weeks of blithe labor, and the weeks were rolled into harvest months of triumph, and the months were bound into golden sheaves of years," has become one of the things that were; when manhood, too, with its lights and shadows, its successes and reverses, has gone; and when now time has sifted his snow among the locks of man, and standing on the brink of the grave he looks back over his three-score years and ten, then it is that the thought will involuntarily come to him, have I lived only for myself? and has a life been thrown away for nothing? Happy the man who can answer in the negative.

Let us then gird on our armor and fight manfully in the great battle of life. With "*dum vivimus vivamus*" for our motto, we cannot but be successful. Then shall we be able ever to uphold and defend truth, and avoid and despise error; and at last wear the crown of a conqueror throughout a blissful eternity.

B.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

My loved ones are dying in woodland and grove,
In their last feeble struggles they wander and rove,
Then silently falling they sink to their rest,
On the bosom that bore them, their own mother's breast.

I knew them so well that they nodded to me
As they grew by my home on creeper or tree,
They beckoned and whispered, and often would try,
To keep off the sunbeams that danced in the sky.

I loved them so long and watched them so well,
By each motion and wave I easily could tell
When the storm-king was out in his black and his grey,
Or the meadows made welcome the bright Queen of May.

And sometimes in summer they silent would hang,
When the neighboring birds their little songs sang,
As if they were charmed by companions so dear,
And had in their way a most musical ear.

I've watched in the moonlight their silvery dress,
I've heard its soft rustle and seen them caress,
And known in the woodland just under the trees,
The music Æolian they made with the breeze.

Do you wonder I'm sad, when in anguish they fly,
Across the green sward—when I know they must die—
When I see the great branches, whose comfort they were,
Stretch out their bare arms in such cruel despair?

When I stand by their graves, and look on the shroud
Which winter has laid on my playmates so proud,
And the bright hectic flush that in their decline
Brought death in such beauty to these friends of mine?

Ah! leave me alone in the sad autumn air
That breathes its sweet dirge o'er my loved ones so fair,
They are trying my faith, and if true it remain,
I'm sure in the spring-time they'll come back again.

SIGMA.

THE CHARITY OF SILENCE.

The northern blast, sweeping headlong from land to land, from sea to sea—the fearful simoom of the desert, casting into smothering whirlwinds the scattered sands, sends a thrill of excitement and terror to the heart of the lonely traveller. The invincible phalanx, marching with steady tread to the beaten measure of the martial strain, addresses the spirit and stirs the life. The fierce dashing of the cataract, the breaking of the wave upon the sandy beach, the rolling thunder, the rippling rivulet, the pattering rain, the voice of melody, all arouse the feelings, and produce upon the sensibilities their peculiar thrilling effect. But what, in all the course of nature, can call forth such untroubled peace, such sweet calmness, and such pure delight, as that fearful, mighty, inspiring feeling of silence?

Utterance stirs our spirits; silence moves our hearts. Utterance commands the mortal; silence holds in check the immortal. Utterance rouses the life; silence commands the soul. Utterance makes known to man his neighbor; silence teaches him himself. He is so constituted that his mind seems grooved and fitted for the reception of this great principle; he ofttimes seeks it and desires to be ruled by it. It is a gentle master, leading his willing pupil far from turmoil and strife, through paths of peace, which are as milk and honey to his troubled spirit.

From the fountain of all utterance and of all silence, is reflected in unmistakable rays the untold energy of this puissant principle. He has uttered his voice from Sinai; he has commanded his whirlwind from Horeb, and man could endure it not: but in the majestic silence of the pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night, did he make plain his glory to the unnumbered hosts of the sons of Jacob. In later times, he has revealed himself in his holy law, and men tremble and understand not; while in the silent recesses of the human heart, by the influence of an unuttering Spirit, is the saving power of this love felt and known. Calm silence, who can tell thy power? Human reason knoweth thee not, human feeling doth not apprehend thee, human life can claim but a portion of thee; for thou art lodged in the bosom of Omnipotence. At the threshold of a subject too lofty for our feeble power we pause—and well we may, for we can only bow our spirits in view of its serene might, and feebly glance upon its speaking features.

Its characteristics are too free and boundless to be enchained within such meagre limits as we can frame. The honesty with which it irradiates all within its grasp, the truth outspread as undeniable as light, the calmness with which it permeates the soul, the hope which it preludes, the love it evinces, its strength, peace, life, beauty, all appear before us in vivid animation and brilliancy, challenging us to draw from among them any that will do a shadow of justice to their great archetype. Amid that symmetrical and compact rank, arranged before us under the banner of their great original, stands back from the outer line of observation a face beaming with purest love; 'tis charity, the noblest feature of them all—the charity of silence.

Charity expressed is the noblest trait of our nature, the key-note of humanity, the test-rule of Christianity, the plainest landmark of love, the most brilliant gem of admiration. But charity of silence, who can fathom it? A jot, a tittle of its power, and we are speechless in adoration: the unrestrained sway it wields throughout the realms of matter and mind can be known only to the impenetrable conceptions of the Infinite. Behold this messenger of peace meeting the faults of a brother, and stopping not to criticise, bids them sink away into forgetfulness; seeking no palliation in the dark broad extent of the past, commits them to oblivion; inspiring courage in the heart of the fallen, and bidding hope enliven the troubled spirit of the erring.

"The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."

When that foulest of all the loathsome emissaries of hatred, suspicion, not stopping to secure a warrantable proof, and oft avoiding it, unblushingly seeks the destruction of its object; when lips innumerable are ever ready to join the insulting cry; when jealousy and malevolence add line to line and sentence to sentence, erecting on false foundations a fabric of overpowering prejudice, the charity of silence draws her honest mantle over the wicked scene, and bids the rancorous ones stop and think, before they make a semblance a reality, and let suspicion have untrammelled course. Let silence rule in such an hour as this, and her pure charity, with hand as certain as the circling sun, will mould the dark side bright, and show the truth where'er that truth may stand. And by this same truth will stand a mentor, to guide and comfort amid the ills of life.

"Be not suspicious overmuch,
But leave the tattler his full course to run,
And innocence will triumph in the end."

In praises, too, this gentlest of all influences wields its potent sceptre. Often, too, strong affection bids us over-praise its object; or admiration or selfish motives prompt an extra tribute, and a little more than proper meed of praise. 'Tis then the charity of silence will be of more avail than the laudations of a thousand tongues, or the untiring effort of hours of toil. The helping hand will not then change its place, and when it thinks it raises to an eminence, cast its dear object back, far back, into pits of danger walled with rocks of death.

Man is himself most in danger from the subtle arts of praises. Poor human nature and the faults of education lead him to estimate his merits far above their worth—to hamper his good points, while his poor ones alone are in cold neglect, in need of culture. "Man's greatest enemy is himself;" and it is to meet this enemy that he needs the charity of silence. It will surely guard the way, and in a sombre shade for ever hide the road that leads him to the vacant waste of self-esteem. When he can still his own faint praises, and drive them hence, far into pathless, trackless void, he will be conquering in a noble cause, where master minds have fallen.

Oh, charity of silence! overpowering in nature, intense in life, eloquent in death, in every phase thou standest pure, unsullied, as the god-like feeling of the human heart! Would that this heartless world, with all its blank, cold smiles, its haughty mien and thankless looks, could know thee as thou art, and feel thee in thyself! Silence—so calm, so sweet, so pure: charity—so honest, so true, so heavenly: but charity of silence, oh how indescribably grand! We cannot reach unto thee; we feel—we grasp—we think we hold a fragment; but in our hand remains a single thread, while the stupendous whole, throughout illimitable space, in quiet peace still rises higher—higher—higher, until it encircles the eternal throne of the great I AM.

Q.

◆

FAREWELL.

Is there a gloomy spell
Thrown round the word, Farewell?

Yes, words of parting gloomily fall
Upon a deeply loved, or loving heart,
And, folding round it like a pall,
A pensive sadness to its joy impart.

—

"Farewell!" The trembling hand is grasped,
Perhaps unbidden tears well quickly up;
The hand is then more tightly clasped,
And silent grief fills Friendship's sweetest cup.

And then, as oceans roll
Their dark, green waves, far o'er some wide-sloped beach,
And, driven by a sudden tempest, reach
Beyond their wonted goal,
Whence they flow back, and bear on broken crest
Full many gems, which there had lain at rest,—
So memory calls up
The long neglected past, and heavily bears
All mutual joys and triumphs, fears and cares,
In one bright blended group.

"Farewell!" The trembling hand is grasped,
The tear of sympathy wells quickly up,
Convulsively the hand is clasped,
And silent grief fills Friendship's sweetest cup.
Eye beams on eye; heart throbs to kindred heart;
And closer clings the soul-chords doomed to part.
"Farewell!" "Farewell!" The heart-strings quiver,
Then harshly break—perhaps for ever.

M.

POPULARITY.

The best things can be perverted. From the sad day when the fruit of Eden

> "Brought death into the world and all our woe,"

to the present, that which is in itself good has been turned to evil. Thus prudence degenerates into avarice, proper self-respect reaches unrestrained ambition, and the Christian desire to be friendly with all men becomes too often a base servility to every whim of the multitude.

Popularity intrinsically is desirable; when honestly won, it is in no wise to be despised, but rather an honor to be coveted. Men have lived who have justly been idolized, who have gained and fairly merited the love and devotion of their fellows, and such men may well be called happy. But there is a vile attempt after public favor, a strained reaching after popularity which is deserving of severe rebuke. Such a spirit is, alas! too common, and its undeviating effect is the degradation of any and all who pursue it. It becomes, then, of the first importance carefully to examine true and false popularity, and to see those features in each which render one desirable and the other to be shunned.

A good explanation of popularity is not easy; it embraces a certain relation in which one man stands to others. A man is popular when he is regarded with favor by the mass of his fellows. When this element is analyzed, it appears to involve in the first place respect. Men cannot look with favor upon any one whom they deem unworthy of their respect; there must be something, in the popular man, which is superior to themselves, to which they can look up; a man who seeks popularity, and yet is not thus exalted above the masses, comes soon to be regarded with contempt.

Superiority of some kind is necessary to any long-continued favor from the people; these, however, are often deceived, and their favor is bestowed on many a base imitation.

In addition to the element of respect in popularity, there is ever present some common interest or fellow-feeling between the man and the masses. Thus that superiority which secures respect is not felt to be such, and therefore is not onerous. Joined to these, popularity of course involves the good will of the multitude, which is the natural result of their respect, and the common feeling which unites them with the object of their favor. Popularity, then, composed of such elements, is the verdict of more or less men to the worth of a fellow-man, and, next to the favor of God and the approval of one's own conscience, is eminently desirable—how then may it be lawfully acquired?

One of the first essentials to popularity is self-respect. If you do not think well of yourself, no one else will. Of course, egotism and self-conceit are to be shunned; between these and a manly self-respect, there is a wide difference. He who continually shows by his manners that he thinks himself superior to all others, who is a second Sir Oracle, merits and receives contempt. There are few sights more ludicrous, and yet more pitiable, than that of a man swollen with self-conceit—"all things are made for him," nothing is perfect in which he is not concerned; he is sufficient for any task, whether it be a feat of intellectual, gastric, or muscular strength, or the more delicate art of heart-smashing or flirting. While such a picture amuses and disgusts, there is always something to admire in a man who entertains a proper respect for himself—a man who remembers that he is God's noblest work, the image of his Maker, and who is conscious of his immortal nature and of his accountability. In this world of ours, moreover, a degree of self-respect is necessary to prevent imposition; humility and compliance are good and virtuous in their place, but not so when they become base servility. It is by entire freedom from fear that some acquire their wonderful powers over the fiercest of the brute creation, whereas the least show of trepidation would be at once fatal to their influence and their lives. So in life a man must be courageous; he must take his stand among his fellows as their equal; for the least indication of weakness in this respect is eagerly seized upon by many as an opportunity for assault—ignoring even the rules of pugilists, they will strike a man when he is down. There are certain rights which men possess, in the maintenance of which even the employment of force is sacred. If, then, a man desire the favor of the multitude, he must respect himself, he must do nothing degrading or unmanly. There is an impression that in order to gain popularity, one must lose all sense of his own honor, and become, for a time at least, the puppet of the masses. Such conduct may for a while please the lowest and most ignorant of our race; but even with them its effect is transient, and with men of sense absolutely fruitless.

Another essential to popularity is consistent, manly conduct. This seems to be identical with self-respect, and indeed is an outgrowth from it. Consistency is a jewel, of whose value every one is aware. Even as beauty in nature and art largely consists in the symmetry and mutual adaptation of parts, so that character is praiseworthy where some one controlling principle binds it together in harmony, and imparts unity to the whole. "Order is heaven's first law," and the mass of men, if they do not practise consistency, have the greatest respect for it, even when employed in wrong-doing. On the other hand, we all know with what contempt an inconsistent man is regarded. Evidently such an one either has no faith in his own principles, or is utterly destitute of all strength of purpose—"unstable as water, he shall not excel." But in order to gain popular favor, it is necessary that one be consistent in manly and honorable principle and action. That appeal to men which will endure longest, and produce the most beneficial results, must be to those affections which are deepest, most universal and most active; and no one can deny that man, bad and perverted as he is, does in his inmost soul cherish a profound love for the grand, the noble, and the right. Hence, popularity that is worth the having will never demand the sacrifice of our manhood; many believe that it requires one to give up his principles, but even if this were so, the course of action would be plain—no amount of man's applause can compensate for the sacrifice of our convictions of right. On the contrary, an adherence to these will generally induce, instead of remove confidence. The practice of an honorable and upright course of conduct may cause enemies to arise. A firm, manly deportment, actuated by self-respect, and disdaining every mean artifice, may cause disaffection in those whose base natures expect to find villany every where; but when did ever the eternal principles of truth and right have a free, unopposed course? The old aphorism that "truth is mighty and must prevail," implies opposition, and we may as well learn the lesson first as last, that every man who would not be a nonentity may expect to meet with enemies. The minister of the holy gospel, the burden of whose life is peace and good will to men, and whose master is the Prince of peace, incurs by this very conduct the sneer of the misanthropist and the hatred of the ungodly. Nor will any one who is willing to make any and every concession for the sake of quiet fare better, but will surely lay himself open to injury and imposition at every turn. The heaven-drawn representation of the Christian is that of a warrior clad in armor, offensive and defensive; surely, then, those who would live the life of a man, and not simply exist as one of a lower species, must in this world expect and bravely meet the opponents of right, and wait for their eternal rest in a world free from sin.

Once more, popularity should be sought and obtained by adherence to the right. Comment upon this statement seems superfluous. While men will not love and practise the right themselves, they cannot in general fail to admire the exhibition of it in others. It may gall them to see another performing those duties which they criminally neglect, but still respect and admiration will be mingled with their pique, and should all else fail, selfishness itself will go far in favor of a conscientious man. When, from the nature of society, the many are obliged to trust themselves and their dearest interests to the keeping of a few, who can say that virtue is not both useful and popular? We must not, however, so wrong our humanity as to believe that all mankind are the sworn enemies of the good; there is a host of truth-loving souls who are not often heard in the din of the noisy world, and by these adherence to the right will ever be respected, beloved, and prayed for. So with the favor of the good and true, we may even afford to lose the regard of the wicked.

The representation that has now been made of popularity, and of the means by which it may be acquired, will probably differ widely from the ideas which many have formed upon these subjects. There is another popularity, sought by the unprincipled, and obtained by dishonorable means, which is often met with. This spurious article is bought and sold for gold; intrinsic worth is by no means necessary to its attainment, but rather a hinderance, and the characters of the men who have possessed it have covered it with deserved disgrace. Such a popularity is exceedingly insecure; founded upon the sand, the slightest storm will cause its overthrow. The possessor of it is continually anxious, and ever on the alert, lest his footing should fail him, and with good reason;

for the favor of the people gained unfairly is not for a moment sure, but as soon as the deceit is discovered, they will go to the other extreme, and "the last state of that man shall be worse than the first." How many hopes have been for ever ruined by the changing of a mob, and how often have those who sought this false popularity found it a broken reed which pierced their hands!

We cannot blame the people for this inconstancy—they are good at heart, willing to believe the best. It is not strange, then, that their emotional natures should be easily influenced by sophistry and fair pretences; but when the temporary effect has worn off, and they see that this fair exterior covers no sterling worth, then the natural longing for a worthy object of their affections, heightened by their chagrin at being duped, leads them to violent extremes. We all know how few men to-day are long the favorites of the people, and it is equally true that those few are, without exception, men in whom has been found and tried the rare quality of true worth. We do not wish to believe that mankind generally are so depraved as to find their greatest pleasure in whatever is most debased—we would give them credit for more honor, and for an innate love of the right, believing that, although often deceived, they are ever actuated by these noble motives in choosing the objects of their love.

If these things are so, the only popularity that will endure, the only one that will be of lasting benefit, with which a man may feel satisfied, and of which he may well be proud, is the one to be obtained as before indicated—by self-respect, consistency, manliness, and adherence to the right. Would that this doctrine might be rung into the ears of every aspirant for public favor, and that every politician would accept it as part of his political creed—then the contemptible tricks of the day would be at a discount, bribery and corruption would be checkmated, and government would be a paradise on earth. Such a popularity is emphatically worth the having; if one tried friend is a treasure, if the good old Dominie, rejoicing in the love of his people, is to be envied, what must be the happiness of the man who feels that his own merit has enthroned him in the hearts of hundreds or thousands of his fellows?

It is to be hoped that enough has been said to show the propriety and utility of an upright, manly life, in order to secure the favor of the many. It is manifest that the regard of those who cannot respect such conduct is better lost than won; but above all, he who thus lives has the proud consciousness that whatever others may think, he enjoys the approval of his own heart, and the rich benediction of Him that judgeth righteously. L.

HABITS OF THOUGHT.

Man has been endowed by his Creator with a reasoning faculty, which makes him a progressive creature. This is the power which ennobles him, and renders him capable of dominion over all the earth. In order that this power may be the more effectual, and that he may be able to communicate his mental states to others, and ascertain theirs in return, language is employed. Of this there are two forms, verbal and written. The former is so familiar to us, its consideration here will be unnecessary; but the latter, being peculiar in some of its departments, may contain something of interest, especially the process of arranging thought in the form of discourse. This work is not by any means equally easy to all, nor attended with the same phenomena. It is through these phenomena, that we propose to consider this process of embodying thought in written language. The best mode of becoming acquainted with these will be, perhaps, to visit a few sanctums in which the occupants are engaged in this work. Here is one sitting in the midst of a pile of books—some on the table, some on the nearest chairs, and some deposited upon the floor. Pens, ink and paper are scattered around in profusion. Now let us notice him in the very act. He sits with his elbows upon the table, and his head resting upon his hands. See! now he is scratching his head, as if he has no doubt that the ideas are there, but how to get them out, is the great question with him. At last he has secured one, and with a gusto he notes it down. Then this same process is repeated, and thus it is he succeeds in this task. Here is another, who operates in entirely a different manner. His books are on the shelves, he is dressed in a wrapper, and is reclining in an arm-chair, with his feet perched up, regaling himself with the sweet odor of a Havana. He is meditating. Now he has finished his cigar, he goes to his desk, and his pen moves rapidly for some time. This is his way of accomplishing this business. We will notice but one more. He is somewhat like the first, only we may call this one a walking compositor. His books are all on hand, lying on all sides, and in all parts of the room, so that he can hardly pilot his way among them. He wanders about his room in profound abstraction, until some idea for which he has been wrestling is brought into subjection, and he hastes to record the triumph.

These are a few of the many peculiarities to which writers are addicted, and of the exertions which it is necessary for some writers to make. Although there are a few who can write excellent things with very little difficulty, yet most of our great works cost their authors much severe mental application. We are informed that Milton thought long on his

Paradise Lost, before he endeavored to commit it to writing. Newton was distinguished as a man who reached wonderful results by great mental efforts. Noah Webster spent ten years of severe study in preparing himself for compiling his dictionary. Many more could be cited who, by great perseverance and application only, were able to gain distinction. These are only instances in which we happened to hear of the struggles and efforts which great men undergo, in order that they might present to mankind the profoundest thoughts of which they are capable. The number of the untold endeavors, and the peculiarities attending them, must be almost infinite.

The work of composition is, therefore, for the most part, a difficult operation. Ignorance of this fact has injured many young writers. Because they cannot accomplish their desires with ease, they become discouraged, and begin to imagine that they do not possess the talent. They would become great men in literature, whilst they are ignorant of the means by which this distinction is usually reached. It must always be remembered, that it is as true in the literary world as in any other sphere, that man must earn his bread by the sweat of his face.

OCTOHEDRON.

THE GHOST IN HAMLET.

The expression, "What would Hamlet be without the Ghost?" has called down severe, and not altogether undeserved criticism. Such a remark, it has been said, betrays an utter lack of comprehension in dramatic art, nay, in poetry. The object of Shakespeare was to portray the character of the Prince of Denmark, by placing him in such a position that his duties apparently came into conflict, and thus showing the influence, in a finely constituted temperament, of the conscience upon the intellect and the will, to neutralize the active powers and turn volition into mere reflection. The Ghost is merely an instrument, a stage device, by which this is effected, and other means could be conceived to produce the same result.

Now this is so far true that the introduction of the spectre is entirely subsidiary to the evolution of Hamlet's character. Whenever it—for a ghost, we believe, has no gender—whenever it becomes the centre of interest, we may judge, without much hesitation, that the reader or hearer might as well be engrossed in some ranting clap-trap, full of false glitter and stage effect; for certainly he will not understand Shakespeare. But when we examine the tragedy, we cannot recognise the Ghost as an ordinary theatrical arrangement, a choice out of many means to produce a given result. Alike from the custom and genius of the poet, and from the exquisite adaptation to its end, it commends itself as a necessary element of the play, without which the end would not agree with the beginning: and this we shall try to prove.

It is past argument that the introduction of supernatural beings into a drama of human life and passion is of itself to be avoided. The authors of Shakespeare's own time abound in satire and ridicule of the unskilful playwrights who brought their heroes into dreadful straits, and then, unable to get them off by human agency, fled to the gods for succour, and brought down from Olympus Jupiter to smite their enemies, or Juno to assist their love; and from that time to this, recourse to "metaphysical aid" has been the badge of incompetency, as the cap and bells of the fool. The old Greek drama, in which the supernatural element is so prominent, is no longer the model of the English stage. Indeed, the tendency in the plays of more modern date, the dramas of the Restoration, was to err in the other direction; to abjure not only the immediate interference of a *præsens deus,* but the recognition of his being and power to reward and to punish. The heroes of Congreve and Wycherley have certainly no especial faith in any deity save the god of this world. Nor is the reason far to seek; if our space and time permitted, we would like to show how the drama of the Greeks and English respectively is the natural offspring of their religion; that of the former wedding the natural to the spiritual by all the powers of sensuous embodiment, by the constant reference to a supernatural power in every object of the outer world: the other separating religion from its daily life, as if she were, like a rare jewel, too precious for common use. This, however, we cannot now consider. Whatever the reason may be, the fact is unquestioned. We may conclude, then, that only for a very strong reason would Shakespeare have summoned the "powers of the air" to his assistance. In truth, he has done so in very few instances. The Tempest, the Midsummer Night's Dream, Hamlet, and Macbeth, are all that we can recall. Examination of these dramas will lead to our second and conclusive argument, that the object of the play could be attained in no other way.

In the work of a master, the effect of evoking the shadowy powers that rule the kingdom of the unknown world, is not merely to make the progress of the action depend upon their mysterious interference, but to give a certain tone to the poem, to remove it from the level glare of noonday to the twilight region of fancy, or the cloud-capped summits of imagination. When nothing but the plot is altered by their intervention—when they make their entrance only to deliver set speeches, which would come as well from earthlings, we exclaim with Macaulay, "What cost in machinery, yet what poverty of effect! A ghost brought in to say what any man could have said!" Accordingly, in each of the dramas mentioned above, we find the supernatural element giving character and consistency to the whole. The witches of Macbeth, the fairies of The Midsummer Night's Dream, and the sprites and goblins of The Tempest, strike the keynote to the dramas. But the Ghost, though it throws around its immediate appearances the mystery and awe that are wont to attend the visits of its tribe, cannot be said to alter materially the character of the tragedy. Hamlet is, throughout, the most *human* of Shakespeare's poems. It deals with the highest and most infinite affairs that can occupy the thoughts of a man. It is concerned with "fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute;" with the sore perplexity of life; with the mystery of death; and it looks at them not from the stand-point of superior knowledge, not even from the citadel of faith, but with the eyes of a sinning, suffering man; all alive to the claims of duty, yet doubting, honestly doubting, where that duty lies, embarrassed in an apparent conflict of claims upon his moral nature. This is the essence and the true greatness of the play; and while the appearance of the spectre in the first scene throws a deeper gloom around, and somewhat prepares the mind for the melancholy close, it never for a moment occupies the principal place, or is suffered to divert our hearts from the thoughtful, suffering, noble Prince of Denmark.

So, then, we have exhausted all suppositions but one. Since an apparition is so rarely introduced by the poet, and is contrary to the rules of his art, it must subserve some great purpose; and that purpose is not to give tone to the play. It must then develope the character of Hamlet—and develope it as nothing else could—or the dramatist stands condemned by the soundest canons of criticism. It is our purpose, then, to show that in no other way could the requirements of the drama have been fulfilled; that in no other way could Hamlet have become the profoundest type of human life that ever was embodied in poetic art. In attempting this we must, of course, draw our arguments from the story of the play.

The main outlines are known to all. A month before the time at which the play opens, the King of Denmark, excelling in every noble quality, had suddenly died, leaving his wife and son, called after him Hamlet, to sustain the government. Scarce two months after his death the queen had married his brother Claudius, with such indecent haste that "the funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables." Now Claudius was in all things the opposite of his brother, mean and deformed in body and mind; so that the news of the marriage came with an added shock upon young Hamlet's heart. He is introduced in the second scene, bitterly deploring the unnatural conduct of his mother, scarcely able to conceal his dislike and disgust from the king, and sick at heart with the world; yet feeling it his duty to suffer in silence. He is interrupted by the entrance of his friend Horatio, with two of the palace guard. They come to tell him a strange and marvellous story, which can best be given in the words of the play. Hamlet welcomes his friend, just returned from Wittenberg; then recurring to his previous meditations, pours out upon him the bitterness of his soul; saying of his father,

He was a man, take him for all in all.
I ne'er shall look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw! Who?
Hor. My lord, the king your father.
Ham. The king my father!
Hor. Season your admiration for awhile
With an attent ear; till I may deliver
Upon the witness of these gentlemen
These marvels to you.
Ham. For God's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,

In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered. A figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, cap-a-pie,
Appeared before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walked
By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes
Within his truncheon's length; while they, distilled
Almost to jelly by the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
When as they had delivered, both in time,
Form of thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watched.
Ham. Did you not speak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none. * * * *
Ham. 'Tis very strange.

After several further inquiries, he determines to see for himself. "I will watch to-night; perchance, 'twill walk again." He commands their silence concerning what they had beheld, and dismisses them. Then his half-formed suspicions break out in words: "My father's spirit in arms! all is not well; I doubt some foul play."

That night he and Horatio watch with the guard on the outer rampart. They are talking together on a common subject, when the spectre appears and motions Hamlet to follow; replying to his agonized invocation only by repeated beckonings. Breaking from his friends, he rushes after its retreating form, and when they have passed out of all mortal hearing, the dreadful spirit turns, and reveals his mission of woe.

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit.
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,
Avenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my garden,

A serpent stung me: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.
Ham. Oh my prophetic soul! my uncle!
Ghost. Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of an afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous distilment:—
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen at once despatched,
Cut off even in the blossom of my sins,
Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.

But his mother, though privy to the crime, must be spared.

Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven.
Adieu! adieu! adieu! remember me. (*Exit.*)

And now observe the exquisite art of the poet. Hamlet throughout appears as a man in whom the conscience and the meditative faculties greatly preponderate over the will. If now an eye-witness had come to him with a plain story of the murder, there would have been no room for hesitation, doubt, delay. The duty of revenge would be weighed against the duty of forgiveness, and the balance struck at once. But now to a moral perplexity is added a mental. Perchance the Ghost is a lying spirit sent to destroy him.

The spirit that I have seen
May be a devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have proof
More relative than this.

Anxious to escape from the dreadful necessity of killing his uncle, he seizes upon this plausible and proper ground for delay, and resolves to sift the matter in another way. By means of a play, in which a murder of like character is represented, he catches the conscience of the king, and obtains strong proof of his worst suspicions; but inaction has blunted the edge of his purpose. He cannot make up his mind to the act of revenge, and when he has a fair opportunity, he fails to seize it, and palters with his heart, striving to deceive himself as to his reasons; for once, finding the king alone, making a vain attempt to relieve his agonized conscience in prayer, he makes no offer at his life; saying to himself that as Claudius slew his father unprepared, so he must perish when he is drunk, asleep, at gaming, swearing, or about some act that has no relish of salvation in 't:—words which Johnson says are "too horrible to be read or uttered;" but in which the sapient critic failed to see the action of a mind striving to excuse itself to itself.

Finally, Hamlet, perplexed beyond endurance, having even simulated madness to escape censure and give free vent to his troubled and restless heart, resolves to charge his mother with her crime, and press home conviction to her very soul. This appears a sort of compromise between the full performance of the Ghost's bidding, and a dumb, unmanly endurance; but even while he is reproaching her with her wickedness, and piercing her with the arrows of indignation, the spectre appears before his horror-stricken eyes—

> *Ghost.* *Do not forget:* this visitation
> Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose:

and bidding him look to his mother, he vanishes. Yet Hamlet cannot resolve upon the act; he lingers and muses, pouring forth all the time the fine thoughts, the grand meditations upon all things in heaven and earth, which so make up the staple of the play, and which have given it such supreme rank in dramatic literature, as the exponent of the poet's ripest powers.

The conclusion of the story is known to all. In a moment of fearful wrath, at the discovery that his mother and himself are alike victims to the king's perfidy, he finally commits the deed of vengeance, and an hour afterwards expires from the wound of a poisoned weapon.

Thus have we striven to show the intervention of the Ghost to be necessary to the development and congruity of the character of Hamlet, and consequently to the progress of the play. If we conceive the drama, as we must conceive it, to have been rounded and harmonious in the conception of the poet before the first word was penned, we shall the more revere the genius which could so adapt the means to the end, and invent so lofty an occasion for the exhibition of mighty and mournful passion.

Time and again have we read this play, and every fresh perusal increases our admiration for its beauty and grandeur. From its first appearance on the stage it has steadily won upon the sympathy and love of the educated world, whose verdict is the ultimate fate of every work of art. In the days of vitiated public taste, when poetry and criticism alike followed a false standard of excellence, Shakespeare was considered as a man whose great talents were weighed against great faults; a wonderful barbarian, vigorous in thought and speech, but glaringly defective in style and language. But the verdict of the coffee-houses could not drive the public to admire Cato, or to give up Hamlet. The great actors of the day, the Kembles and Keans, who ruled the stage, never wavered in their allegiance to the great poet. And the popular preference was fully justified; a change came over the spirit of criticism. Arbitrary rules were superseded by the laws and principles that are founded on eternal truth: and judged by them, Shakespeare took his place as sovereign of poetry, to whom was no rival nor second; and Hamlet, as the perfect expression of his greatness, holds highest rank in the esteem of civilized mankind.

Editor's Table.

BEFORE entering upon the monthly record, the Editor owes an apology to his readers for the late appearance of the Magazine. It is hard to exculpate himself without blaming others. The delay in transmitting the manuscript to the printers arose partly from the failure of contributions upon which he had counted with confidence, and partly from a misunderstanding by which several articles were detained in Princeton a week longer than was expected or intended. Trusting that this brief explanation may prove satisfactory, he ventures a hope that the quality of the November number may compensate somewhat for its late arrival.

In reading the productions of his predecessors, the Editor has been painfully impressed by the fact that they have thought it necessary to embellish the Table with choice sallies of wit, original and selected; as also to adorn it with words of appalling length to eye and ear, culled with liberal hand from Worcester or Webster; to both of which he is utterly incompetent. Ambitious only of the merit of a faithful chronicler, he will attempt to set forth, in such plain language as he can command, the few noteworthy events which, since the advent of the September number, have ruffled the smooth current of our monotonous existence, and added another page of college life to our Book of Remembrance.

November has been so barren in topics of interest that our Table must of necessity be short. Day after day has passed in a dull routine of recitations, each so like the other that the journal of one would serve for all. The only subject which might interest our readers is "contraband," relating to a controversy between the Whig members of the Faculty on one hand, and a majority of the Hall on the other, concerning a proposed alteration in the Code of Government of that Hall. The whole affair has become matter of such publicity that we cannot altogether pass it by. Suffice it to say that by the personal interposition and cogent arguments of several Professors, the measure failed of success. As we write, a rumour reaches us, from good authority, that on account of another more recent proceeding, which they consider a violation of College law, the Faculty, or the Trustees upon the representation of the Faculty, intend to deprive the Halls of the power of choosing Junior Orators, and either abolish the office altogether, or confer it hereafter as a reward of proficiency in study. We trust that this is false. It would strike a great blow at the welfare of the institutions; for we take interest in them because they are our own, and our pride is concerned in keeping them up. Should they become mere appendages of the College, under the immediate government of the Faculty, our interest and our pride would vanish together.

The town, as usual, has been very quiet. A few lectures have been given in Mercer Hall, but the attendance did not encourage their continuance. The great event of the month was a concert on behalf of the Organ Fund of the First Presbyterian Church. Some of the performers were from our own number, and of course the College was largely represented in the audience. Every thing went off with great *éclat.* The church was crowded, and many could not obtain seats; the singers were greeted with applause; and last, but not least, the proceeds were very considerable.

Thanksgiving has come and gone, with all its pleasant remembrances and adjuncts. To most of us it brings the memories of others of its name long past—of Thanksgiving days spent with all the forms around us that we had known and loved since childhood. College is pleasant enough at other times; but there is something in this day that denies a full measure of social enjoyment to all who cannot hear the home-voices and see the home-faces around the board. All who lived within reasonable distance were missing at chapel; and even a double share of boarding-house turkey did not wholly assuage the feelings of the exiles. So much for the outside view. Those of us who remember the last Thanksgiving, in the gloomy autumn of '62, when the proclamation that assigned the day could scarcely enumerate among its blessings the approaching fulfilment of our great hope, when we thanked God for corn-field and vineyard, but could only pray that victory might be granted to our arms, will realize how gloriously that prayer has been answered.

To our successor belongs the office of recording the result of the College elections, and the closing scenes of the session. That it has been a pleasant season to all who claim old Nassau for their Alma Mater, is the hearty wish of

THE NOVEMBER EDITOR.

THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE

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NOVEMBER,	RICHARD S. HUNTER, Pa.
DECEMBER,	SAMUEL M. GARDNER, N. Y.
TREASURER,	LEWIS BOND, N. J.

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THE
Nassau Literary Magazine.

SAMUEL M. GARDNER, EDITOR.

Vol. XXIV. DECEMBER, 1863. No. 4.

THE MISSION OF ENGLAND.

PHILOSOPHERS tell us—and, doubtless, it is true—that not one particle of the original matter of creation has been, or ever will be, by any possibility, lost. So that such words as consumption, destruction, annihilation, have in reality no force, but that all such affections of matter as were formerly designated by these words, are mere *changes of form.*

Well! well! so be it. Innovation is the order of the day. We are all crying, progress! progress! and progress presupposes change. And indeed, as we cannot be confined to the *thoughts* of our grandfathers, I do not see the reason that we should be confined to their *words.*

The indestructibility of matter is accidental, and its changes incessant. But the great laws of nature, or of God, just as you will, are necessarily indestructible, and they never change.

Among these great laws we find that of *Economy*—the law by which there is nothing wasting, neither in the physical nor in the moral universe. Each thought, each particle of matter, each *thing* has its mission, and moreover, when that mission is performed, it is neither destroyed nor permitted to lie in idleness, but takes a new form, and is ready for a new work. The philosophers are right. God is infinitely wise. He will destroy nothing that is useful. But, as we have just seen, every thing is useful. Therefore He will destroy nothing,

This leads us to the observation that every community of men, every nation, every governmental organization which has been changed, had its mission, and every form now in existence has its mission. Hence, we conclude that England is at present performing her mission, or a part of it. It is my intention in this article to speak my views concerning this mission.

First. We conclude from the infinite wisdom and unvarying beneficence of God, the Ruler of the universe, that this mission, whatever it may be, is conducive to the ultimate good of mankind. Thus far we may proceed by deduction; after this we depend entirely upon an impartial, careful, and exhaustive analysis of England herself, as regards her past, her present, and her probable future. The space allotted does not admit of our following out this analysis here. It is my purpose, therefore, to give only the results which such an analysis has left in my mind.

It seems to me, then, that up to the seventeenth century, the work of England was that of a conservatory or nursery. Since then she has been transplanting. For a thousand years previous to this she was developing a leading race—the Anglo-Saxon—which has no equal on the face of the earth. She has been developing a form of government the most perfect of its *kind*. She has been developing a literature which, for richness of thought, purity of style, and intrinsic value of subject matter, is unequalled. She has been a friend to the friendless, a refuge to the oppressed, an immovable bulwark standing between the inalienable rights of mankind and the encroachments of the Papal supremacy of Rome; the absolutism and inquisition of Spain, and the military despotisms of the continental empires generally. She has ever been a refuge for Liberty, when she fled shrieking and bleeding from other climes. What man can look at this spectacle without feeling a perfect glow of enthusiasm? Oh! what a glorious champion for man! A perfect salamander safe, packed full of the priceless treasures of humanity, she has withstood the action of fire, water, hammer, and chisel, the wear and tear of time, the folly of man, the machinations of scheming enemies, the wheedling of hypocritical parasites, the threats, the curses, and the blows of the united enemies of mankind. Spanish armadas and Pope's bulls alike fell harmless upon her. All the powers of darkness could not rob her of these treasures. She never relaxed her grasp for a single moment, and every lover of mankind must say, may the God of right bless old England for her fortitude and her constancy.

But for what purpose has God garnered all these treasures in this little island? That they may decay through sheer disuse? Is our God a God of little things, and not of great also? Has he planted this fountain of living waters within the narrow limits of this little island, out of the reach of the burning mouths and parched lips of the bulk of mankind, in order that they may be tortured by unavailing longings for a cooling draught? No! behold, in the far West rises, before the astounded vision of all Europe, a new continent—a continent of unparalleled resources; a continent where God has decreed that the human race shall take a gigantic stride in its destined progress; where Liberty shall rest her wearied limbs in undisturbed repose; where the outraged conscience of man shall at last be left untrammelled.

But, behold, this country is a vast wilderness, in the possession of rude savages. How shall this mighty change be wrought? Where will God find a race fit to develope these exhaustless resources? What race so fit as the Anglo-Saxons, with their unequalled boldness and enterprise, their fortitude and their indomitable energy? God takes the rare plant of human progress from its nursery in England, where its growth has been checked by ideas social, political, and religious, which belong to another age—such as union of Church and State, kingship and orders of nobility—and transplants it in the mellowed soil and favored clime of America. But to harbor and develope this race was not all of England's mission. To be sure, it was necessary that we should have this race, but it was also necessary that our institutions, political, religious, and social, should be in advance of the old nations. Our forefathers, in framing for us a government, advanced, but England furnished them the type. We have the old English common law, her glorious Magna Charta, and right of trial by jury. We have retained the gems, got rid of the spurious, and advanced the whole structure of English government and English society. Here the true mission of England stands revealed.

But her mission is not yet ended. Besides the civilizing and christianizing influences which she must continue to exert upon all the colonies, still under her jurisdiction, she has yet a peculiar work.

The American people are composed of a mixture of many races, but as yet the Anglo-Saxon has predominated. It must still continue to predominate. It must be the framework of the organization. When America shall have become densely populated, the influence of the Saxons must still be manifest, must still predominate. This can only be done in one way. The inhabitants of England must constantly emigrate to this country in large numbers. Prof. Guyot says, "life is an exchange of relations." If so, this emigration will go on. The broad fields of America are crying out for laborers to come to the wasting harvests. The population of England is already a burden greater than she can bear. We want strong, hearty, well-developed men. England, and indeed all Europe, wants bread. The exchange is inevitable. England shall preserve the high tone, the vigor, and preëminence of our race. We will feed her starving millions.

◆

THE CHAMOIS HUNT.

Clear was the night, the air was still,
Covered with snow was vale and hill,
The stars o'erhead were sprinkling light,
The moon was beaming clear and bright,
The rocks, across the glistening snow,
Threw out their shadows long and low;
Nothing was heard, save rushing brook,
Which foamed and gurgled as it took
Its tiny leaps from stone to stone,
Singing its bubbling song alone.
  Within a little sheltered dell,
Safe from the blustering winds that swell
Around the Alpine Mountains' base,
Where glaciers after glaciers chase,
Where the wild eagles proudly soar,
Where tumbling avalanches roar;
Upon this safe, secluded spot,
Stood the bold chamois-hunter's cot.
Within, the fire blazed warm and bright,
Scattering the sparks, and shedding light,
Revealing walls and ceiling low,
Where hung the hunter's spear and bow.
Three stalwart men, whose sturdy forms
Had braved the mountains' fiercest storms;
Whose eagle ken could quickly spy
The chamois crouching far or nigh;

Assembled were, within this place,
Accoutred for a nightly chase.
Gaylord, the hunter, then outspoke,
Merry and clear his gay voice broke,
(While stringing back his trusty bow,
Whose shafts had laid the chamois low:)
"The moon is climbing Gothard's brow,
The stars are shedding light enow,
Come, comrades, let us haste away
Before the evening break to day;
Look to your sandals; tie them tight;
See that your staves are pointed right;
For ere we reach this cot again,
We'll traverse many a slippery glen."
The hunters rose in merry mood,
But ere they left, partook of food—
Fresh venison from neighboring nook,
And troutlets from the purling brook,
Cakes baked upon the glowing coals,
And chamois-milk from earthen bowls.
Kissing his sleeping girl and boy,
And folding to his breast with joy,
Her who, in sickness and in health,
Had been his dear, his only wealth,
Gaylord arose, put on fresh logs,
And whistling shrilly for the dogs,
Merry departed from his home,
Over the glistening snow to roam.
Along the mountains' rugged base,
With fearless hearts and rapid pace—
Singing the triumphs of their land;
Of Tell, who broke the tyrant's band;
How Winkleried, without a sigh,
Had yielded life at Freedom's cry.
The hunters whiled away the time,
With quips, and jests, and rustic rhyme.
At length they reach Arveiron's brink,
And tired, by walking, stoop to drink;
While in the stream, their thirst to sate,
The hounds their masters imitate.
Onward they wend their weary way
To where the watchful chamois lay,

Till, climbing up a rising mound,
They view the stag with sportive bound,
Chasing his mate; while fading night
Announces soon returning light.
Then, from the quiver at his side,
The sportsman drew an arrow tried,
Which humming, on its way, was sent,
And in the quarry's heart was spent.
E'en while the twanging sinew rang,
Wounded to death, the chamois sprang
To where a boulder overhung
A chasm, into which he flung,
With headlong leap, his noble form,
Unbent, till then, by mountain storm.
  Loosing the dogs upon the prey,
The hunters hurry up the way,
And clambering on the frozen road,
The mountaineers in silence strode,
Until they reach the rocky height
Where the brave stag was lost to sight.
Gazing adown the chasm deep,
Lying, upon a rugged heap
Of rock projecting, on his side,
The stricken deer they quickly spied.
With rope around his gallant chest,
Gaylord they lower with eager zest,
Praising the fate by which they'd won
Their game when morn had scarce begun.
And hoping, ere another day,
Homeward to wend their toilsome way.
  At last he gains the jutting crag,
Where wounded lay the noble stag,
Then drawing from his leathern belt
His gleaming knife, one blow he dealt.
Smitten with pain, the chamois sprung,
And leaping forward, fiercely flung
Into the chasm, dark and deep,
His foeman, from the giddy steep.
Headlong the hunter tottering fell,
Uttering, in fear, one dying yell,
Which echoed up the rocky pass,
Till at the foot, a mangled mass,

Covered with blood, the hunter lay,
Silent upon the stony way.
  The hunters heard the piercing cry,
And gazing, saw their comrade lie
Stretched on the ground, with broken limb,
And quickly haste to rescue him.
Swiftly descending on the rope,
Silent and shorn of every hope,
The fellow-hunter reached the dell
In which the noble Gaylord fell.
With gentle hand beneath his head,
He raised the body of the dead,
And then around his gallant breast
The leathern rope he tightly pressed.
Slowly they pass the fatal crag,
Where stiffened lay the breathless stag,
And soon upon the mountain top,
The twain, in silence, sadly stop.
  Quiet and slow they journey back,
Along the well-known mountain track;
And where, that morning, three had walked,
There only two in sorrow talked.
And now they near the cottage door
Of him whose tongue will speak no more;
No more in joy his children meet,
No more his wife with kisses greet.
Around that form so loved and dear,
The children shed the childish tear;
But ah! what pen would dare assay
To tell the mother's grief that day.
On his cold brow her hand she laid,
And then to Heaven in meekness prayed:
"Father above! eternal Son!"
She murmured, "may thy will be done;
But oh! we pray thee, give us grace
Again to meet before thy face!"
  On Sabbath, to the burial-ground
The peasants flocked, for miles around;
And e'en the children stopped their play,
And walked in silence on that day.
  The village pastor, at the grave,
Pointed to Him who came to save

Sinners, in pain and bondage kept,
And take them where they never wept:
The city at whose pearly gates
The Angel of the Covenant waits,
And welcomes to the streets of gold,
The ransomed for the Saviour's fold.
  The friends and neighbors one last look,
With sighs and weeping, sadly took;
Then lowered the body in the ground,
To rest until the trumpet's sound
Shall call the blest from land and sea,
To reign through all eternity.

TARTAN.

◆

MAN AN ASPIRANT.

When the inspired psalmist penned the sublime declaration, "We are fearfully and wonderfully made," he but placed before us a truth which will stand the test of all experience; and which each one of us, after having looked into our mysterious mechanism, both of body and mind, must fully endorse. The secret and harmonious working of every portion of the physical machinery; the subtle and imperceptible thread which constitutes the bond of union between body and spirit; the influence of the deeply implanted affections; the action of the imperative will; the effective operation of the passions, and the persuasive monitions of an enthroned conscience—all tend to make man the greatest of wonders to himself, and, denying him an entrance into their inner sanctuary, bid him stand without in silent admiration. Among these strong and controlling passions which our Creator has made to form an important part in the composition of our being, none exerts a wider influence, or gives more shape to our characters, than that of esteem. This seed is firmly lodged in the soul; and as it expands and germinates, so the desire of something higher becomes more intense.

Every man is a convincing testimonial to the fact, that life is a development, made up of successive growths, and enkindled with longings after exaltation. True it is, that this deeply-imbedded germ will choose diverse directions in its expansion; that the aspirations of one mind will run in a channel as far as possible unlike that of another; yet there is burning within the same essential principle, and each is alike vivified by a kindred impulse. Man, if he would, cannot easily rid himself of these whisperings within, ever urging him onward and upward; and it is only when, with a suicidal hand, he has blunted and deadened every keen sensibility which his Maker placed in his bosom, that he arrives at that awful position in which reason seems to have taken her departure, and each brutish passion unites in dragging him downward to destruction.

Especially in youth does aspiration glow in its strongest light, and the cravings of the mind which is not fully matured, are to a great degree indefinite, and far beyond the limit of realization. It is then that an unrestrained imagination gives birth to a thousand fanciful pictures of the future, which appear to be indeed the portraitures of stern realities. Hence disappointment and discouragement are wont for a time to take possession of the soul, and chill the glowing flame of excessive ardor. The morning of life seems to them to betoken, by its lowering clouds, a dreary day. They realize, in the depths of their heart, the truth of the poet's strain:

> "Hard are life's early steps; and but that youth is buoyant, confident,
> And strong in hope, men would behold the threshold, and despair."

I suppose that there is nothing which acts more as a check to those desirous of distinction, than the thought that all great men have been geniuses; that all those who have caused the multitude to bow before their superior excellence, have been possessed of a certain gift—an endowment of Nature—by which they were enabled, without any special struggle or discipline, at once to ascend almost any eminence they fancied. This reflection, however, is a fatal one; and if we examine closely the records of the past, or look around us in our own day, doubtless we will find it the exception, and not the rule. Often, when the world has been as it were in a temporary slumber, and seemed to be enjoying a sort of dreamy repose; when the old actors on life's stage had played each their respective parts, suddenly we are called upon to witness a new performer; and marking with amazement his success and skill, we exclaim, Behold a Genius!—one of nature's favored children. Now I ask, what know we of the early life of that person? What of the dark and dreary hours in his younger days, when obstacles, rugged and full of despair, stood up at every step? What of those periods alternately hopeful and discouraging? What of the fierce conflict waged between the demon, "Failure," and "Never give up"? In having subdued these opponents lies his glory. Energy of purpose was the pure elixir, deep draughts of which enabled him to breast every adversary. We say, then, that he is a genius, so to speak, of his own composition. He has taken the mind, placed by God at his disposal, and disciplined it so as to become a blessing to the world. We are far from asserting that genius does not exist; that God has not given to some, one talent, and to others, ten; for this would be unnatural and untrue. But we say, that those in whom this legacy of Nature sits enthroned, will be found to constitute the exception, rather than the rule—of course limiting the application of the statement to men of eminence.

The pure and heaven-born spirit of industry will alone enable us to tread with firm step the length and breadth of that grand highway, opened up before us by our Maker. Of what avail will be our genius, unless there be a motive power brought to bear upon it; unless along the cold and heavy wire the fiery current of electricity be made to pass; unless, in the great workshop of the mind, the machinery be put into operation? As well place before us for admiration the rough and unchiselled marble to represent a departed hero, as to give to the world a genius without any propelling principle.

The brightest luminaries of history have been what we call self-made men; men who have nursed the little spark of intellect within, until it has burst out into a brilliant flame; who have, by dint of their determined wills, put out of the way every opposing force, and made their march to honor a gradual but triumphant one. The genius of these, if indeed they possessed any, is happily defined by the sage of Boston, "To believe your own thought—to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men—that is genius." Those men, in whose minds, as in a mint, thoughts have been coined pregnant with beauty and truth, and who, instead of permitting them to lie passive, have shaped them, as it were, into a visible embodiment before the world, have been emphatically the pioneers in progress, the powerful magnets under whose influence humanity itself has been attracted. Many again are apt to be disheartened in the beginning of life's struggle, from the simple fact that they take upon themselves a task by far too laborious. All the spirits and buoyancy of youthful impulse incite them on at a rate much faster than beneficial. As Draco was smothered by the garments heaped upon him to his honor, so this class of individuals perish by breathing an atmosphere composed of naught but the pure oxygen. Many a mind that would have become distinguished and conspicuous, has been rendered useless, by striving to grasp the result of something desired, without stopping to employ the legitimate means. Their motto has been to go ahead, without being persuaded whether the course were right or wrong. They forget the fact that deliberate thought is the parent of all-wise action. Now, if we unite to this spirit of progress, of which Young America may be proud, the ascertaining by reflection what is the best direction it should take, then we have the great bulwark of a nation's strength, the central and supporting pillar of a nation's success. Let one, at the very commencement of the conflict, be possessed of a spirit of advance which will acknowledge no retreat, and also of a judgment which will rightly guide that advancement, and be assured that his career will ever be marked by victory.

But, notwithstanding these hinderances, which in reality form no permanent obstacle to the devoted aspirant, how much is there to encourage and gladden the heart? How many influences are there at work in favor of those who would rise in creation's scale? God has implanted in the soul a principle which can never be satisfied, but is ever reaching after that not yet within its grasp—a consciousness that will not allow us to be at peace. Our Creator, however, has not endowed us with these immortal yearnings, merely that, like the vultures upon Prometheus, they should torment and torture us, but has placed before us objects and realities which require our best efforts to reach. The difficulty is not in the fact that we have no exalted prize and standard, but only in our failing to attain to them; and though this desire of the soul is insatiable, yet it can in a measure be appeased by coming up to the mark which Providence has made accessible. Each man has his particular sphere, and as he fulfils the duties incumbent upon him in that position, so does he accomplish the design of his creation. It has been well said that our Maker would never create a man always to be in a deformed and stooping condition, and then rebuke him for not standing upright. On the contrary, we ever find true the old proverb, "The back is shaped to the burden."

Appropriateness is one of the laws of Nature. There can be found, however, a certain class of men who are always aspiring, but never trouble themselves by making a single exertion to effect any result. They seem to be a sort of people living in mid-air, engaged in building beautiful and imaginary castles. They assume to themselves, as it were, the divine prerogative, and take it for granted that when they command, "Let there be light," instantly light will be. They put forth desire, and expect that by the wave of some magic wand it will be accomplished; but, to their remorse, they find that the reward is to him alone who, having by his diligence scaled one height, reaches still higher to another, until the bud of hope blossoms into a glorious fruition. Let us, then, in obedience to that call from within which would bid us "go up higher," ever be dissatisfied with present attainment, and pass on to that which is still above and beyond. If distinguishing talent be ours, let us thank the Great Benefactor, and improve it; if but the common mind, let us strive with far greater energy to express our gratitude by enriching it. Let us cheerfully accept every responsibility, and by being urgent in the cause of God and humanity, each at the close of life's day merit the approving plaudit.

"A combination and a form indeed,
Where very God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a Man."

DUKE.

ENVY.

In the halls of ancient art hang two paintings, and although ages have passed since they were sketched by the hand of a deformed slave, they have as yet lost none of their lustre or beauty. On the contrary, each succeeding period of time seems to swell the crowd of their admirers, while from the bright eyes of innocent childhood, as well as the critical spectacles of old age, come glances of approval and delight.

The first of these masterpieces represents a rustic scene. Before a manger well filled with golden grain and fragrant hay, two quiet horses are feeding; while in the foreground, the malicious barking of an angry cur disturbs the harmony of the scene. Amid this noise and worry, the countenances of the noble animals wear a look of serious pity and calm serenity. In fact, so speaking is the picture, they almost seem to say, "What a miserable cur is this, who can neither eat corn himself, nor will he allow those to eat it who can."

The second picture is still more remarkable, being the representation of a sleek old fox contemplating the purple grapes which hang in rich clusters on a neighboring vine, who, while his eyes sparkle with intense desire, and his mouth waters with expectant appetite, is nevertheless heard to growl out, "Sour grapes!"

Now, both of these allegorical pictures, which we have culled from ancient literature, simply resetting them in a new frame, teach us an important principle, and show forth, in pointed satire, one of the meanest and most unsightly elements of human character. Envy and its natural offspring, a spirit of detraction, are perhaps the most unpardonable and yet most widely diffused motives that move the human will. Few, indeed, are without a moiety of this blackening virus;

while a majority of characters seem built on no other principle. Men sometimes speak of motives to envy, but herein do we think that it differs from other human passions, in that it has no real motive, or rather is itself a motive compelling us to do things which, when we see in others, we heartily despise.

We may say that men envy because they do not possess, and that they detract from the beauty of that which they cannot possess, through feelings of selfishness which we cannot describe. Still, this exhibits no outward motive, for in detracting, the detracter acquires nothing. Nor does this conduct bring the desired object any nearer the possession of the envious man. He is probably well aware that his conduct, if discovered, will drive him from the society of all just and generous men, and he doubtless already feels within the gnawings of a guilty and abused conscience. We therefore must put this envy down as a mental disease, a sort of mania of the mind, for which we can as yet suggest no reason. For as the body is often afflicted with complaints to which we can ascribe no cause, so, no doubt, the mind may be diseased when we can see no apparent reason.

Envy properly means to hate another for excellence or success; also, pain and vexation at another's good; yet another shade of meaning, and a very important one, may be brought out by observing its derivation, being from the Latin *invideo*, to look against, and hence to be unfavorable toward an object, or to be in a sense prejudiced. "None are so blind as those who refuse to see;" and thus frequently the spirit of envy darkens the minds of men until they are literally blind to the beautiful and touching. In most cases, perhaps, there is an inward appreciation of the object, and yet an outward depreciation and detraction. This, however, is envy in its most malicious form, with malice aforethought; but we think there may be, and undoubtedly is, an envious and blinded state of mind in which men are continually seeing and judging the wrong way, to the great detriment of their neighbors. This detestable harpy, which builds its horrid nest in the human heart, feeds on no carrion, but rather picks the choicest flowers and sweetest morsels of virtue and attainment. The purer the vesture it touches, the more conspicuous and evident will be its tracks. No matter how high or unimpeachable a man's position or character; no matter how perfect and noble his works; he cannot escape the dreadful beak of this fearful bird. "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." And what is calumny but one of the many weapons used by envy? The enterprising merchant who has amassed a handsome fortune, and provides well for his wife and family, is traduced as a miser, a speculator, or swindler. The author who produces a readable book is stigmatized as "stale, flat, and unprofitable." The young lady who possesses grace and beauty, and who endeavors to treat her admirers with courtesy and cordiality, is set down as a flirt, or perhaps a darker whisper blurs the brow of modesty, and makes the cheek turn red with shame. The Christian who endeavors to alleviate the sufferings of humanity, and, like Howard, goes into the prison-house a good Samaritan, is said by the envious to be seeking popularity. And so we might run through the whole scale, from the lowest note to the highest pitch, and we would find the discord of envy jarring the whole music of human life.

The various ways which envy has of exhibiting itself would form subject-matter for a volume, rather than a head, in an essay of this character. Nevertheless, a few may with propriety here be pointed out. It is sometimes bold and defiant in its attitude, loudly uttering its denunciations and slanders, seeking thus to drown the fair fame of its object in the noise and coloring of its own invective. But more frequently it moves silently, "like a ghost towards its design," and wears on its front a cunning mask of sleek hypocrisy. The wise man pictures such when he says, "He that hateth, dissembleth with his lips, and layeth up deceit within him. When he speaketh fair, believe him not, for there are seven abominations in his heart." We frequently see a man lamenting over the shortcomings of another in suppressed whisperings and inward groanings, who, to all outward appearances, seems sincere in his condolement, but who, in reality, is nothing more than a base detractor. What is more pitiable than to see one of these poor gad-flies calling together a small circle of the envied person's friends to tell, as a great secret, some coined slander, or exaggerated defect?

There is yet another class, who are not aggressive; they make no warfare upon reputation, but who, when appealed to for decision, will gravely weigh the question of merit or demerit, and end by giving the culprit one beauty for every fifty blemishes. How admirably has the witty Sheridan sketched these three classes in his well-known characters of Lady Sneerwell, Sir Benjamin Backbite, and Mrs. Candor! Alas! for this soul-destroying spirit of envy! It taints our judgment, embitters the sweet waters of conversation, and pollutes most of the periodical literature of the day. Must it always be so? Is there no antidote? Can we find no remedy? To these latter questions we feel at a loss for a reply. Unless the divine law of love is to rule in our hearts as the supreme element of character, and we are to look upon our neighbors with the same eye of appreciation that we bestow upon ourselves, we fear no person will be wholly unpolluted. And yet there is one consideration which should be in itself sufficient to drive envy from every heart, namely, that it is beneath the dignity of all true manhood; it is unworthy of all the higher feelings of our nature; it is unprofitable in its results, and debasing in its influence. Let us therefore endeavor to put away this evil from our hearts; let us endeavor to be just; nay, more, let us be generous. For "if we use every man according to his desert, who shall escape whipping?"

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MEN FOR THE TIMES.

There is a certain species of thought, which may be conceived of as the result of what may be called the atmospheric influences of the age, which exists almost every where in a latent form; and the man who gives utterance to this thought, bringing it within the range of comprehension and observation, is he who most effectually commands the attention of the multitude. To reproduce what has often before been brought forward; to reargue questions which have already been disposed of, or proved to be entirely incapable of solution; to raise visionary speculations, which have no bearing upon existing facts, is but to advance ideas which have no sympathy in the public heart. The men who would help to elevate their country in the scale of being, and make it a central sun in the midst of lesser luminaries, must give to it the service of vigorous, manly thought, the product of wakeful, toiling hours; without this, their efforts will be unavailing, their labor fruitless. If ever there was a time in the nation's history when we needed earnest, self-denying men, it is the present. The great mass of public men have become so corrupt and degenerate, they have so far forgotten the true dignity of their position, as to call for the severest rebuke at the hands of their constituents. True patriotism seems to be almost a thing unknown to a great many of our office-holders and office-seekers; or, if it is known by them, it is treated as something visionary, a mere conception of what might be, but has no existence in reality. The love of self has protruded into every department of our national concerns; all other things are made subservient to self-aggrandizement; anything that could step in to hinder and restrain, is set aside, as unworthy of a moment's attention.

The great question has been, how much can I make out of an office, rather than how well can I perform the responsible duties pertaining to that office. Pride, fashion, and vain ambition have urged on their willing victims in all the departments of trust and responsibility. In fact, so powerful and all-controlling has been this great evil, that many who for years have occupied places of honorable trust in the affairs of the nation, have at last been found out as defaulters; they have given way to the fell swoop of a miserable ambition, burying themselves and their families in one common vortex of ruin. Alas! that our public men should become so degenerate, as to make a foul blot upon the fair escutcheon of the nation; indeed, so common has been the fall from integrity within the past few years, as to compel the belief that the spirit of the Puritan fathers has ceased to be transmitted to their posterity. The love of show has been the ruling passion, the all-controlling principle of their lives; and while there are but few rich, we can scarcely tell, from outward appearance, who are and who are not. But amid all this love of show, the mind and morals have been neglected, essential excellence has been supplanted by a weak forgery, piety is left to those who have hopelessly failed to obtain the world's applause. With such degrading influences in our social circles, it is not to be wondered at that office, in our growing country, is resorted to in order to obtain the resources of vain ambition, rather than to serve the public at an honorable post. It seems to be almost a logical sequence, that when the office-seeker spends more than the salary of that office to obtain it, he means to make it up by stealing. Paradoxical as it may appear, there are those here in our own land, and in this enlightened age, who find their counterpart in those whom Thucydides describes as spending but little time in the service of the nation, and much in the promotion of personal interests and private ends. This is indeed the outcrying sin of the nation; men have permitted themselves to be so swept along on the waves of corruption, that to day, honest, true men, qualified for the office they fill, are the exception, not the rule. In fact, noble and virtuous men shrink from the responsibility of an office, which is but the synonym of bribery and fraud.

But these things ought not so to be, when we consider that the life of the nation is imperilled thereby; that nation that was born into the great family, amid the convulsive throes and the mighty struggles of the Revolution; that nation founded at such cost and sacrifice. Nothing but that indomitable energy of purpose which our forefathers possessed enabled them to overcome all the difficulties, and surmount all the obstacles, which rose up before them, and gave them power to lay the strong and broad foundation, and thereon to rear the consummate superstructure of our national liberty. It needs no long and tedious demonstration to prove that such men as we have described are not fit to direct the affairs of this great people. No; the truth is so palpable, that the most obtuse cannot fail to *see it.*

For controlling aright the affairs of the nation, we need men of pure patriotism, men of faith and firm integrity, who live far above suspicion, and out of the atmosphere of intrigue or political corruption. We need men who will discard party and party influences, and submerge all outside differences in the great, broad interests of the Republic; those who shall feel the tremendous responsibility that rests upon them, as having transmitted to them this fair heritage by the revolutionary sires, for its preservation and upholding, that they too, in turn, may hand it down to posterity with its glory undiminished, and its lustre undimmed. Further, the men for the times are those who will feel that God for no vain purpose guided Columbus over the dark waters of the ocean; preserved the lives of the Pilgrim fathers amid the dangers of the wilderness and savage tribes, and enabled them to plant this beautiful and well-proportioned tree upon the unhospitable shores of Plymouth, and has watered and blessed it, and led us up till now, through all the storms of battle, through all the trials and perils which beset a nation's childhood and youth; that they were enabled to erect the standard of liberty, and form a constitution and laws for the government of their posterity, which have been the admiration of the world, and before the brightness of whose rising, kings have trembled, and despots stood aghast; but rather that He had the design of making this nation, through her rulers, a source from whence should go forth streams to gladden the hearts of oppressed millions.

We need men who will feel that their greatest honor and renown, and even their greatest reward, is in filling well the office, and doing, with all faith and earnestness, whatever of duties pertain to it. The efforts of such men would never be forgotten. Posterity would hold them in grateful remembrance, as the benefactors of the race. Contrast with the efforts of these men, the efforts of modern scepticism, whose scintillations charm for a time the multitude, but soon sink into merited oblivion. It may be for a moment the gorgeous corruscations have lit up the horizon with their artificial fires, and even threaten to obliterate the stars; but after the blaze is spent, the old planets are found in their places, sitting calmly as before, performing their Maker's will. The race do not wish, degenerate as it is, to see entirely crushed those great truths upon which men have built their choicest hopes, but rather those doctrines which are true and right, and for the benefit of men, will in the end triumph, and the race will yet be most grateful to those who have stood up in the defence of those great principles and divinely given truths. There is no nation under the whole heaven that affords a grander field for the display of true eloquence than our own. There is no bound or limit to the audiences men may gather, save those alone which grow out of their powers to reach them. As far as men can make themselves heard, there will be hearers to listen. This, however, is on certain conditions.

Men must have something to say worthy of listening to; something which men need to hear; something that is fresh, earnest, vigorous; something that is the offspring of their own mind, "the result of their own observation, the inference of their own reason, the impulse of their own heart, and not the mechanical repetition of stale and weary platitudes." True and false eloquence are easily distinguishable; men must believe what they say, if they would produce conviction in the minds of their hearers.

Impassioned feeling naturally, and often of necessity, breaks through the prescribed limits of decorum, but the multitude will respond, and every heart will heave and throb in unison; but the affectation of feeling is disgusting, it is absurd, and the men who deal in it are not those who gain the attention and win the hearts of the audience. Men must suit their speech to time and place, and with a full conviction of the truth of what they say, they must earnestly seek to enforce it on others—these alone are the men that succeed, these alone are the men for the times.

KAPPA.

THE OLD YEAR.

On a night, the last of bleak December,
  In mid-winter's cold and cheerless hour,
Watching by the fire each blazing ember,
  'Lone I sat, wrapt in the Muse's power.
      Near the hearth-stone,
On a night, the last of bleak December.

Just at twelve, the solemn midnight hour,
  When the world reposed in quiet slumber,
Choirs of bells from every church and tower
  Rang their hallelujahs without number.
      Notes of grandeur,
Just at twelve, the solemn midnight hour.

As they welcomed New Year in with ringing,
  It did seem a band exempt from sorrow,
O'er the Old Year's grave in concert singing,
  Thoughtless of the present, past, or morrow.
      Thus I pondered,
As they welcomed New Year in with ringing.

In the twelve-month gone what hopes have vanished,
  What bright prospects burst in empty bubble!
Where the hearts whose joy sad grief has banished!
  Bosoms once so happy, filled with trouble!
      Sad the picture,
In the twelve-month gone what hopes have vanished.

Sweet and prattling infants Death has taken,
  Buoyant youth in life's noonday of gladness,
Manhood's prided strength has torn and shaken,
  Caused the silvery head to bend in sadness.
      No distinction,
Sweet and prattling infants Death has taken.

Some have for their country's honor perished,
  Fallen nobly, covered o'er with glory,
And they'll live in every true heart cherished,
  Ever to be praised in song and story.
      Noble record,
Some have for their country's honor perished.

From the Old Year's darkened tomb light streameth,
Onward marches Truth and Right are making.
On our nation's banner glory beameth,
Treason's pillars crumbling are, and quaking.
Take good courage.
From the Old Year's darkened tomb light streameth.

In her grave a tear-drop we will bury,
Bid farewell, and hail the New Year morning,
Enter on its threshold blithe and merry,
By our actions God and man adorning.
Gone for ever.
In her grave a tear-drop we will bury.

Duke.

EMULATION.

A king sat upon his throne, and there was led in before him a man of noble mien. "What can he do more than other men?" demanded the king. "Nothing," was the reply. "Then chop off his head."

This question and command of the king, with their laconic brevity and biting severity, bring with them much instruction, and a lesson fit to be learned. Spoken in a moment of angry passion, and with no thought save to satisfy the wicked cravings of the human heart, they come down to us laden with truth, and involving a principle well worthy the attention of all.

That man is a progressive, excelling being, is an acknowledged truth. In this very power and capacity consists one evidence of his superiority over the brutes. But as the lowest specimen of man is possessed of some degree of excellence and superiority over the brutes, so the higher types of men are distinguished by certain characteristics, which place them correspondingly above men of less capacity. Nature, with her wonted fulness, presents many illustrations of this idea. There is a vast difference between the little plants that grow almost unnoticed, and seemingly of little use, and those fabrics of nature's artifice, the mighty trees of the forest.

However much we may exalt and magnify mother earth, when we study her true relations, we find that she is but a small part of a grand system; which system itself is comparatively a small part of the whole creation. "One star differs from another in glory." This principle prevails in all the orders of creation from highest to lowest, and in man especially do we see the exemplification of it. As we look over the face of history, we observe that all human progress has directly depended upon man's superiority over man, and nation surpassing nation. Had children followed in the old beaten track of their fathers, and their children trod the same path; had one nation been content to adopt the customs and laws of the nation that preceded it, with no show of improvement, civilization and progress would have been comparatively unknown.

"There are diversities of gifts among men." While in every age there have been those who were the mere passive recipients of impressions from the external world, there have also been men of superiority and enterprise, those who have striven to surpass the deeds of those who have gone before them—who have done "more than other men." These are they who tower above the rest of mankind, like the lofty pines above the forest, and may be justly styled "Earth's heroes." Each new thought, each grand accomplishment of men of this character, have formed the steps of the onward tread of civilization.

These ideas the question of the king, short and pithy, embodies. Emulation thus expressed is an incentive to action of the widest application, and has an extensive reign over the minds of men. "What can I do more than other men?" is often asked by men. It is a prominent motive in the minds of kings and rulers, when they strive to increase their dominions, or to rescue their kingdoms from the low state into which they may have fallen, and restore them to their former glory.

This idea was in the mind of Alexander, who strove all men to surpass, all men to conquer. In fact, whenever new theories, new projects, or new conquests, or the promulgation of new principles and ideas have been undertaken, this has been a grand idea and motive, which has urged men on to noble deeds of valor and self-sacrifice for truth. In things good, bad, and indifferent—in religious and secular pursuits, men often compare their abilities and deeds with those of others around them, and by so doing are urged on to renewed activities and greater advances.

Some gifted genius may invent and construct a rude sort of steamboat. Another, grasping the idea in a still grander form, may add new inventions and conveniences, until the roughly-made boat, with its awkward paddle-wheels, becomes a floating palace, and almost a "very thing of life."

The great reformer, Martin Luther, in the midst of the darkness which enveloped the age in which he lived, discerned the truths of the Christian religion, and in the very face of the cannons of Popery laid the foundations of that fortress which was destined in turn to overthrow all the strongholds of the Roman pontiff. He, however, did not know the whole truth, but was erroneous in some of his doctrines. It remained for men of later time, acting by divine aid, and under the influence of a noble emulation, to point out his errors, and, building upon the foundation laid by him, to well-nigh complete the mighty bulwark, and to plant and fire many a cannon of heaviest calibre at the fast crumbling fortifications of this power of Satan.

Having thus glanced at the workings of the spirit of emulation, let us make a present application of it. In view of the present condition of our own country and the world, and of the work now before the civilized and enlightened portion of mankind, the question comes with great force to us of the present day, "What can we do more than other men?"

From one point of view this question may seem almost absurd. The world is filled with the glorious deeds of men. Noble and enduring monuments of man's genius have been reared in every corner, and the niches in the "Temple of Fame" seem already filled. What more can be done? The arts and sciences also have well-nigh reached earthly perfection. Can mortal man do more? This view of the question is unfavourable, and fatally destructive to any advancement whatever.

If, instead of a mere superficial view, we make a close observation of the deeds of men, we will find much unaccomplished, much that remains to be done—so much, indeed, that we will no longer be at a loss for a wide field in which to expend our highest effort. Nor should we be discouraged because others have done nobly. High as lofty monuments and pyramids tower above statues and edifices, did the magnificent grandeur of Egypt raise its proud head above that of Greece; and yet the simple artistic beauty and fine proportions of the Grecian models were far more admired. The monumental tomb of a Rameses might at first strike the beholder with more awe than the faultless Parthenon; but a second look only is needed for the goddess of war to bring us in willing subjection to her feet, and compel us to worship at her shrine of beauty.

Though Egypt did much towards the civilization of the world, Greece, with all her simplicity, did far more. Here is a lesson for us. Although a Shakesperian genius may far outshine our own, yet by faithfully performing our duty in the right time and place, we may hope to do still more than the great men of the past. With their examples, and the results of their labors, we may hope to accomplish much, and urge on still further the current of civilization.

> "Lives of great men all remind us
>   We may make our lives sublime,
> And departing, leave behind us
>   Footprints in the sands of time."

The whole world, lying in sin and iniquity, sends up from every continent the Macedonian cry. Our own country, torn and bleeding, takes up the sad call, and it echoes and re-echoes through our valleys, and reverberates along our mountains. Coupled with the cry, "Come over and help us," another as loud and urgent breaks upon our ears—a cry for noble, active, excelling, enterprising men. This is the world's necessity, and may it realize the blessing.

W.

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IDEAL-MEN.

Man, in every age and every state of society, is governed by influences. These are of various kinds and characters, and operate in different ways to produce good or evil; and affect our every act, word, and even thought. This statement is so generally admitted that it may be considered quite self-evident, and therefore needs no proof. These influences may be divided in respect to their origin into external and internal; the external comprehending those influences that come from without, and are thence brought to bear upon a man's nature and disposition; while the feelings, desires, and conceptions of his own mind and heart make up the internal. Now it often happens that one of these kinds affects the other to a great extent, and the two thus become united in their power. This is the case with the admirer of nature; he conceives in his own mind a love for beauty and harmony; these are presented to him in nature; nature thus has an influence over him which it would not have but for his conception of beauty and harmony found therein; while at the same time his feeling becomes intensified by its gratification. This again is true in respect to a person who has formed an idea of nobleness and excellence, and finds it presented in the character of another. In intelligent men the thinking part has a superiority over the working part, which consists not only in taking the lead of it, but also in requiring more to which it may devote its powers. Hence there is a spare capital of the former, after enough has been appropriated to the common uses and experiences of life. This is invested in forms of the imagination, in creating those perfect objects toward which the whole man may strive, or upon which he may feast his fancy—in a word, in *Ideals*.

These ideals are formed of every thing that can be thought of as perfect, or as possessing some degree of perfection; and as this is true of man, that is, since a perfect man may be conceived of, at least one possessed of *human* perfection, we find that an ideal-man is often formed in the mind as the standard of nobleness and excellence to him in whose mind the ideal is formed. One having this ideal-man often finds his counterpart in real life, which counterpart will have much more influence over the person than he would without the prepossession in his favor. This influence must not be underrated, especially in the case of those in the full enjoyment of their faculties..

It leads one to look upon the acts of another with approbation, though they be not such as they should be, and to strive to imitate him as much as possible. The ideal-man becomes a demi-god, who is recognised as possessing all that is desirable —honor, esteem, goodness, in short, every thing, while at the same time he may really have *no* desirable thing: for example, how many make their ideal-man the selfish, cold-hearted nabob, enjoying all the advantages of wealth, and yet basely appropriating them to unworthy ends; or the cruel, misery-making one, who has gained the "glory of a conqueror;" or the relentless tyrant, exulting in his unbounded power, while the beneficent, philanthropic, and just, seem too common characters for their imaginations? This is truly too great a mistake for those of this generation to make, when love to God, to our fellow-men, and to our country, are making such loud calls, and when it behooves every one to place himself under the best influences, and use every effort to become such a man as shall benefit, not injure, bless, not curse, his fellow-men. May all then set before themselves pure and lofty ideal-men, that in following after them *they* may be ennobled and made men, true *men*.

Σν.

LIGHTS, BIG AND LITTLE.

I can remember, years ago, when I sat by the light of a tallow-candle, and by the aid of its dull flame gained much information, both good, bad, and indifferent. In after years came the discovery of Kerosene—a discovery that all, who when the sun was gone have been compelled to substitute the miserable candle, should be devoutly thankful for. Then again, as the use of illuminating gas spread from the cities to the smaller towns, I thought that old Sol himself, when he made his daily disappearance, would not be much missed, and for brilliancy of effect even considered him eclipsed on some occasions. And now the Drummond light is certainly better than any of nature's contrivances for lighting the earth after dark, so much so that if the moon is dispensed with altogether hereafter, it need not be a matter of alarm, for if we can get a Drummond light large enough, it would answer very well instead, and only spooney lovers be apt to complain.

Well, as I was sitting in chapel at evening prayers not long ago, having nothing else to look at, I cast my eyes upon our worthy Faculty, who, as usual, were all seated in a row, looking very solemn and dignified, when the idea came across my mind that they were very much like our artificial lights—some very dull, and some very brilliant. I could range them down from my favorite professor to—respect for the powers that be prevent my saying whom. There were the men who gave us some ideas worth having—the big Drummond lights, whose very presence seemed illuminating— The Kerosene was very good, but of ordinary calibre—and then some tallow-candles, shining just about enough to make "darkness visible." Having started my train of thought, of course I had not time to complete my journey there, for other things were demanding attention; but now I am at leisure, I will try to get up steam, and see where it will lead to, for trains of thought are generally quite different from all other trains; when you step aboard, you have very little idea of your destination, so keeping a sharp lookout that I don't run into materialism on the one hand, and pantheism or transcendentalism on the other,* I will venture forth.

In looking back over the world, there would be no difficulty in pointing out men of all ranks in the scale of brightness. There was the great Newton, a light of intense brilliancy; Shakespeare, in his proper sphere, fully as great;

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* **Very good that, but unfortunately stolen.**

and, thank fortune, a whole host of others, whose names you know as well as I. Then Stevenson, Fulton, and many others of a little less lustre. They have all been assigned their proper places, just as you and I have assigned places, whether proper or not, to our college dignitaries: and, by the way, if any of these latter should grumble at thus being talked of, they must bear in mind that such is the fate of all who aspire to be lights.

These artificial lights that I have mentioned are bright only in their proper places. A tallow-candle might give sufficient light in a small room, but would amount to very little in a large hall; and the Drummond, which is magnificent at night, I am afraid would appear rather dull at noonday; just so is it with human lights. Napoleon was one of the first order in military science. Homer, Virgil, and Milton possess great brilliancy in their propher spheres. Aristotle, of the ancients, and Bacon, of the moderns, are the great lights of the science of logic. Humboldt and Cuvier removed much of the darkness that had concealed the mysteries of nature from lesser men. In like manner, every department of science and art have their great lights. But I think you will agree with me that the Iliad, with Napoleon for its author, would have been just about as interesting to the ancient Greeks, as in our time that poem generally is to the unfortunates of the Soph. room; and that France, with a Virgil or a Milton for her first Consul, would hold a very different position in history from her present one. No better men than Aristotle and Bacon have ever lived, for developing the great principles of deductive and inductive science, whereas the Waverly novels or Dickens's works would have been very dull indeed, if written by their ponderous pens. Humboldt was a great light in the science of geology, but I verily believe we would still be travelling in the slow old stage-coach, if the birth of railroads had depended as much on him as it did on the humble collier-boy. Outside of their proper sphere, they would have shone rather dimly; like some of my college friends, who are excellent in Greek, but wofully deficient in Mathematics, they are only good in their own departments. Of course, there is such a thing as versatility of talent, and you may say that some of these men would have been great in whatever they had undertaken. I think not; there is a sphere for every one to move in, and God has given to men only talents for what they are. Yet although He has made every one with the design that he shall fill some place, or perform some duty, it has been said of some that I know, and think it probable that you do too, that no one could ever conceive what it was. Well, it is quite likely that there are such. Men who might have done great good in the world, have been big lights, but because the opportunity never presented itself, have been left in obscurity. Still, the world is not much inclined to believe that opportunities make men great, but that they are great themselves.

There is something very grand in being a big light, and being able to outshine all little surrounding luminaries. It seems to me that they must have a contempt for those less brilliant than themselves, something like the sun must feel when it brings its bright broad rays on a modest little candle. Don't you think that these great men, like Napoleon and Shakespeare, when they were conscious of their superiority, must have conceived a sublime disdain of all little men? They may never have expressed such a feeling, and would have been very foolish if they did, yet it would have been very natural. Whether this be so or not, little men, when they know they are little, and they do when they are sensible, are sometimes wont to have a contempt for themselves when they come into their presence, and are sometimes apt to think that the great men look down upon them, whether they do or not.

All the world is not made up of big lights. On the contrary, they are quite scarce. Still, if we can't have them, thank fortune, we have hundreds of little lights, which serve to illumine our path quite as well. Perhaps it is a good thing that all our lights are not so brilliant, for we poor mortals who are the recipients might become blinded in the midst of so much light, and be obliged to grope our way along all through life. Yes, the world is full of little lights, and that is one of the blessings of civilization,—there are so many ways of making a light out of a man. There is one who would never have been better than any one else, only he discovered at school that he had a talent for speaking, and by practice he afterwards became a very good orator. Another found that he had great powers of imitation and of delineating character, and became a light in the theatrical world. Another discovered that he could write beautiful letters, when he took that magnificent way of wasting time, and so made literature his profession, and became a very good writer. Thus hundreds of occasions present themselves for developing talent.

And then we can all have a very reasonable hope of becoming one of these, for if we can't be big lights, we surely stand some chance of being a little one; and little ones, let me tell you, are immensely better than none at all. None of us here in College want to be those who are shined on, who have no light of themselves, but are simple recipients. Let us hope that while we will never refuse to receive, we shall also be able some day to impart.

My train must stop here. It has brought me along very comfortably, and although it has not taken the most direct route—in fact, for so short a space I am afraid it has been very wandering, and has left untouched many quite interesting thoughts—I will no longer intrude on your notice, but let you turn on to the next article, which no doubt will be better worth your perusal.

FALSE PROGRESS.

The present is an age of innovation. Old and effete systems of philosophy are crumbling before the onward march of thought. Iconoclasts continually assail the altars of superstition, demolishing her shrines and scattering her votaries.

Though this would be no evil, but rather a blessing, if followed by the erection of altars consecrated to a purer faith and a holier worship, it is a great evil when this work of destruction is followed by no reconstruction—when the transition is from superstition, not to faith, but to infidelity. This evil has become so common as to attract much attention, and the study of its causes may well occupy our serious thoughts, in order that we may, if possible, discover its remedy.

An important cause of this evil is found in the powerful influence which superstition possesses over the minds of her votaries. Extravagant and absurd opinions and beliefs on subjects which are involved in mystery, especially with respect "to God, to religion, and to beings superior to man," exert force in an inverse ratio to their probability. But when these ideas are instilled into us from our earliest infancy, and allowed to grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength, they soon come to exercise a controlling influence over our life and conduct. And when, by the exercise of reason, men discover the absurdity of these beliefs—that they are based upon no rational foundation—by one sweeping generalization they include in the same category the belief in every thing supernatural, every thing for which they cannot account on rational grounds. As the youth, whose mind has been filled with strange and fanciful stories till his credulity is strained to the utmost, on discovering that he has been imposed upon, suddenly refuses to believe any thing that his companions may tell him; so the victim of superstition, when undeceived, concludes that the mysteries of faith are equally false, and her demands on his credulity equally unreasonable.

Again, the means by which these extravagant notions are overthrown are entirely of a negative character, or if they involve any thing positive, it is simply an implicit reliance on the deductions of unaided reason, or rather on reason falsely so-called, which abjures belief in what cannot be accounted for, as absurd and unbecoming a rational being; and is blind to the plain dictate of common sense, that what rests upon good evidence we are bound to believe, no matter how mysterious it may be, or how hard to explain. So that the bad soil of superstition, sown with the bad seeds of false reason, produces the evil fruits of infidelity, in some thirty-fold, in some sixty, and in some one hundred, according to the strength of the soil, and the degree in which it is watered by pride, and cultivated by the efforts of false philosophers.

If the zealous efforts with which infidels labor to sow the seeds of unbelief were rivalled by those of Christians, to sow and cultivate the good seeds of a rational faith and a sound philosophy, we might hope that this evil fruit would soon disappear, and this bad soil be reclaimed; for the natural advantages are almost all on the side of truth, and opposed alike to the blindness of superstition and the false lights of infidel philosophy. Nature, in all her simplicity and beauty, stands with open arms inviting us to her confidence; and while she displays before us in one hand the rich treasures of her own magnificence, with the other she points upward to the great Source and Author of all.

But the rationalist sees only one side of this picture. He beholds the magnificence and beauty, but fails to discern the finger of nature pointing upward to her Maker. And though laboring under many disadvantages, it must be confessed that rationalists strive to represent this scene to others in the light in which they themselves behold it, with a zeal and energy well worthy of a better cause, and with a success which is truly alarming to the friends of truth.

Many able writers have enlisted in their service, and much of our literature is now filled with this fatal poison. That it is fatal to sound philosophy, true religion, and national liberty, is generally acknowledged. The nation thoroughly imbued with it must die. Though the form of life may remain for a while, yet the permanent abiding principle of national life is gone, and even the form cannot long survive.

In America this evil has made alarming progress, and is now contributing to those influences which threaten to involve us in anarchy and ruin. Since, then, this is a real and practical evil among us, and since it is fatal to liberty and virtue, we should give earnest heed to the means by which it may be eradicated. This must be accomplished by the light of true religion and sound philosophy, of which every educated man ought to be a faithful torch-bearer.

DELTA.

RIGHT OF REVOLUTION.

All things are subject to a law of motion, which displays its power in the most minute as well as in the grandest triumphs of creative art. The tiny plant shoots forth its tender blade, developes, dies, and then springs up anew to die again; while the majestic heavens unceasingly pursue their circling paths through the immensity of space. The whole realm of nature is in motion.

> "She dreads an instant's pause,
> And lives but while she moves."

Nor yet is man, though bearing in his form the image of his Maker, and endowed with an immortal mind, freed from submission to this all-pervading law. He too comes into life a helpless infant; lives a few short years, and then returns to dust. But, what appears more wondrous still, this principle manifests itself in the continued and successive birth, growth, and decay of nations. The whole book of history is but a story of the rise and fall of empire. This national rotation arises from the imperfection of all human government, joined with man's insatiable desire for change. Hence, we may conclude, that just so long as the elements of human nature retain their essential characteristics, nations will continue to advance and to decline.

The term *revolution* signifies an organic or radical change in the constitution of government. It is both a perpetual and indispensable agency in all national development, yet experience shows that it is almost universally attained through force of arms, and amidst the horrors of civil war. But the thought of war in any form is one at which the soul of man recoils. He pictures to his mind a truthful scene of burning towns and ruined cities, dungeons and scaffolds, armies and battle-fields, while to his ear there comes the dying warrior's groan, harshly blending with the wailings of the widow and her helpless little ones. If, then, a government is overthrown amidst such scenes, surely the "sacred right of revolution" ought never to be brought forth from its shrine on a mean or ordinary occasion. Those who exercise this right are justly held accountable for all the desolations of the strife; for the evil passions which it must awaken; for the precious blood that is poured out; for the affections that are sundered; and for interrupted peace and happiness. Unless the nation truly needs a revolution, such must sink beneath the execrations of an outraged people, and the curses of an incensed God.

It becomes us, therefore, to consider well the question, When is revolution justifiable? For it is evident that the right of revolution has many and important limitations, else government and law are terms which have no meaning. The question, involving as it does the stability of government, and hence the welfare of the human race, is one of paramount importance, and to us, who seem upon the verge of national disruption, it is one of special interest. The right of revolution, we presume, none will deny, nor would it comport with the object of this essay to prove. Assuming that there is a right, we propose to inquire what are its limitations. It would be difficult to render a specific answer, which could apply to every case that might arise. Nor shall we make the attempt. But with the aid of history we venture a few general suggestions.

I. The question of revolution is primarily one of conscience. Governments are of divine origin; appointed for the good of man, and designed to be the safeguards of property and life. If utterly destroyed, confusion would take the place of order, and the most wretched misery would ensue. Hence the obligations of established law are enjoined with sacred emphasis in the plain teachings of the holy word. If rulers are ordained of God, then truly they should not be set at naught on any merely human pretence. Such action would be nothing less than treason against heaven. Therefore, it is conclusive that the right of overthrowing an existing government cannot be maintained unless required by the demands of a still higher law. When the two conflict, then that which is supreme must be obeyed; but when they harmonize, no valid reason can be shown why either should be disregarded.

This limitation may seem to exclude from all unchristian people the privilege of a right which we assume as universal. If such were destitute of conscience, then indeed their privilege might be questioned; but we know that in the breast of every man there dwells a principle of right, and all alike must satisfy its stern demands. But on those nations living in the sunlight of God's written word, there rests a double obligation to respect the sacredness of law.

Added to these proofs drawn from our moral duty, the records of the past afford abundant testimony that no revolution ought to be attempted, except it be for conscience' sake. All the most decisive revolutions which have met divine approval and the admiration of the world, have been founded on this very principle. Such was that great convulsion which shook England to its centre, more than two hundred years ago. The religious rights of the people were trampled under foot until forbearance ceased to be a virtue. They then rose; tore down the royal standard; and unfurled the banner of religious freedom. Such, likewise, was the glorious struggle which obtained for us our nation's independence. It was a revolution founded on the holy principles of right and liberty. While, on the other hand, those insurrections which were raised without respect to the demands of conscience, though at the first they may have seemed successful, have in the end proved bitterness. The pages of history are black with the story of the evils they have wrought. Hence, we conclude, from the lessons of experience, and from our intuitive convictions of right, that no revolution can be justified unless the laws of the existing government are directly opposed to the requirements of the holy law of God.

II. In the second place, although, when human law conflicts with the divine, that which is supreme demands obedience from the individual on his own responsibility, it does not follow that an armed resistance, for that reason, would be right. There are other considerations of vast importance.

The fundamental conception in the idea of revolution is that of new creation as following decay. Hence, to be legitimate, and fulfil the part assigned to it in history, revolution must not merely destroy, but build from the dissevered elements a new and far more perfect structure. If it demolishes a wicked government, but does not replace a better one, then the people are left in a worse condition than before, so that another revolution is demanded by a still more urgent need. Thus there would be no end to war. Those bloody revolutions which occurred in France—1. That which brought to the block Louis XVI.; 2. That which drove Charles X. into exile; and, 3. That which took the sceptre from the grasp of Louis Philip—are sad examples of this kind. For though the people were most grievously oppressed, and though they were successful in their struggles against tyranny, yet after spending so much blood and treasure their condition was not really improved. Therefore, we conclude, that no attempt at revolution can be justified unless a better form of government will be established in the stead of that which is destroyed.

III. Another limitation, of great moment, is apparent from the special character of revolutions. They have ever been regarded as ulterior remedies for the cure of national corruption. A last resort should never be a first resort. Therefore every other means should be applied and found to fail, before a people can rightfully arise to shake off the shackles of perverted power, and overturn the strongholds of misused authority. The patient Dutch of the sixteenth century well understood the meaning of this truth, and gave to posterity a noble illustration of its application. They bore oppressive taxes, and endured the most excruciating torture for the sake of their religious views. Long they protested and complained without effect. At last, when every right was crushed beneath the iron heel of despotism, and every other avenue of hope was closed, the people had resort to revolution.

IV. And, lastly, though there be an urgent need of revolution, it should never be attempted unless there exists a fair prospect of success. The force of this restriction must be manifest. Every unsuccessful attempt to throw off the chains of tyranny causes them to be more tightly rivetted. And every unsuccessful attempt to subvert an oppressive government would only tend to make it more oppressive. Thus the act of revolution would augment the very evil which it was intended to destroy.

It may be argued, though, that "right is might," and therefore when a people fight for holy principles against a wicked government, success will surely crown their efforts. If this theory could stand the test of experience, then it would be worthy of consideration. As well might we demand a little child to actively resist the ruffian's grasp, although it would exasperate the ruffian, and insure the perpetration of his base designs.

Thus we have briefly shown that the right to overthrow an established government exists only when obedience to that government is disobedience to God; when a better one will be established in its stead; when there is no other remedy; and when there is a reasonable prospect of success.

That there may be other limitations, to apply to special cases, is most readily admitted; but we conceive that these which have been stated are the most important, and of universal application. If they were always carefully considered, revolutions would accomplish their true purpose, and the patriot might with hope discern beyond the smoke and carnage of the battle-field the radiant sunlight of civil and religious liberty, and with faith he might petition for the speedy coming of the golden age when human law will be obeyed, when swords will be for ever sheathed, and every land be free.

IOTA.

Editor's Table.

DEAR READERS OF THE LIT.: As we seat ourselves this cold winter's day by the side of a blazing fire to prepare the usual finale for the expected number of our periodical, we fully realize the fact that our position is that of "A reel Edditah."

Withdrawn from the bustle of college life, retired to a quiet New England village where we have come to sojourn for a few days, having temporarily converted one corner of a country parsonage into an editorial sanctum, with visions of forms, (*printers'* forms we mean, of course,) manuscripts, pages, *et cetera*, floating before our mind's eye, we apply at once to the task which lies before us. So much for our own circumstances and surroundings. Kind readers, how is it with you? You too have passed (or *cut*) the ordeal of sessional examination, and now are doubtless enjoying the holiday festivities in the bosom of your own, or some one else's family, with pleasant anticipations for the long vacation that lies before you.

Some, amid the countless amusements and pleasures of the city, are hurrying off the last hours of the departing year, and welcoming in the new. Others are facing the rigors of a country winter. The skating-parties, the donation visits, the sleigh-rides, with their jolly songs, their warm buffalo robes, and pleasant companions, absorb their attention, and serve well to break the tedious monotony of the past weeks of *poling*. Our friends of '67 are spending their first college vacation; and oh, what *lions* (nothing personal) they expect to be in the circle in which they move! We venture to predict, young friends, that you will return to college humbler, but wiser—boys. If your experience is that of most of those who have gone before you, you will find that the college stories with which you thought to astound your old companions will not *take* half as well as you expected; that the fine jokes which you laid up and took along will not be appreciated; and though your Freshmanic majesty will be treated with all *due* deference, you will find that, after all, the outside world is getting along very well without you. In short, did you not now and then go home and inform your friends of the fact, scarce one in ten would know of your being in college at all. To each and all, from the "dignified Senior" to the "aspiring Fresh," in your seasons of gay pleasure and your moments of serious thought, in your remembrance of the past and your anticipations for the future, the Editor wishes a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

It is ours to bid farewell to the closing year, and extend the hand of greeting to the new. The past has been a year that will not soon fade from memory or the page of history. Its events have left impressions that cannot be effaced, and, we trust, taught lessons that cannot be forgotten.

We have looked with trembling anxiety upon the field of strife. We have seen those who are at once our enemies and our brethren, made bold by transient success, advancing into the very heart of our loyal States. We have awaited, in painful suspense, the result of the deadly contest; and when the smoke of the battle cleared away, it was to reveal an enemy discomfitted and fleeing, satisfied that, though an unholy cause may prosper for a time on the soil that nurtured it, yet aggression can never be its policy. We have seen the mighty fortresses on our great Father of Waters coming one by one under our protection, till the whole river is our own. When in our chief city *mobocracy* bade defiance to government, and threatened with one fell swoop to destroy all law, order, and rights of persons or property, what an exhibition of national strength was that when the honest intelligence of all parties adopted as its creed, that the Government must be upheld, and its authority remain supreme!

Let us not forget the thousands of our gallant countrymen who have fallen victims to the dangers of the battle and the exposures of the camp. Many a noble form that a year ago stood erect in strength and beauty now lies mouldering in the dust. Perhaps the gentle hand of friendship has laid it in the tomb; perhaps the heedless stranger has hastily performed the last sad rites; or it may be that on some southern hill-side the bones of the fallen brave lie bleaching, unsheltered from the winter's storm or the summer's sun.

Alas! how many hearts are saddened amid the festivities of the season by such thoughts as these! How many once cheerful firesides are darkened by the shadows cast over them by the memory of one whose pleasant voice will no more delight the ear, whose presence will not again gladden the family circle! But let it be remembered that thus to die is but to live. Though the spot where the body takes its last repose be unknown; though no tear of affection be shed above the sleeping dust; yet, for him who falls a victim on his country's altar, there shall stand a monument more lasting than human hands can build. When our country shall have come forth from her present furnace of affliction, purified from all her dross, her national curses removed, her national crimes forgiven, and presenting, instead of the disintegrated fragments which some would fain have us call "our country," a firm and undivided nationality, pervaded by the spirit of Liberty, and guided by the spirit of Truth, then will the children of the veterans of to-day, rejoicing in their rich inheritance, proud of their ancestral name, point with grateful emotion to the governmental structure as it stands forth in all its beauty, and say, "Sacred to the memory of our fallen sires!"

Twice has the messenger of death entered into the very midst of our college community, and borne away a loved companion; while every class from '62 to '65 has paid its tribute to the grave, and each from among its brightest ornaments. Sampson, Holden, Williams, Done, Thompson, stricken down in early manhood with the dews of youth yet fresh upon your brow:—some falling victims to the diseases of the camp; some while engaged in the pursuits of college life—cut off as in a moment, and every bright anticipation dashed to the earth; some when just about to gird on your armor for the public service of your Heavenly Master. In vain do we seek among men for reasons to assign to these dispensations of God's will. It is in the Christian's faith alone that a solution can be found. Thither let us turn; and while amid the wintry winds that sing the requiem of the dying year we seem to hear mingled the notes of sorrow for our companions who have been snatched from our side, let us remember the God who "doeth all things well," and heed the lesson which He gives of our mortality, knowing that though we too may fall before our sun has reached its zenith, yet,

> "That life is long which answers life's great end."

Scarcely a day of the last term went by without giving us some intimation that the college days of '64 were fast drawing to a close. To look back, it seems little more than a year since, a trembling group of Freshmen, we huddled in the north-east corner of the chapel, and with feeble voices answered to the first roll-call. Yet it is true that four years, with their pleasures and their little perplexities, their disappointments and their expectations realized, their moments of joy and of sorrow, and their mighty changes in the outside world, have almost passed since that morning. What a perfect type of human life is a course in college! We enter upon it like children, green, innocent, and ignorant of the little world which is opening before us. Prospects before us seem bright; every college distinction seems to lie within our grasp. The Freshman year is passed off. With some rough spots hewn away, but with all the hot blood of our college childhood yet boiling within our veins, ready for any adventure, we assume the rank of Sophs. With what an air of *nonchalance* does the youth strut the campus, when just emancipated from what he (poor, inexperienced fledgling!) considers the thraldom of the "tutes"! How importantly he flourishes his cane, and with what a patronizing smile he tips his hat (*beaver*, perhaps,) to one of last year's instructors! Surely "Young America" has no better representative than a college Soph. The frolics of this year ended, and life assumes a more serious aspect. Junior year is the counterpart of middle age. Enough of blithesome youth remains to excite some sympathy for the gayety of the younger members of the family—the Sophs; while so much of a fatherly feeling has taken possession of the breast as to render the man a fit defender of the persecuted Fresh who fly thither with all their troubles. Soon we find ourselves wrapt in the garb of Seniority. Then we begin to feel a kind of commiseration for all the foibles which we find in those below us. We assume the privilege of *giving advice* to every unsophisticated Fresh, thoughtless Soph, or injudicious Junior who comes within our reach, with as much show of authority as the crab in the fable, and often with the same effect, for similar reasons. We expect to be appealed to in every case of dispute concerning college customs or laws, (except the *unwritten code*,) and deliver our decisions with all the gravity and dignity of a judge on the bench. The thought that we are soon to leave the present scenes continually obtrudes itself. We begin to gather our mantles about us, and prepare for our exit. Anxieties for the future form a large proportion of our thoughts; and finally, when our work is completed, the last recitation attended, the last examination passed, we step from the commencement stage into the busy world without, almost as ignorant of what awaits us there as is he who bids farewell to time of the scenes in which he shall mingle beyond.

The closing weeks of the winter session have brought around the elections which usually excite our public mind at this season, and we take pleasure in giving the following as the result.

The Senior class have chosen as their Class Orator, William Hackett, Jr., of Easton, Pa.; Poet, William W. Curtiss, of Charlton, N. Y. The Editors elected for the coming session are Thomas F. Crane, of Elizabeth, N. J.; Edward D. Ledyard, Jr., of Philadelphia; Henry C. Milspaugh, of Newburg, N. Y.; and G. W. Seiler, of West Hanover, Pa. For each of these we wish and feel that we can safely predict every success in the positions which they respectively fill.

Of the Junior Orator election, no *official* information has yet reached us; but through the activity of our *reporters*, we have been put in possession of intelligence which we venture to give as the probable result.

According to this, the Junior Orators elect are as follows:

Whig Hall.

W. Stone Abert,	Washington, D. C.
Samuel Baker,	Wheeling, Va.
Charles H. McClellan,	" "
Robert Sloss,	New York City.

Clio Hall.

Joseph Cross, Jr.	Morristown, N. J.
Daniel N. Grummon,	Newark, N. J.
Theodore W. Hunt,	Metuchin, N. J.
James N. Stratton,	Mount Holly, N. J.

These are all men to whom we believe the time-honored institutions that they represent can safely entrust their reputation. We wish them a brilliant success on the coming Junior Orator night, a *fair* audience, and an abundance of floral trophies.

And now, kind readers, we submit to your perusal the pages of our Mag., hoping that you will not

"—— view us with a critic's eye,
But pass our imperfections by."

To our classmates we would return our thanks for the temporary honor and dignity with which they have clothed us. To our contributors we feel under lasting obligations for their generous co-operation.

Wishing to all a pleasant vacation and a happy completion of their college career, we lay down our pen, content to relinquish for ever the position of EDITOR.

THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE,

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OCTOBER, ...	W. J. BRIDELLS, Pa.
NOVEMBER, ...	RICHARD S. HUNTER, Pa.
DECEMBER, ...	SAMUEL M. GARDNER, N. Y.
TREASURER, ...	LEWIS BOND, N. J.

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EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge the following exchanges:—Williams' Quarterly, Beloit College Monthly, Yale Literary, and Hall's Journal of Health.

THE
Nassau Literary Magazine.

HENRY C. MILLSPAUGH, EDITOR.

VOL. XXIV. FEBRUARY, 1864. No. 5.

MUSIC.

THE origin of music, like that of all those ancient arts, is wrapped in uncertainty and doubt. Many conjectures have been raised as to its real origin, but as yet we have been unable to ascertain with certainty how and whence it sprang. Still, from the product, we are assured that its fountain-head is an exalted one—one worthy of our consideration, and one upon which speculative spirits might well exercise their powers.

Though many theories have been set forth by the different writers on this subject, we have only time to notice the two principal doctrines, which seem to *include* all the others, and will well suffice our present purpose.

Some maintain that there was always music within man's bosom, but that it remained slumbering until the howling of the winds, the rolling of the thunder, the rippling of the brook, and the sweet strains of birds, together with numerous other sounds of nature, prompted man, as an "imitative being," to bring out and develope this beautiful art.

The Chinese, we are told, were led to the cultivation of this art by the beautiful strains of two birds, which so attracted the attention of a certain one who was passing, that he determined, if possible, to imitate these sounds. He noticed that each bird, male and female, gave forth six different sounds, and accordingly cut twelve tubes so as to give forth sounds corresponding to those made by the birds. Delighted with his discovery, he ran at once to the Emperor, who ordered that these twelve sounds should form the basis of Chinese music.

But there are others who do not coincide with this doctrine. They admit the former assertion, that music was from the very first within man, but deny that he was prompted to its cultivation by the different sounds of nature. They say music was *created* with man; that he was endowed with the power and instinct of uttering his joy and sorrow, and that he was from the beginning naturally inclined to convey his thoughts and feelings to others. And further, they maintain that the expression of these various feelings by means of the organs of speech, is music in a rude and uncultivated form.

This latter belief is, for the most part, credited, and undoubtedly appears the most natural.

But though we are in doubt as to the real origin of music, we know that it passed through many changes and made rapid advancement. While the other arts have undergone but slight variations, it has made wonderful progress. The poems of Homer and Virgil, and other ancient bards, but live again in the works of modern poets. The sculptor or architect of the present day is well satisfied with *imitating* the works of ancient Greece. Yes, many of her works of art are still models throughout the civilized world.

But with music, how different! Among all the different nations—the Greeks, the Hindoos, the Arabs, and the Chinese—its principles and its objects were different. "One nation regarded it as a science, another as an art, and a third simply as the language of the heart." Its channels were different, its mode of cultivation was different, and its power was universally known. It was thus cultivated, and *carefully* cultivated, by the different nations.

Having glanced at the origin and rapid advancement of this fine art, let us dwell for a moment upon its true nature, and then pass to its influence.

Dr. Burney, in the preface to his celebrated "History of Music," says that it is "an innocent luxury to our existence." We would therefore infer from his definition that the sole office of music is to charm the nobler passions. A mere luxury! But has he not proved himself inconsistent? Why did he devote his whole life to that "innocent luxury?" Why did he spend so much time in writing his celebrated "History of Music," besides many minor works on the subject, if it was a mere "luxury?" and why, finally, does he forget his assertion, and labor so earnestly to prove the great estimation in which it was held among almost all the nations of the earth, and seek to establish its vast benefit and influence? Ah! it is something more than a luxury, and it does more than simply improve and gratify our sense of hearing.

The early Greeks seem to have taken a better view of this subject. Plato reproached those who estimated it solely on account of the sensual enjoyment to be derived therefrom; he thought that it carried with it much more than mere sensual pleasure. He recognised in it "an expression of our inner life," and said that "when united with the good and beautiful"—that is, moral beauty—"it comes from God, and brings us in unison with him."

Now, familiar as the effects of music are, it is not easy to be defined. It is one of those abstract terms, such as love or religion, and requires more than a mind to understand it.

It requires a *heart* and a *soul,* and one devoid of these cannot appreciate it. Many persons persuade others, and finally themselves, that they love music; but it is all folly, they cannot do so without possessing a *soul.*

It differs widely from the other fine arts, and yet seems to include most of them. "In its rich and melodious sounds we see the artist's brush, the sculptor's chisel, and the poet's lofty flights." All are beautifully depicted in that one art, appropriately called the "most spiritual" of all arts.

Music has no model after which to shape itself, and unlike painting, it has none to which it may be compared. The painter's object is to imitate as nearly as possible the works of nature, and he may be well satisfied if he makes but an approximation to those works. So that there is, of necessity, a limit to the artist's imagination, occasioned by this need of imitation. In this respect also it differs from poetry, which, even in its loftiest flights, must resemble certain general ideas in order to be understood. And the same might be said of sculpture.

But there is another advantage connected with this art. We cannot, by means of it, describe any thing immoral. It is a "heavenly gift," and always directs us to its author. It may be brought in contact with vice, but it can never represent it, or be made its interpreter; it breathes nothing but pure morality. It can express sadness or joy, whatever is beautiful, noble, or comical; but it cannot represent any thing that partakes of a vile and immoral character.

But these are not the only advantages which music has over her sister arts. Others have no power, exercise no influence over the lower classes of mankind, the uneducated world. They require a certain cultivation of the mind, which comparatively few possess. Whereas with music, how different! All are influenced by it—the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the educated and the uneducated. A heart of stone is made to yield, and even inanimate objects *seem* to feel its power.

Have you not seen the timid mouse rush from its hidden abode to listen to the touching strains of a little song? Have you not heard of the warrior's horse performing the different manœuvres, even before the signal is fairly understood by the rider himself? But many instances are given wherein the various domestic animals have been influenced by music, and it is even believed that music can be cultivated to a considerable extent in some of these animals.

But now, having noted music's power over the lower animals, can you doubt its sway over God's noblest work—beings possessed of both heart and mind? Can you doubt the effect produced by the Marseillaise Hymn, as it roused the French patriot to his senses, and warned him of his slavish oppression? Nay, the effect is too evident. A simple song revolutionized a whole country. Acting upon the hearts and minds of that enslaved people, stimulating and rousing them from the state of lethargy into which they had fallen, it brought before them the light and pleasures of freedom, and caused them to shake off the tyrannical yoke that had so long bound them to the earth.

But who, of whatever country he may be, whether Frenchman, Englander, or American—who, we ask, can listen to the martial music of his native country, sent forth by the loud and deafening sounds of the brass band, without feelings of animation and pleasure? Ah! but is this the only channel in which music can exercise her influence? Is it martial music only that overpowers the feelings of men, and is it the patriot's heart alone that it can reach? By no means. There are none so wicked and hard-hearted, so dejected and fainting, that music cannot influence. Did it not exercise its power over Saul's evil spirit? did it not rouse Philip V. of Spain from his dreamy state? did it not soothe the imprisonment of Richard I. of England? and has it not melted the heart of many a bloodthirsty villain?

Who has not felt the power of *song?* who has not experienced the effect produced by the sad but beautiful sounds of the melodeon? who has not been charmed and moved to tears by the overpowering notes of the church-organ?

The effect of this mysterious power is too evident—every one must have felt its influence and appreciated its power, and we think this of itself sufficient to urge us onward to its cultivation. It well repays the labors of its possessor; it improves his spiritual nature, and brings him nearer to the God he loves.

D.

◆

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

Louie, don't ask of me a line
For this your pretty book,
For I have ceased to court the Nine,
The Muses I've forsook.
Thence inspiration I don't drink,
Then how should I possess
Enough to tell you what I think,
Save wish you happiness?

C.

◆

RERUM PUBLICARUM CONVERSIO.

Government is that which gives to society security and permanence. Government presupposes society. "Society is a contract; a partnership in all science and art; a partnership in all virtue and in all perfection." Government is society regulated "by the articles of agreement." When society has adopted a constitution, and appointed executives, whose duties are determined by constitutional laws, it, as it were, breathes into itself life, and enters upon an organic existence. When society, having "its true and natural foundation in the wants and fears of individuals," is true to its origin, there is a *necessity* for the "administration of its affairs according to established constitutions, laws, and usages." Now this life and necessary administration constitute government. The great object of government is, to render the rights of individuals constituted in society secure and permanent; therefore when society can combine in its constitution and laws all that is essential to satisfy the "wants," and quiet the "fears of individuals," it will have a government both secure and permanent. The difficulty lies in the imperfection of the articles of agreement. In case of partnership between two individuals, if the articles of contract do not secure to each his rights, after a fair trial there will be a dissolution of partnership. Just so in reference to society: if it has established itself under a government which does not promote the ends sought, there will be a dissolution—a *revolution.* But, while the dissolution of a partnership is generally effected without difficulty, when it exists merely between two individuals, when it exists between "many men of many minds," as in society, a dissolution is seldom effected, and an agreement made, without an appeal to arms. Society, in providing for its wants, for its own government, has always exhibited a great want of foresight and consideration in reference to future wants and exigencies; very little calculation in respect to the continual progress of civilization.

These two facts, (1) the difficulty of combining in any code of laws all that is essential to security and permanence, and (2) the error of not providing for the future, have been the cause of all those great revolutionary commotions which have so often disintegrated society "into an unsocial, uncivil, unconnected chaos of elementary principles." The custom of doing away with old forms of government, and replacing them by modern institutions, has become so prevalent, that it becomes us to inquire whether there are any limits to the right of revolution, and if we can prove that limitations do exist, to state them.

If an organization, professing to have for its object the highest good of those under its constitution, gains a place among the nations of the earth, it evidently combines in its laws some, at least, of the essential principles of either security or permanence, or of both. No form of power could exist under the name of government, unless it really was, in some respects, what it professed to be.

How often petty organizations have attempted to impose upon the world, let the pages of history tell. Then, too, presumption is in favor of what really exists, and against a change. Therefore, if a government is once established, and acknowledged by cotemporary nations, there is a strong presumption that this government is successful, to some extent, in rendering society secure and permanent. We would not be understood to say, that every organization which, by some false policy, may have gained recognition from other powers, is to be considered as power ordained of God; but such contracts in society as have been true to their profession, and have existed at least during one generation.

Again, the world possesses many of "society's alarms," who, unless restrained, would often excite great commotions in society. For such there must be checks, and some simple comprehensive tests, to which society can appeal when thus threatened. Common sense and calm deliberation are not always exercised; therefore, unless self-evident reasons are given, we may only add fuel to the fire of public excitement.

Now, what are some of the considerations and facts which ought to influence the mind when a revolution is meditated.

I. If a government, in its constitution and administration, does not interfere with man's duty to God; if in its whole policy it acknowledges God as the source of all authority, no man, or combination of men, is justifiable in an attempt to excite a revolution. Men are not "morally at liberty, at their pleasure, and on their speculations of a contingent improvement," to dissolve society into its elementary principles. A government, while recognising the supremacy of God, may be deficient in many respects; but as long as no "clear, simple, undisputed principle" of morality is disregarded, that government ought to be considered as one of the powers ordained by God.

II. In case there are glaring imperfections in the constitution of society, or barefaced improprieties in its administration, if every peaceful policy of reformation has not been tried in order to remedy these, a revolution is *not* justifiable. Who can tell how much blood has been needlessly shed by embroiling a nation in civil war, when a complete reformation might have been made in the form of the government by some of the many policies of peaceful legislation; as national assemblies, petitions to those in power, by a dissemination of knowledge and truth among the common people. How often, on account of personal aggrandizement, has some slight pretext given occasion for ambitious men to inflame the popular mind with hatred toward existing rulers and forms of government. Indeed, many revolutions (at least commotions which have passed under the name of revolutions, when in reality the great object in view was the usurpation of the reins of power) have arisen out of individual difficulties. Any one who has read the history of central Europe during the middle ages, will readily understand how often promised reforms have turned out to be increased thraldom. This limitation to the right of revolution ought to be carefully impressed on the minds of future generations. A revolution should be a last resort, and even then it should be well considered whether "the actual evils endured" under the existing government, "are so great, that the aggravated evils of a revolution will be less; or whether the ultimate good to be gained is so great, that the aggravated evils of a revolution can be endured *for the sake* of it." Examples governed by this consideration may be seen in the case of the revolt of the Netherlands and North American colonies. In Spain and Italy it was disregarded.

III. A revolution is not justifiable when undertaken without any consideration of the rights of the common people. In reading history, one cannot but be amazed how often society has been dissolved by ambitious "would-be" kings, who have been able to excite the military to revolt, and by its aid to usurp the power which the military were sworn to support. In this way was accomplished the revolution in Spain. We do not say there was no cause for feelings of insubordination, or even for a revolution, if every other means of reformation had been tried; and if the common people had been prepared for a better state of government; but we do say, that the results of that revolution give undeniable evidence that the remedy was worse than the disease, for it opened the way for the complete subjugation of the people to the Roman power. A revolution was once meditated in France after this fashion; but the plot was discovered before any considerable part of the military were won over.

There are some evident reasons why it is a bad policy to revolutionize by means of the soldiery: 1. Soldiers have very little sympathy for the people at large. They are accustomed to royalty, and in many respects without the wholesome restraints of society, and therefore think them selves superior to the multitude. 2. After a conquest, they expect a share of the spoils. If victory is obtained in a revolution in their own country, of what will the spoils consist? Maybe to the soldiers there will be an increase of pay, derived from an almost insupportable taxation of the common people, whilst to the officers will be awarded the estates of former lords and nobles, upon which the common people have their farms. 3. Although the prime movers may have been men of influence and worth before, if associated in power, supported by the military, they must please the soldiers if they would not find themselves in the same predicament in which they had placed the former authority. Instances of this kind have occurred among the German princes before the twelfth century.

IV. One of the most important considerations in reference to revolutions, is, that they should not be prematurely undertaken, even when they are meditated as a last resort. If there is need of a reform in a government, it is of paramount importance that the revolutionists should be agreed among themselves as to the plan to be pursued, as well as in reference to the exact principles with which to replace those purposed to be overthrown. The French have more than once been overwhelmed in civil commotion, when the revolutionists, at least the majority of them, had very little idea of, and in fact very little interest in, what was being done, as long as their insatiable desire for novelty was gratified. O what a scene of bloodshed and anarchy will some of those bloodhounds of humanity have to answer for when the day of reckoning comes!

No doubt there are times when governments have been ripe for revolution; times when the public mind has been so enlightened in respect to existing evils, that a revolution might have been effected without an appeal to arms; but if attempted too soon, as after there has been a revulsion in public opinion, the evils of a revolution would not have been less than those endured under the old government.

V. A revolution should not be attempted unless the probabilities of success are nearly conclusive. For it is evident, if a revolt is quelled, the chances for its future success are not very encouraging; and in all probability the existing power will take measures, either to utterly destroy, or at least to render powerless those engaged in the revolt. The final result will be, either a reformation in order to satisfy the public discontent, or a defiant increase of what was already unendurable. Examples of the latter have occurred more frequently than of the former.

We have, in an imperfect manner, given a summation of lessons taught by all past history, as well as the judgments of some of the most eminent statesmen who ever lived. Examples could be cited in which these limitations of the right of revolution were not materially violated, and therefore a beneficial result has been the issue. Also instances when these principles have been more or less observed, with a corresponding degree of success. Then, again, there are instances when all these considerations have been disregarded, and re-subjugation has been the humbling consequence, as in some of the French revolts, and many of the struggles of the German States.

It certainly is high time for the nations of the earth, having attained to such a christianized state of civilization, to refrain from such scenes of bloodshed and anarchy as have disgraced even the barbarous times of the middle ages. It is a strange, unaccountable fact, that this enlightened nineteenth century is being consumed by repeating the same old story. In Christian nations there seems to be a want of courage in the great men of the age. They hesitate to come out boldly on the side of right and humanity, and declare that governments ought to be regulated by the maxims of the Bible. There is yet too much leaning to the wisdom of man. What a dreadful reserve it is that can deter men, having profited by the history of all past ages, from acknowledging "that righteousness exalteth a nation." A great effort should be put forth in order to establish principles by which all national difficulties might be settled without an appeal to arms. Surely, to those who accomplish a task so glorious in its expected results, the world will be more indebted than to those who have made the greatest discoveries in science and art.

LINDEN.

◆

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Calm is the sea of Galilee.
The white-winged birds fly silent o'er
Its deep blue tide. Upon the shore,
The glistening pebbles lie; and they
Roll to and fro with every sway
Of the cool surge. The distant sails
Seem moving with the gentle gales
That from Mount Hurron softly blow—
Mount Hurron pale with drifted snow.
How calm is Galilee!

Oh! wake, calm sea of Galilee!
The clouds of snow hang high in air,
And some are tinged with roses fair,
Reflected in the tranquil deep—
Gennesaret—reposed in sleep.
And naught is heard, save where the wind
Comes rustling from the groves behind,
And tosses high the new-born spray,
Born into life, at close of day.
The palm trees on the pebbly brink,
Bend low their leafy boughs to drink.
Oh! wake Gennesaret!

Dark is the sea of Galilee.
Thick gloom hangs o'er Mount Tabor's side,
And shadows deep are gathering wide
O'er the still fields. The children gaze
Upon the clouded sun's dim rays,
And play no more. The bleating flocks
Seek safe retreat among the rocks,
And frightened nature trembling lies,
All passive, gazing on the skies.
But, hark! a low and thrilling hum
Comes o'er the sea like beat of drum.
O, dark Tiberias!

Roused is the sea of Galilee.
The darkling Jordan foams with fear;
The lake so tranquil, calm, and clear,
Is white with rage. The lightnings flash,
And thunders echo—billows crash
Against the doomed vessel's mast,
Which breaking, buries all at last.
The shipwrecked mariner's last cry
Ascends the dark, then gleaming sky,
As praying—gasps—he sinks to die.
O tempest-tossed Gennesaret!

Calm—once again is Galilee.
While raged the storm upon the wave,
A vessel rode. Oh! who could save
Her sinking crew? The waves rolled high,
And dark above—the boding sky.
Christ spoke—the God—his calm words thrill
The obedient tempest—"Peace! be still."

* * * * *

The fishermen gaze on the deep;
Silent, they drag their nets along,
The winds are hushed—the waters keep
Murmuring with every dash—a song.
The moon, all robed in silver bright,
Shines empress of the star-lit eve,
And the white birds take silent leave
Of the cold blue eternal night.
O Love! 'tis now thy holy power

Moves—thrills the passions of the soul,
As gazing on the twinkling stars that roll
Through space, we feel the influence of the still night hour,
Calm—calm is Galilee.

OLIVER ENAMMA.

SHELLEY READING KEATS.

The thoughts in this paper were suggested by reading an account of the shipwreck of the poet Shelley, whose corpse was washed ashore in the Bay of Spezzia, having in one of the pockets of its dress an open volume of the poetry of Keats. It would indeed be of very little importance to give in detail the incidents connected with the affair.

Shelley setting sail in a peculiar kind of Italian vessel; pacing the deck, as he reads "Hyperion," and admires the wonderful genius of the writer; the storm; the sudden death; all these are too well known to be enlarged upon. But other thoughts arise, thoughts of more importance, and which, for the sake of justice alone, demand some comment.

It will, therefore, be our purpose to speak of the poetical talents of John Keats, the nature of the ungrateful attacks upon his genius by the *Quarterly*, and Shelley's attempt to rescue his friend's fame from oblivion.

In the beginning of the 19th century, there arose a man in England, who, by his natural talent and genius, caused all the literary world to read with feelings of surprise and admiration his writings. He was feeble in constitution, but his mind was vigorous and untiring in the prosecution of his task. He wrote with an energy which belonged to a man of a stronger frame of body, and the result was, that at his untimely death at the age of twenty-four, he left a collection of poems, some of which, for their originality of conception and beauty of thought, together with grace of expression, have seldom been equalled. We do not claim that he was a finished writer in all respects, though the probability is that he would have been, had he not died in the midst of his glory. But John Keats was a writer of much merit, and would in time have won a wreath that would not soon have withered. His epitaph would not have been, as he wished it to be on his death-bed,

> "Here lies one,
> Whose name is writ in water;"

but it would have been something expressive of the worth and talent of the writer, and which will yet be appropriate, when the minds of an hitherto prejudiced public will suffer themselves to be freed from the influence of a certain Zoilus, who, thus secured by his mask, hurled against Keats venomous shafts, which caused his death from broken-heartedness, at the age of twenty-four. Surely the flower of so much promise of fragrance was nipped in the bud.

Criticism, when given from feelings of kindness, is calculated to do much good. Books on the subject, which fairly set forth the aim of this art, from the days of Aristotle down to Kame, have been eagerly sought after and obtained. With the age, it also increased, and in our day it has become an avocation to which many have been called, but which, however, few have honored. The greater part have a base object in view, and when we see men whose only aim is to rend the few rough stones that appear in a work, and not to notice the many brilliant jewels with which it is set, we should, in justice to humanity, call them calumniators, not critics. They don't judge; they do slander.

And when they find an author of independent thought and different views from themselves in politics, they attempt, and are too often successful, to bring him to sorrow. To appeal to the public is vain. They are the strong party. They are the paid party of the government.

Then

"Who killed John Keats?"
"I," says the *Quarterly*,
So savage and tartarly;
"'Twas one of my feats."

"Who shot the arrow?
The poet-priest Milman,
(So ready to kill man,)
Or Southey, or Barrow?"

What was the object of this attack? Admitting that the weapons used were fatal, *i. e.*, brought on his death, is Keats still dead in our memories, or has he secured, with the advance of time, a meritorious fame?

When Keats published his first poems, they were made the subject of much criticism, and ground was taken against him, not so much for the sake of rendering his writings unpopular, as for creating in the mind of the public a strong dislike to the man himself. His conscience did not allow him to be swayed by the people, neither was his one of those minds which are gained over to the cause of any party by threats. It was his misfortune to be of a nervous temperament, and those repeated attacks on his writings, though they were made by persons who could not see the superiority of Lord Byron over the poet Milman, gave him such an heart-ache, that he was obliged to leave his native land, and seek the more genial clime of Rome. But it was of no avail; a consumption took hold of him, and he found an early grave. But though Keats lives no longer in the body, is he really dead in our hearts? Shall we weep for Adonais? or is there not rather cause for rejoicing, since Shelley has taken his cause up, and pleaded it with pathos in the elegiac Adonais?

> "He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
> Mourn not for Adonais."

Yes, Shelley is his defender, and with his cause in his hands we need have no fear. His writings will be set on a firm basis; and, slandered no longer by a wicked set of men, he will hold his now acknowledged rank among poets.

Probably Shelley's last mortal act was reading Keats. The book was found open in his pocket, and it was no doubt his last desire that Keats might be honored as a poet.

Mournful dirges have been sung by eloquent bards over the remains of lost friends. Temples erected *In Memoriam* have been innumerable. But here we have action, "which speaks louder than words;" here is love displayed which does not lose its power with loss of life. The ship is sinking; he still reads, and as the vessel goes down, the book, still open, is put in the pocket, and all that breathed in Shelley is vanished.

MAB.

HOME AND ITS INFLUENCE.

The relations existing between God and man are alike intimate and important, and as each individual sustains a vital connection with his Maker, there is of necessity, therefore, between man and man a common bond and brotherhood. God, in the capacity of Creator, has placed in the souls of his creatures different feelings and principles—outgoings of love and affection, as well as disregard for certain objects. Deep in the human heart has he lodged the love for parent and benefactor, but no one thing has a deeper hold upon a man's nature than that real, or ideal spot, beautifully called home. It is the one brilliant focus where all the rays of a man's goings, however wandering and distant, ever converge. "As the moon, whether visible or invisible, always controls the tides of the ocean," so this revered spot never fails to control the tides of the soul. Of nothing can it more truly be said, that it is what we ourselves make it, than home; for although such a place may exist without any thing of attraction or delight, yet we are constantly inclined to connect with it the idea of happiness. Whether it shall be joyous, or contrary, must needs be dependent upon those forming the home-circle, and hence it is that our estimate of it must not be arrived at by a mere superficial glance at its neat grassy lawns, or beautiful exterior, but by entering within the sanctum itself, and noticing whether discord or harmony is wont to prevail. Deceitfulness and spurious outward show form such a large part in the composition of human nature, that investigation, rigid and scrutinizing, must be had, before a true decision can be secured. To some, indeed, home is but a mere resting-place from labor and business—a sort of accommodation, by the way—and is never in their thoughts so elevated as to be disconnected from gain or profit. To others it assumes the form of a pleasant place to pass time, well adapted for those whose favorite song is, "Nothing to do;" while to a third class it is, as it should be, the source and fountain of everything pure and exalting. Although to the minds of each class the fact as to what constitutes a home is very different, yet to it they all give more or less homage, as it coincides with their peculiar views. To the hardy sailor, who when young was cast out upon the world, and has spent his whole life upon the sea, old ocean has become a home, and though in truth it would be most repugnant to many, yet to him it has charms nowhere else to be equalled. Circumstances have made his home for him, and about it, and it alone, do his best affections cluster. He has no sympathy with that person who tells him that he is mistaken—that a true home is impossible without hill and dale, a view of land as well as sea, because to him such things have no part in its making. The native Switzer, when for a time absent from the land of his birth, may sojourn among vales and glens the fairest beneath the skies, yet he ever keeps the eye of his mind upon those of Switzerland, to him surpassingly fairer; and whatever else, as he passes along, may serve to engross his attention, or occupy his thoughts, he has a little secret chamber of the heart dedicated to home, and into it nothing can intrude as a rival. When he looks upon the vine-clad hills of sunny France, he brings before him the hills visible from the old homestead, craggy and precipitous though they are, as still more charming, and the deafening roar of the avalanche rushing down their sides is to him sweeter by far than the harvest song of the vineyard; and as he admires the costly palaces reared to luxurious ease, his mind turns back to a little rustic cottage, in a pleasant Swiss vale, dearer to him than any structure ever erected for pleasure's votaries.

"As when we pick from the sea-shore a bright shell, and, though afterward a thousand miles distant, by placing it to our ear we will hear it sing of the sea; so, however far away one may be from his home, his heart will always sing of the loved ones there." In a word, each one thinks that there is comparatively but one charming spot on the earth, and that spot is home. Here we can see a beautiful design of our Creator, in giving to each one a love for a particular object, and as the channels of their desires run in an entirely different direction, they each are unpolluted by prejudice or jealousy.

At this point, we can almost say that human nature itself is basely inconsistent. One of its fundamental principles, "Always to keep alive the flame of envy," is here turned aside. Let any one be possessed of a nook or corner to which he can revert and call it his home, and it will be his last thought to covet that of another, however beautiful in appearance. This seems to be an instance in which God permits a man to be perfectly contented, and that it should be so is very natural, for what is home but the place which has witnessed our gradual growth upward, becoming each day dearer, whose every little point of interest has been entwined into our very being, and made a part of ourselves. As soon, therefore, as you take away these particular features of it from one, then it becomes to that one a very wilderness, desolate and drear. The unnoticed peasant boy, accustomed and endeared to his rural life, would, if transferred to the abode of luxury, be as the imprisoned mountain bird. Though seemingly lifted up in rank, he would in truth be "A pigmy perched on Alps, a pigmy still." Such is the constitution of our being, that there must be between the one loving and the object loved a perfect harmony; a holy, responsive chord. Love is one of the grand levers, by the power of which difficulties of immense proportions are removed from our way.

"We live by admiration, hope, and love,
And e'en as these are well and widely fixed,
In dignity of being we ascend."

Probably the greatest blessing to be found connected with home is its happy influence on young men. It matters not how far astray from rectitude one has gone, or how low he has sunk by yielding to passion, if ever there has sprung up from the depths of his defiled heart a shining, sparkling bubble of noble resolution, it has in almost every case been connected with thoughts of home. As he sees pictured in vivid colors before him, the ever-indulgent father, and especially that saint-like mother, the measure of whose love is "full, pressed down, and running over," he fain would renovate his life, and kindle into a dazzling brilliancy the smothered spark of good intent. Hence it is that when we see one in whom vice has wrought so complete a work, whose eyes have been so closely sealed to everything exalting, as to prevent the associations of home from finding in his cold and desolate heart a welcome, that we regard such a case as far from hope. Satan himself wishes to secure no stronger hold upon a victim, than having deadened every pure affection blooming in his soul, to set him adrift, exposed to the pitiless multitude. Selfishness has always been such a darling sin among the masses, that "Number One" seems to be the "*Summum Bonum,*" and he who is launched out upon the sea of life, without oar or rudder, relying upon the assistance of other voyagers for a safe destination, will in most cases meet with sad shipwreck.

At home, if anywhere, should harmony dwell, and each member work for one common object, the happiness of the whole. A cheerful fireside group, rejoicing in each other's pleasures, and shedding for each other the tear of sympathy and holy feeling, is the nearest earthly approximation to the felicity of heaven. God has graciously seen fit to gladden the heart of the tired pilgrim, by these refreshing oases scattered through the wilderness of the world. However callous or indifferent others may be to our particular necessities, there is one place—one city of refuge to which the persecuted traveller may flee for safety—one little circle of hearts from which he may draw consolation and comfort. So firm a seat in the breast has the affection for home, that the poor outcast, who never in reality could claim one, pictures before his mind some *ideal* spot on which to fix his thoughts, and clusters around it everything happy that his imagination can paint, as if it should be remembered though all things else were forgotten. Let us then keep ever bright this divinely-implanted affection, and while we with grateful hearts thank a kind Providence for a home, let sympathy, which proves its genuineness by deeds of mercy, well up from our hearts towards those deprived of this priceless benison. Would that upon the standard of every people might be inscribed the glorious sentiment, "True to our God, to our country, and to our homes."

DUKE.

◆

THE EMPEROR AND THE SENTINEL.

The day before Marengo's fight,
  The Emperor rode alone,
And gazed upon his men of might,
  On whom the morning shone.

And as he galloped 'long the plain,
  Beneath the mountain's base,
With careless ease and slackened rein,
  His horse with gentle pace;

On sudden, from the mountain high,
  An eagle screamed aloud;
The charger heard the piercing cry,
  And back, with fear, he cowed.

But swiftly starting to his feet,
  With lightning speed he sprung;
The Emperor tottered in his seat,
  And to the pommel clung.

Onward they sped with might and main,
  Swift o'er the ground they passed;
The rider checked his horse in vain,
  Each moment thought his last.

When sudden, from within a wood
  Through which the journey lay;
Where watchfully a sentry stood,
  To guard the dangerous way—

A soldier rushed, with nimble tread,
To stay the frightened steed;
He grasped the charger 'neath the head,
And checked his dangerous speed.

The Emperor turned him to the youth,
And found him 'mong the ranks,
Then grasped his hand, and said forsooth—
"Captain, receive my thanks."

"Of what?" forthwith the soldier cried,
The rider to retard;
The Emperor smiled, and soft replied,
"A Captain of my Guard."

Then flinging down his rifle true,
To camp he gaily walked,
And 'mong the men went sauntering through
To where two corporals talked.

Surprised to see such boldness shown
By one from 'mong the crowd,
To fortune and to fame unknown,—
With scorn they cried aloud:

"Fellow! how dare you rudely stay
Where your superiors stand?"
He pointed where the Emperor lay,
And said, "'Tis his command."

TARTAN.

IMMORTALITY.

As we see life in all its manifestations, and society in its giddy whirl of gaiety and pleasure, we are brought almost unconsciously to the contemplation of ourselves, not only as we exist in the present, but our connection with the future. Even the most thoughtless suddenly become philosophers, and reasoning from cause to effect, they trace their being to

God himself—the great Cause and Author of all things. Here the great doctrine of cause and effect has found its limit, because from our own idea of God—say nothing of the teaching of the Scriptures—we cannot conceive of him as deriving his existence and power from another. Thus this great principle, universal in its application within the range of the finite, becomes to us as if it were not, when it passes into the region of the infinite. But we are not satisfied in tracing out, or at least in accounting for, our existence, by referring it to an omnipotent being whom we call God. We desire to know what is to be the character of the vital principle within us, as to durability or mutability. In other words, is death an annihilation, or is it simply a dissolution of an organization composed of two parts, viz., the soul and the body? Does the soul, which is the vital or animating part of our organism, continue to live after death? Is man immortal?

This is the subject at which we propose for a short time to look, and to which your attention is now invited. It is true that we cannot expect to discuss it in that deep philosophical manner exhibited in the "Tusculan Disputations" of Cicero, or in the searching Analogy of Butler; but it is a subject in which every man must be interested, and which he should view in the light of the particular feelings and principles which characterize him.

As we expect to look at this question entirely independent of the information which the Scriptures give us, we must view it simply in the light which our own reason directs, from what we know of the beings concerned.

I. God.
II. Man.

I. Under the former, our first inquiry will be, *Is it impossible for man to be immortal if God so wills?* For if it is, our question is at an end. We shall see. We assume, of course, that there has been an intelligent author of creation, that the universe has had a Maker, and that it is now controlled by a Being of infinite intelligence, whether we call that being God, or the Great Spirit, or by any other name. This being is, according to our own conception of him, possessed of infinite power, the manifestations of which are found in nature. They are seen in the majesty of the planets, as they roll glittering in their celestial orbs, in the stupendous sublimity of the universe, and in the silent "music of the spheres," by the consummate grandeur of their movements and the infinite harmony of their operations. But the Great Being has shown his power and wisdom in another creation —the creation of man. The greatest thing a man can wonder at is himself. He is the crowning work of the Almighty, as far as known to us. He is wonderful in his organization, and especially in the constitution of his mind. Now all these things God has made. They are all conceptions of the divine mind—things which God conceived of, and then made. These things go to show the power of God, that he is omnipotent, that all things are possible with him. It does not follow from this that he can do everything that can be mentioned in language. He cannot do things in their own nature impossible. He cannot make light and darkness exist in the same place at the same time. He can, however, do all *possible* things. We then see the power of God as manifested in his works—in his making and controlling the universe, in his making man. Now we wish to ask, is it rational, or in the slightest degree reasonable, to suppose that an omnipotent God could make man, and yet be entirely inadequate to his preservation? We must, knowing as we do God's omnipotence, acknowledge to him the power of preserving the soul separated from, as well as connected with the body.

2. Having now assumed, what no one in his senses will

deny, that the universe has had an intelligent maker, we wish to make another deduction from it, viz., that nothing was created without a purpose, or appropriate destiny. It would be inconsistent with our idea of God, to suppose that he, an omnipotent and intelligent Creator, would create works infinite in extent, and so wonderful, that our language fails to furnish terms expressive enough to speak of them, and yet that he created these things without design, and without any appropriate destiny or mission for each to fulfil; that he placed the moon and the stars where they are by mere chance; that he made man without any rational end for him—in one word, that the universe is a conglomeration of nonsensical creations. Facts—say nothing of reason—utterly overthrow this idea. They show that all nature manifests an intelligent design on the part of the Creator. They show that if one planet were removed from our system, there would be a complete revolution in the whole solar arrangement, and that if the sun were blotted out of existence, no one could predict what a rushing and jostling there would be in the realms of celestial space. Every thing must and does act its part in the great drama of the universe. From this state of things, we infer that design is universal throughout the works of God. Shall we conclude that man is an exception to this rule? Is he without an appropriate destiny? We cannot believe it without doing violence to our nature.

In order to explain what is meant by destiny, we here make a digression from the subject as analyzed. By destiny we understand the ultimate end for which a thing has been created, and is manifested in the realization of that which is in harmony with the nature, character, or quality of a thing.

II. We now have, in general terms, what we are to understand by destiny, and to know what is to be the destiny of man, we have only to see what it is which harmonizes with his being. What is the grand idea that he carries with him, without which he is not complete? For what, from his nature and being, was he designed? We answer, *Immortality;* and the proof of it must lie in what we know of man, regard being had for what has already been said.

1. We state as our first proof, that annihilation is inconsistent with the nature of man as he conceives of himself. What feelings would pervade a man if he felt the conviction within him that he was but the "creature of a day," that he was made to pass his existence in a "vale of tears," to be followed by utter annihilation and ruin. There is something shocking, terrible, and horrifying in the thought. Annihilation! Is God, who has made *me,* and implanted within *me* a life, suddenly to transform *me* into an eternal nothing? Even demons, as they lay prostrate upon the burning lake of hell, tormented with dreadful flames, Milton, in his Paradise Lost, makes exclaim the universal sentiment:

> "For who would loose,
> Tho' full of pain, this intellectual being,
> *Those thoughts that wander thro' eternity,*
> To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
> In the wide womb of uncreated night,
> Devoid of sense and motion?"

The feeling that inspired this sentiment belongs to all spiritual beings. It is in this that man differs from the brute creation. Man lives in the future. He is constantly reaching forward in his eternal existence. He feels that he lives to improve, and to grasp the better things beyond. Not so the brute. He lives in the present. He does not provide for his future wants. He knows only of the present. He thinks of food only when he is hungry, water only when he is thirsty, shelter only when the beating storm is raging around him. When his hunger is satiated, he straightway forgets that there is such a condition. When his thirst is quenched, there is no apprehension of its return. Now, why were these differences between man and the dumb brute made, if there are not different destinies in store for each? The brute thinks not of eternity or immortality, while man lives with sole reference to his eternal destiny. This is natural to him. The truth is, that immortality, not annihilation, is what a man learns from his own nature. Can we then believe that God gave us a nature which forces us to look after what will prove a cheat and a lie?

2. If we reject immortality as the destiny of man, we are unfitted for the present life. It is like cutting the chord that binds us to our own nature. Man becomes a mere sensual being, because the great sphere for his spiritual being is cut off. He is rendered incapable of virtue, and if he becomes inclined to worship anything, Epicurus only is his god. His only motto is, "Come, let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Its sentiments would be chanted in his revelries, and its principles would pervade his whole life—co-habitation would cease, and man would live like the cattle or the beasts of the field. Every one, from his present feelings, knows that such a life would do violence to his nature. He feels that it is only with the idea of a noble and exalted future that he can have grand conceptions and an honorable being. True sublimity in life is only attained as the soul swells with the thought of an eternal existence. Then it is that virtue, and therefore true happiness in this life, becomes possible, and man's resemblance to the eternal God appears.

3. The conviction of immortality is universal, as is proved by the consciousness of the race.

1. It belongs to the people of every country.
2. It belongs to the people of every age.

1. Go to the seats of intellectual culture, and to those countries where man is seen in his most perfect development, and you will find his being animated with the thought of an eternal existence. Go, again, to the abodes of heathenish darkness, where the intellects of man are beclouded with the most absurd superstitions, and the same conviction will there exist. Why? Simply because they are human beings. It exists in the rising civilization of the western world, and in the faded life of oriental countries, among the people of the burning climes of the tropical regions, and the ice-bound coasts of Greenland. Wherever there is a man, there you can find the conviction of immortality.

2. This idea is confined to no particular age of the world. Take up the literature of any nation of antiquity, and as you see the feelings and sentiments of the people portrayed therein, you will find the little rivulets of the immortal idea pervading the literary mass. Do not think that the conviction of immortality is a discovery of modern philosophers and moralists. It is as old as the human race—was born with the first man, and will be found in the last man. Many great and noble men, although surrounded by the darkest heathenism, quickened by a true sense of their dignity and the nobility of the creation of man, have, in different ages of the world, written treatises upon this subject, which, if they were not an outburst of the nature of man, we would almost believe to be the work of inspiration. The fact is, that they saw so plainly the harmony between man and the idea of an eternal existence, that they were forced to think and reason upon the subject. Their noble natures felt a longing after that which earth cannot afford. It was thus with Cicero, when he penned his treatise upon the immortality of the soul. It was so with Socrates, when he calmly embraced death as a transporter to a nobler state. All these things go to show that this is no modern idea, but an intuitive convic-

tion of man arising out of his very nature and constituting a part of himself. It is the result of no investigation, no process of reasoning, but a primary intuition of the intelligence.

3. Another proof of immortality is found in the infinite power of expansion which belongs to the human mind. Our minds at birth are mere germs. They exist in a potential form, and are capable of an endless progression. As the acorn, insignificant and undeveloped, remaining upon the ground unnoticed by the most critical observer, germinates and grows into the mighty oak, the proud king of the forest, so the human mind, in infancy scarcely perceptible, expands and grows, until it has the power to grasp the greatest intricacies, to "exhaust worlds, and then imagine new." But there is one essential and radical difference between the phenomena of the acorn and the human mind. The former, in a limited time, looses its power of growth and development. It is not so with the latter. Its power of growth is infinite, and if stopped at all, it must be by death. But this is the question at issue. Is it supposible, or at all reasonable, that God would give to the human mind capabilities and capacities, without the power to make use of these capacities? In other words, if God has given us but a limited duration, why has he adapted us to an infinite duration? We cannot believe that he is so inconsistent with himself. We cannot believe that he has given the whole range of inferior nature—if we may so speak—faculties equal to capacities, and yet that, in this respect, man, his noblest and greatest work, should be neglected.

4. Immortality may be presumed from the phenomena of death. A man has two lives linked together, and when both are at play, we have the man as we see him in this world. One of these lives is the spiritual, the other the sensuous. Death snaps the cord that binds the two together. The example of death from old age will suit our purpose best.

Reader, call to mind some one whom you have known to pass from the meridian of life almost to its closing sunset. Remember how firm he was wont to tread the pavement, and how his stalwart frame gave evidence of manly strength and vigor. Now he walks with trembling step, and his whole frame is like a tottering tower; yet he still lives on, with powers of mind stronger in growth, and more matured, though perhaps not so active, for this depends upon the state of the mortal coil within which the vital principle is enclosed, until he passes calmly away into what seems to us an eternal sleep. Now what has taken place here? Simply this: the animal frame has done its work, and refuses farther to perform its functions, though the spiritual life, up to the very point of death, where the very transition seems to take place, is as active, if not more active than ever. If this were a process of annihilation, would it not be reasonable to suppose that both the natures of man would grow weak and perish together? Yet who ever heard of a weak or a dead soul? No; as stated in the beginning, man is composed of two natures, and death snaps the cord that binds them together. The animal dies and crumbles to the dust, and the soul lives on for ever.

5. We state, in the last place, that no reasons can be brought forward against the doctrine of man's unending existence, and this is not true, because the subject is so far beyond our conception of it, that we know nothing about it. Nature is a great teacher, and if you will go to her, and sit humbly at her feet, she, in her "still, small voice," will whisper in your ear that which will thrill your very soul. From her you may learn of immortality, of a being not confined in homely dust, but free from earth and that which is earthy, to explore unrestrained the inexhaustible fountains of knowledge, the wonders of the universe. The fact that no objection can be brought against the doctrine of immortality,

and that nature is its stern advocate, will go far to confirm us in the sublime conviction. Reader, are you acquainted with the history of the butterfly? It seems to us beautifully to prefigure the destiny of man. Its first active life is the homely worm, unsightly as it crawls upon the bare-faced earth. It next assumes a chrysaled form, lifeless and insensible, if not a kind of death; when suddenly it comes forth in its golden array—the charming butterfly. Then it dwells among the flowers, kissing the rose-buds as it darts gaily in the genial sunshine, the synonym of happiness. How like man! Here he is a poor worm of the dust, in a sphere that does not satisfy his higher nature. What, then, is there improbable in the supposition that death is a process to a nobler state? Who will say that it is not a transporter of the soul to the presence of its Maker—to a world where, bereft of sin, it shall be made beautiful in the presence of its Creator? Is it not probable that, regenerated and renewed, the soul shall dwell in the Elysian bowers of God's holy dwelling-place, there, under the smile of the Almighty, to worship him in happiness through all eternity? How genial is the thought to man's nature, and how well the idea is sustained by every work of God!

Without proceeding farther to show the relations of virtue and vice in this world to immortality, we must bring our subject to a close. It is an ennobling process to withdraw ourselves from the material world, and by self-communion to look into the utmost recesses of our very nature, and there learn from ourselves the mysteries of our being; to see for what, from our own constitution, we are adapted, and picture before us that future that harmonizes with our nature. Especially is it gratifying when we find that our sphere is so exalted that it embraces eternity, and that the destiny of man is linked to that of his mighty Creator. Let us then cherish the immortal idea, for it will "grow with our growth," and ennoble and exalt the being who holds it. It will make the mind at home in the labyrinths of deep and elevating thought, and better prepare the man for its realization in that celestial city, where, like a vast panorama, the 'fulness of knowledge" shall be spread out before his intellect, unfettered and unconfined.

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LEAVING COLLEGE.

'Twas eventide, and in a corner of the west,
The sun had kissed the blushing sky a sweet good-night;
All nature, in their wooing truly blest,
Had clothed itself in robes of golden light.

When from the walls of College quaint and grey,
Which smiled upon us as we passed,
I walked with friend, whose feelings, grave or gay,
Had linked with mine into a friendship fast.

For we had met in earlier days in village school,
And like two ships upon a stream, had sailed along
As consorts, guided by the teacher's rule
Through many a devious path of right and wrong.

Until, at length, safe landed in this common port,
For four whole years in harbor snugly lay,
Fitting out for voyage of somewhat different sort,
Requiring anchor firm, and double-spliced main-stay.

And now these four short minutes on the clock of God
Had passed, to us like summer dream by fairy bower,
Where Puck and all his sprites, with laugh and nod,
Beguile in joyous dance the passing hour.

Our sails all taut and trim, we launch once more
These feeble barques on life's wild ocean foam;
Two courses now, and standing out from shore,
To seek by different paths a common home.

A common home, indeed, in which sad spot,
  How far apart soe'er we steer in parting now,
We'll come at last to lie us down and rot,
  With cordage sadly rent, and badly damaged prow.

I said, some time ago, like ships, but as we're more,
  I'll just recall myself, and say to you,
Friend, within whose heart is heaped the choicest lore
  Of College days, "Let's ramble and review."

And as we walked beneath those rare old trees,
  That murmur with the thoughts of other days,
And sing in music made by sturdy breeze,
  The fallen hero's dirge, or freedom's sounding lays:

Our fancy bears us back when first we came,
  Two green and tender saplings in a foreign clime,
To grow beneath their shade, and take the name
  Of Freshmen, in our young and verdant prime.

Then night came on, with deepest silence round,
  And sable cloak, all spangled o'er with stars,
But brought to us the Hogi's fearful sound,
  With some few other *College family jars.*

The College bell, that woke us from a sleep,
  Made heaven by a dream of loved ones far away,
And drove us forth at morn in Greek to steep,
  While others pledge, in coffee hot, the smiling god of day.

These things remembered, and the studies too,
  That, like a charm of some Egyptian priest,
Made all the future seem a shining blue,
  And fed us even then with rarest feast.

Then from old memory's album out we took
  Some clear vignette of our Sophmoric year,
When tutor wore a sly, suspicious look,
  And horns, not elf-like, stunned the frightened ear.

The shining light of bonfire glowing grand,
  That, like a sun, our little college-world
Made full of life, and as 'twas planned,
  A bold defiance upward hurled.

The Junior year, in which the shoot
  Had grown full soon a nobler tree,
In deeper soil had fixed its root,
  And spread its branches wide and free.

The mimic battle-fields on which we fought
  For honors that were thin and bare,
Confirming what the Swan of Avon taught—
  "They lose the world who buy it with much care."

And yet, perchance, they found a place,
  In girding us for more substantial war,
Where we may show the mettle of our race,
  And ride—who knows?—in real triumphal car.

These all, and others, sober, silent, sad,
  In stately panorama pass along;
The heart beats time, alternate gay and sad,
  And hears again the hymn or College song.

The sick bed, too, had its appropriate place,
  The hushed and muffled silent tread
Of patient watcher, and the grace
  Divine, that fell on some repentant head.

The funeral throng, the pall, the knell, the tear,
  All come like shadows gaunt and tall,
To throw their gloom upon the passing year,
  And tell us of a classmate's final call.

Thus did we, musing, slowly pass along
  The paths we trod in ramble oft before,
And felt the spray of life sweep o'er us strong,
  As thus we walked upon its ocean shore.

Then turning back to College halls again,
  As Luna rose in beauty, queen of light,
We stood once more upon the campus plain,
  And said, for many years, our last good-night.

Then early, when the drowsy morn
  Awoke and stretched itself across the sky.
We parted silent, with a look forlorn,
  While others screamed a loud good-bye.

SIGMA.

COURAGE—PHYSICAL, INTELLECTUAL, AND MORAL.

The study of man in his relations to the world around him can never fail to be most interesting. Human nature, like an extensive landscape, assumes new interest as we view it from different standpoints. Too varied to be fully appreciated as a whole, we are obliged to content ourselves with looking at a few manifestations of it as they are presented to us from time to time. One of the most interesting of these, and one which constitutes an essential ingredient of true manliness, is courage. The power and willingness to encounter difficulties in his relations to the physical, intellectual, and moral world, which man possesses, is what we mean by courage.

It is a heavenly gift, bestowed upon man as a means by which he may indicate his superiority over the brute, and also defend himself against his fellow-man who would oppress him. Sadly marred, it is true, by sin, and often perverted from its legitimate purpose, it nevertheless exists as a shield, wrought into the very texture of man's being. It is not possessed by all to the same degree, owing, no doubt, in many cases to the constitution of our natures, but far oftener is it due to the evils of our early education. The system of training practised with the young in past time, when "dark rooms," "witches," "ghosts," and "hobgoblins," were familiar words in the nursery, was well calculated to disarm a child of all confidence in himself. We are happy to say these are, for the most part, now, at least, rejected.

In a day like the present, when this principle is tried in the fire of deadly strife, and many an example of true heroic bravery adds new splendor to the glory of liberty's cause, the son of America looks with pride on that iron-heartedness which prompts his fellow-men, in the hour of their country's peril, to dare even unto death.

Nor is the exhibition of courage confined to modern times, or to the bloody field of carnage and strife, where all the passions of man are kindled with rage, and the spirit is all aglow with a desire for revenge. We see it in the ancient days, when, at Marathon, ten thousand Athenians defeat one hundred and twenty thousand Persians; and in the golden age of peace, when Columbus sets forth to discover a western continent. History teems with thousands of illustrious examples of courage, and the flowers on many a battle-field deriving their nutriment from the blood of the fallen, are eloquent with its praises.

Thus far we have considered courage in the physical world merely. But when we enter, secondly, the intellectual world, where man is called to contend not with flesh and blood, but with difficulties attending the growth and development of his intellectual faculties; where knowledge is to be advanced and science promoted, we behold a prospect less hopeful, and are constrained to admit that the majority of those who move in this sphere are cowards. Some have fearlessly entered the field of conflict, and grappled with sable ignorance, but their ranks are thin. The greater number are found not in the van, sweeping their way through with the weapons which knowledge furnishes, but far in the rear, spreading false reports of victory achieved by themselves, wearing the habiliments of knowledge, but possessed in full of the essence of ignorance. These are they who call that philosophy which is not philosophy, and while pretending to act for the intellectual benefit of their fellow-men, feed their worst passions and strengthen their most vicious inclinations. By subtle arguments and finely-wrought sophisms, they lie in wait to deceive; and, for the sake of personal aggrandizement, would beguile the innocent and destroy the wavering. Do not our hearts often ache as we look abroad on the myriads of those who yield themselves as willing subjects to superstition, which is the legitimate offspring of ignorance? How few have their faces steadfastly set toward a high standard of intellectual development. Through a want of courage to overcome ignorance and master truth, present pleasure and gratification are, in too many instances, substituted for diligent application to study.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," is the creed of very many, even among those who sit at the very fountain of learning, and instead of quaffing long, deep draughts of knowledge, they are contented with the feathery spray, which falls upon them from the minds of others, as they dash on in the pursuit of light and truth. A foe more formidable for evil than ignorance we cannot conceive to exist; and where it holds undisputable sway, it wields its sceptre with a cruel force. Under its power man is dead, even while he liveth. The beauties of the natural world, of earth, and air, and sea, from the shining orbs that wheel in space to the Foraminifera that do their silent, yet mighty work, far down in the depths of the ocean, are lost to such a one. He dwells on the earth as a traveller in a foreign land, and is destitute even of the little knowledge which man may acquire concerning himself. How strange it is, that in an enlightened land men will be so devoid of true courage of mind as tamely to submit to such a tyrant!

As we turn, thirdly, to consider man in his relations to the moral world, accustomed though we are to regard him as depraved, we are struck with the wide-spread desolation which marks his course wherever there is a want of this moral heroism.

Instead of looking truth full in the face, and receiving its infallible decision as to any course of action, man shrinks from listening to the voice of conscience confirmed by reason, and rushes on madly wherever his own convenience and inclination lead him. The effects which result from a want of this courage are most ruinous, because where it exists the tendency of man to sink downward is counteracted. From the insidious temptations of lisping childhood to the tottering steps of old age, we are in constant need of this power. Temptation without, and defilement within, are foes that cannot be entirely banished in our present state, hence there must of necessity be a continual warfare, or a meek submission to thraldom worse than death. When, in the thoughtlessness of youth, the poisonous cup is for the first time presented to the lips, better is it to be able to say *no*, than to be possessed of myriads of worlds without it. Resistance to temptation absent, and man becomes like to the helmless ship, driven about o'er the ocean of life at the beck of wind and wave, and dashed to pieces at last on the rocks of despair.

The history of mankind in all ages shows plainly the preponderance of physical courage over intellectual and moral. These are rare virtues, yet far more noble than that which man possesses in common with the brute creation. Let us then not be zealous to emulate men of Heenan's stripe, but choose rather to dare with Galileo, and to suffer with Luther.

MILTON.

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RELATIONS OF LIBERTY AND LAW.

When, at the command of the Almighty Governor of the universe, creation began its existence, and, out of the jarring elements of chaos, order sprang forth, laws were established, by which the whole mass of created existences should work together in perfect unison and undisturbed harmony. Law was the great power which was to regulate the operations of all nature; and such were to be its workings, that in every department the greatest good was to result. By law the planets were to revolve in their extended courses, and no rattling of machinery or noise of cumbrous engines was to attend their movements; worlds were to be suspended in air, with no visible support whatever; and yet these gigantic masses were to perform all their circuits in silent and sublime harmony. Day was to give place to night, and the glorious sun to sink into his ocean home, amid a spectacle so grand and sublime as to lack a comparison this side of heaven; the moon was to shed her calm and silvery light over silent nature, and the myriads of stars to shine like the thousand eyes of loved ones far away; and yet all was to be done in silence. Seasons were to change; winter winds should succeed summer showers, autumn frosts enrich the summer foliage, and spring, with dewy freshness, clothe again the earth in verdure. Oceans should toss and roll, rivers move on in their courses, and brooks caper in the sunlight. Vapors should arise, rains descend, and dews replenish the earth. Flowers should bloom in all their beauty, trees teem with the burden of their fruits, and vegetation flourish in luxurious profusion—and all in harmony and order.

How grand is the spectacle! How striking the example exhibited by the great Lawgiver himself, in the creation of this beautiful world! When we contemplate nature, and find that law, positive and decided, governs all of its many and various systems, and that each system has its own peculiar laws, and, further, that all these systems blend together in perfect harmony, we are led to wonder at the infinite wisdom of God, and to admire the workings of that law which gives to nature such glorious liberty.

However eminently true it may be, that "law is liberty," as regards the operations of nature, it is none the less so with respect to those of human government. Law is *ever* liberty. Without it nature would be one chaotic mass of contending elements. Instead of government and its attendant blessings, we should have anarchy and civil contentions of the most appalling character. Vice would lift on high its hideous head in the abode where virtue once had its home; and all the evils that flesh is heir to would possess and sting it with their cruel and poisonous darts. This goodly heritage, which contains so much that is amiable, honorable, and noble, would, without law, grow base, ignoble, and sinful.

Law—constitutional law—is the great bulwark of national liberty. It is the great power which restrains the excesses to which the human mind is prone. It is indeed an impassable barrier, against which the storms of passion may blow and rage with terrific fury, but the inevitable result is, that law overcomes all its low and insidious opposers, and stands an unscathed victor, amid the demolishment and wreck of its enemies.

No better illustration, perhaps, of the effect of law upon the character of a people, and of the tendency which it has to enlightenment and liberty, could be presented, than the instance of our own beloved land, previous to the outbreak of the present gigantic rebellion. With our glorious Constitution—the fabric of such minds as those of Washington, Madison, and Jefferson—for a basis, we had erected a system of the most wise and beneficent laws to be found upon the statute books of any nation in the world. We had no conflict of National and State authority. Each had its own peculiar sphere of action—each its own fixed and determined bounds. Under this system our advancement has been unparalleled in the history of national progress and civilization, our common welfare the praise and wonder of the world, and our liberty without a peer in all Christendom.

How marked has been the difference in Mexico, our unfortunate neighbor, where, instead of peace and happiness, we find continual contention and discord. Prosperity has given place to adversity, and where progress once was rife, degeneracy and decline are now to be witnessed. The people know no rest, and prosperity and content are strangers in the abodes of that ill-favored land. Here we witness the results of lawlessness—confusion, disorder, and distress. And to-day, as we look with pity and commiseration upon poor, ill-starred Mexico—when we think what she is and what she might have been; and turning again to our own loved land, see with what a reckless hand the "powers that be" do tamper with our Constitution, and roll up our liberties as a scroll; when law, which has made us what we are—a mighty nation and a happy people—is trampled under foot, and the edict goes from the President as from a King, may we not tremble with anxiety for the safety of the law which gives us all liberty, happiness, and peace?

Oh! let us not forget that in every branch of science, in every department of art, in every form of society, in every operation of nature, and in every system of government, law must exist. It is the great regulator in every instance, and by its operation order reigns instead of discord, and harmony instead of contention. Order is as much a consequent upon law as effect upon cause. Without law we can have *no* order; confusion *must* exist, and evil will inevitably result. Let us not, therefore, forget the province of law in its universal application! Let us ever regard it as the great protector of our rights, and the safeguard of our liberties! Let us cherish it as our only hope; defend it because it is our continual defence; and love it for the good it does!

OLD STYLE.

Editor's Table.

"EVERY beginning must have an ending," so our "Editorial" must be subject to the same general law. There are many things which, while their beginning is excellent, have a decidedly different ending, and "*vice versa;*" while there are others good or defective throughout their whole career; and as we do not claim that our editorial will be the best or the poorest, we will rest content with an humble position, and strive to arrange our Table in an unostentatious manner, and endeavor to make our *viands* palatable, and not altogether tasteless, to a few of its readers, at least; well knowing that there are many tastes to gratify, some liking their *mental food* done up *rare*, others would have it *well done*, and highly seasoned with witty and humorous sentences, floating about, here and there, in the midst of grave and serious compositions.

No "Mag." would be complete minus its Editor's Table; this being the case, our "Lit." must have this necessary and customary appendage. Some persons may think it an easy task to edit a magazine; to these individuals we would say, undertake to get out the February number of the "*Nassau Lit.*," and you will find quite the contrary to be the case; and they would learn that

> "Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
> Where most it promises; and oft it hits
> Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits."

Another vacation, with all its delightful memories, its happy times, its joys and griefs, has passed away, and is now numbered among the things that were. Sleigh-rides—the most desired and cherished of our winter sports, who does not feel inspired with new energy, and who does not fairly dance with joy, at the bare mention of these two monosyllabic words? what a vast amount of pleasant anticipations and memories do they convey to each lover of a horse, sleigh, and a pretty lass! how quickly the time glides away, with "tinkling *bells*" upon the horse, and "silvery-toned *belles*" in the sleigh—have been taken, and many a moonlit scene of frolic and *love-making* has been carried on, "with none to molest or make them afraid."

Balls, dances, sociables, and parties, have been attended, and the "light fantastic toe" has reigned supreme until the wee small hours of the morning. Skating, the most healthful and exciting of our winter sports, has had its full share of patronage by the gay and reckless student; many a "spread eagle" has been made, and many stars, never seen by the naked eye, or by means of a telescope, have been seen, at the expense of considerable pain.

Concerts, theatres, operas, fairs, and other places of amusement, have been visited, and money for the aid of some charitable object has been expended. Perhaps it is time to *vacate* this subject, and advance.

> "For men, pleased themselves, think others will delight
> In such like circumstances, and such like sport.
> Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
> End without audience, and are never done."

The "College *Curriculum*" which has been closed a short time, for renovation, has been re-opened, and the rules and regulations adopted by the "*Managers*," are more rigidly enforced this season than heretofore. All new-comers will soon learn that the most important laws are not to be found in the copy they obtain, but in the *unwritten code*—laws as stringent and binding as those of the "Medes and Persians." Soon you will be called upon (if you have not already been) to affix your signature to a small document, most important in its results, for it will be the death-warrant to some of your darling hopes.

The Class of '64 has entered these walls for the last term of their college course; and hearts beat fast with anticipations of a speedy and honorable release from chapel, lectures and recitations. All are looking anxiously forward to the time when they can laugh without trembling at "*synonyms*," and when they can toss their "Moral Science" and "Laws of Thought," their "Plane and Spherical Trigonometry," in a promiscuous heap on the shelf. And '64 has learned from "*metaphysics*"

> "——— what's what, and that's as high
> As metaphysic wit can fly."

"Knowledge is power"—true, indeed, is this. But it does not merely refer to a mind well stored with useful knowledge; knowledge without cultivation. Mere book learning will not give a man a position in the world. Self-culture must guide and raise him to his proper sphere.

A piece of ground may have every property requisite for producing an abundant harvest of fruit. It may be manured and enriched season after season with all kinds of fertilizers, and without cultivation it will bring forth nothing but an ungainly and unprofitable crop of weeds. The result of enriching is only to make the weeds more rank and abundant. Now let cultivation step in, after being thus enriched, and a plentiful and rich harvest is the result.

Thus it is with man. No matter how good his memory, or how brilliant his talents, how learned or refined he may be, without self-culture he will be an encumbrance, rather than a promoter of the welfare of society.

> "A little learning is a dangerous thing;
> Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
> There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
> And drinking largely sobers us again."

Another cherished graduate of Nassau has passed away, smitten down in the prime of life. The Class of '62 has now to mourn the loss of one who stood in their midst a few short months ago, and who grasped them by the hand, and wished them success and happiness when they left these scenes for the more active scenes of life. We refer sadly to the death of Isaac Dunton, of Philadelphia.

Death! All are subject to thy power! none can escape thy presence! Thou visitest alike the rich and the poor, the king on his throne and the subject in his halls, the master and the servant, the oppressed and the free! What emotion thy coming awakens in the hearts of those thou approachest! Fear and hope follow thee—sorrow and grief accompany thy train! Thou art the benefactor and yet the dread of mankind! Benefactor, because thou releasest us from the troubles, sorrows, and temptations of this world, and transportest us to a better, even a heavenly! Dread, because all fear thee, knowing that thou art a stern and unrelenting master! At times thy coming is heralded by disease and a lingering sickness, and again thou comest "as a thief in the night," without warning, and usherest a being unprepared into the presence of his Maker!

Death! All acknowledge thy sway, and are all subject to thee. Vain are the efforts of man to flee from thee! Prayers and curses avail alike with thee. Thou biddest us also to be prepared, for we too must soon feel thy cold hand upon our brow!

It seems hardly necessary to refer our readers to the state of our country and progress of the war. All are too familiar with its unhappy condition—all have read and read again the accounts of battles won or lost, of the heroic deeds of our men, the splendid bravery and generalship of her most honored General, U. S. Grant. All have looked with sadness upon the vile plots of party-worshippers to divide the united sentiment of the North. We would anxiously look forward to the time when peace, an honorable peace, shall again reign throughout the land; when our beloved country, having passed triumphantly through the furnace of civil war, shall come forth from the conflict purified and refined, and free from all impurity; when all traces of the curse of slavery shall be swept from the face of the Continent, the foul spot on the pages of American history shall be blotted out; and when we shall be, in fact, the freest people on the face of the earth, honored and feared by all nations of the world.

On account of the shortness of the time in which to issue the February No. of the "LIT." it will not be surprising if it should not be as good as some that have preceded, or of some that may follow it. Articles have been written in a hurry, and without the care and deliberation necessary to make a fine and polished production. Blame must be laid on the Editor, for he has hurried them up, in order to have his "Lit." distributed at the time it should be, as nearly as possible.

Kind reader, a few moments more, and my task is done. Much is looked for from the editor—more than he is capable of doing. Every Table must be closely examined and duly criticised by the reader. Let every would-be critic remember that he

"Devotes to scandal his congenial mind,
Himself a living libel on mankind."

And an editor might as well hope for

"Constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
Believe a *woman* or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before"

he will find charity among the readers of his Table.

THE EDITOR.

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EXCHANGES.

The following exchanges have been received:—Williams' Quarterly, Beloit College Monthly, Yale Literary, Hall's Journal of Health, and Wabash Magazine.

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